SB24

Scrap Book

, JAN

Heavy Ha
Loss

Capt. Jam
ree sons
andoned th
aura Anni
e must g
ones on T
cket soun
embers of
ay for the
ith thrillin
tell the h
ept when t
ublicover
yes when
efore they
ound for H
nburg, N.

As Capt
tory, he v
rip down f
our-master
f wood p
The voyage
e sure, ov
ut he wa
England co
Nantucket
id not h
hough the

A short,
f an acce
d "a ha
asted thr
urred wh
nveloped
hutting

"I knew
he said, "
sel, and t
the sound
guided us
morning
deck tryi
knew we
ve could
e feared
ve must
hannel

"Sudde
he keel
new at
y Cros
uckernu
hat we
rater, h
elp. I
fter w
ght-shi
ard.
hat Th
oods
lly at
f the
"A st
ext m
oubles
arries
nditio
ere fo
ck-loa
rgo, h
at we

'As t
ough
ed
at fr
h w
eral
ene
tis
us
The
nd
nes
he
h,
e
sag

Heavy Haze in Sound Caused Loss of Four-master.

Capt. James L. Publicover and his ree sons shed tears when they andoned their four-masted schooner aura Annie Barnes, realizing that e must go to pieces and rest her ones on Tuckernuck shoal in Nan-cket sound. With the other three embers of the crew, they left Mon-ay for their home in Nova Scotia ith thrilling tales of their experience tell the home folks. They say they ept when they left the vessel and the ublicover quartet had tears in their yes when we talked with them just efore they "cleared" from Boston, ound for Halifax and thence to Lun-nburg, N. S.

As Captain Publicover tells the tory, he was making a fairly good rip down from Nova Scotia with his our-master laden with $10,000 worth f wood pulp for New Haven, Ct. The voyage had been rather slow, to e sure, owing to unfavorable winds, ut he was familiar with the New ngland coast and had been through antucket sound many times, so he id not have any misgivings even hough the weather did shut in thick.

A short, thin-faced man, with a bit f an accent, he told of what he term-d "a harrowing experience" which asted three days. The mishap oc-urred when Nantucket sound was nveloped in a thick haze, suddenly hutting out all aids to navigation.

"I knew we were near Cross Rip," he said, "but we could not see the ves-el, and the conditions were such that the sound of her horn echoed and mis-guided us. It was about 9.45 in the morning when we struck. I was on deck trying to sight the buoys which I knew were there, but just at the time we could not see a length ahead and e feared to drop anchor as we thought e must be right in the steamers' hannel or pretty close to it.

"Suddenly I felt a grinding beneath he keel as we slid onto the shoal. I new at once that we must have gone y Cross Rip and that we were on uckernuck shoal. We soon discovered hat we were in about nine feet of ater, hard and fast, so we called for elp. It lighted up an hour or so fter we struck—and there was the ght-ship about a mile to the east-ard. As darkness fell the patrol at Thetis came down to us from oods Hole and we worked franti-lly at high water to pull the vessel f the shoal.

"A strong east wind sprang up the ext morning, which added to our oubles, as it brought thick snow urries and a pounding sea that made nditions very bad on the shoal. We re forced to slide about 60 tons of ck-load over-board to lighten the rgo, but I never dreamed, even then, at we would lose the vessel.

"As the wind increased and shrieked ough the rigging, the Barnes ted rocking like a top. The power at from Madaket Coast Guard sta-n was with us and the crew ran eral lines aboard. The General ene had by that time joined the tis and both boats worked hard to us.

"The heavy seas that were rolling Tuckernuck shoal were against nd the boats could not budge the nes even on top high water. Late he afternoon the seams began to n, and it really looked hopeless, even then we did not give up age.

"Those Coast Guards worked like Trojans and I cannot give them too high praise. It was no fault of theirs that the vessel had to be abandoned.

"After dark the second night the cutter Tahoe came down. With my sons, I tugged at the oars of a dory and rowed through heavy seas to fasten a 12-inch hawser to the vessel. The seas were then breaking high over the deck and it was too dangerous to stay aboard.

"The wind howled so that we could not keep the lanterns burning. Our dory quickly filled, so the Coast Guard surf-boat had to rescue us again.

"Thursday morning the decks were awash to the tops of our boots and we could not get aboard of her. She

Lost Ship.

From The Boston Post.

Aboard a coast guard patrol boat the captain and crew of the schooner Laura Annie Barnes reached the Charlestown navy yard at 3 o'clock in the morning. They brought with them a story familiar to New England. For 36 hours they had battled for the life of their vessel on treacherous Tuckernuck shoals of Nantucket Sound.

Pounding seas robbed them of their ship. But the seven men who left her, at the last hour, tell of the battle they put up with the aid of the coast guard —the crews of the Thetis and the General Greene before they were forced to abandon the ship. The coast guard and the men of the Laura Annie Barnes have added another chapter to New England's saga of the seas.

United States Marine Band is America's Oldest.

Older than our National Capital, the United States Marine Band celebrated its birthday on July 11, completing 141 years in the service of the nation.

Established in 1798, the band was already two years old when it set out from Philadelphia to the new capital at Washington, traveling most of the way afoot, while its instruments and supplies were hauled over deeply-rutted roads and dusty trails. The journey took two weeks.

Arriving in the capital in July, 1800, it gave its first concert a few weeks later. At that time the tiny group of musicians could muster no more than two oboes, two clarinets, two French horns, a bassoon and a drum. Today the band's authorized strength is sixty-seven members.

Their first and subsequent concerts did much to chase the gloom from the Capital City which at that time was little more than a sprawling group of log cabins in a wilderness. But as the city grew, the band grew with it until today Washington is one of the show cities of America, while the band is the equal of any musical organization of its kind in the country.

Thomas Jefferson, often called the godfather of the band, heard and appreciated its music. It has played so often at official functions that it is sometimes referred to as "The President's Own."

Beaus and belles of a bygone era danced to its stately minuets. White House weddings were enlivened by its presence. On more solemn occasions it played a final requiem for Presidents Harrison, Taylor, Lincoln, Garfield, McKinley and Harding.

Queries About Large Vessels Wrecked in Recent Years.

The loss of the four-masted schooner on Tuckernuck shoal a few weeks ago, has revived discussion regarding other disasters within the memory of the present generation. It was only seven years ago—February, 1932—that another four-masted vessel was wrecked in almost the same vicinity as the Laura Annie Barnes. Schooner George W. Elsey, Jr., sank after a collision with the cutter Acushnet and was a total loss. For several weeks her four sticks were seen by passengers plying by Cross Rip on the island steamers. The craft was finally blown up by the government.

In response to a query, we will state that the six-master Alice M. Lawrence struck on Tuckernuck shoal in December, 1914, landing directly on top of the French Van Gilder which was lost there in 1885 with a cargo of cobble-stones.

And the six-master Wyoming, which was lost in March, 1924, did not strike on Tuckernuck shoal, but on Pollock Rip. Large sections of the Wyoming came ashore on Nantucket, but none of her crew survived. To the contrary, all hands were saved from the Alice M. Lawrence, her crew staying aboard of her several days after she stranded and remaining with her until the wreckers finally decided that she could not be floated again.

It was in December, 1924, that the schooner Waldo L. Stream was wrecked near Muskeget with a cargo of 2225 cases of whiskey.

It was also in 1924 that the four-master James C. Hamlen struck off Nantucket and was abandoned by her crew. Nantucket fishermen boarded the abandoned craft, which was afterwards taken in tow by a tug.

In August, 1918, the three-master Sarah & Lucy struck on Nantucket bar and became a total loss.

Three-masted schooner E. M. Roberts was wrecked in the Chord of the Bay in February, 1923, and was a total loss.

Someone asks about the George P. Hudson—whether she was not a four-master. No, she was not. The Hudson was a five-masted schooner. She was run into by the collier Middlesex and sank off Great Round shoal on the night of July 11, 1914. The Hudson was loaded with coal, bound for Boston from Philadelphia. The collision occurred about 10 o'clock in the evening. Of the four men who were down below, one was killed as he lay in his berth. The explosion of a gasoline tank aboard the schooner caused the other members of the crew to jump over-board and cling to wreckage until rescued by a boat from the Middlesex. Captain Thomas of the Hudson refused to leave his vessel and went down with her.

* * * * *

The above incidents are mentioned in response to inquiries which we have received the past week regarding the disasters.

"Stars and Stripes" Brought Respect 100 Years Ago.

It was 100 years ago that a band of United States Marines taught the Malay pirates a good lesson and brought respect to Old Glory. Dense tropical foliage lined the shores of Quallah Battoo, Sumatra, masking the outlines of odd native structures, which stood like gigantic beehives on stilts and were enclosed by stout stockades.

Defiant Malays, who had robbed the American ship Friendship and murdered some of her crew, stood ready to resist the advance of U. S. Marines and bluejackets who had come to exact redress from the pirates and to demand the future security of ships in those waters.

It was in 1832, before the days of telegraph and radio, and a full year after the outrage, when the warship Potomac cast anchor off the shores of Sumatra with the purpose of bringing the plundering rajah and his savage henchmen to terms. The Malays had no intention of obeying the American demands.

In the early morning a landing party from the warship was rowed ashore. Dividing their forces into three parties, one of the groups attacked the first fortress, blowing up the stockade gate and meeting the foe in hand-to-hand conflict, the Malays fighting to the death. Elsewhere a U. S. Marine detachment charged another stockaded position with such vigor that the natives ultimately gave up and fled.

But a third fortress was held by men who had sworn to die before surrendering, and two of the American groups combined for the assault. Armed native vessels on the river provided an additional menace to the attackers, who swept aside all opposition in a final victorious drive. A fourth fortress was easily captured.

It took more than five hours of bitter fighting to defeat the pirates. After a severe bombardment from the guns of the Potomac the following night, a delegation of native chiefs made a humble plea for peace. It was not until 1839, however, after another expedition had been made to Quallah Battoo, that the Malays finally learned to respect the "Stars and Stripes."

Dogs Were Banned From The Nantucket and Vineyard.

The Historical Records Survey of the Works Progress Administration in its research into early American laws and customs, has uncovered the fact that dogs were prohibited from two counties in Massachusetts—Nantucket and Dukes—200 years ago.

According to the Survey, a law was passed by the executive authorities in 1737 to the effect that all dogs found in the counties could be killed and no action could be brought against the person performing the deed.

The ruling, which was for a five-year period, was caused by the depredations of the canines in killing cattle and calves, sheep and lambs.

WHAT IS A BEDOMETER?

As for dictionaries, I wonder how many people consulted theirs when they came to the word bedometer in the list of expenses to be incurred in a WPA hydrant survey project. The word is not in Webster's, and a friend of mine tells me that he was unable to learn in the Municipal Building what a bedometer is. His only theory about it was that might be an instrument for measuring time spent in bed. Pitometer, if anyone is curious, is a device for autographically recording varying velocities of flowing water, so named for a French physicist named Pitot.

Harry Arges And Wife Victims in New York Fire.

Harry J. Arges, of Nantucket, and his wife, lost their lives in a fire which swept through a five-story "old law" tenement in New York city last week Thursday.

The fire started at about 4 a. m., apparently in a restaurant on the ground floor, and spread through the building by way of a wooden stairway.

Mr. and Mrs. Arges were trapped in their room in the fourth floor of the building and had no way of escape. Their charred bodies were recovered later. Arges and his brothers and sister have lived in Nantucket a number of years with Mr. and Mrs. John Rodriques of Atlantic avenue, Mrs. Rodriques being their aunt. Arges was 22 years of age and of Japanese parentage. His mother is dead but his father is living in New York. Arges leaves two brothers and a sister in Nantucket, namely: Karian Arges in the senior class; Jareasah Arges, in the junior class, and Stanley Arges, in grade 5 of Cyrus Peirce School.

Harry Arges graduated from the Nantucket High School in the class of 1937. He went to New York to seek employment and was married about a month ago. His wife's name was given as 'Becky" and her age 19 years.

The building where the fire occurred was apparently a lodging house that might well be considered a "fire trap". Most of the occupants were sound asleep when the fire broke out. The building was one of six almost identical and adjacent structures in which furnished rooms were rented. It was styled "old law" because it was erected before enactment of modern laws dealing with safety and sanitation.

Tenants, most of them clad in night clothes, rushed outdoors, where they stood shivering in the chill morning air. Many had paused in their flight only long enough to rescue pets. Clutching dogs and cats, they huddled as near as possible to the blazing building for warmth.

Two cripples were rescued by firemen after they appeared at windows and called for help. Besides Mr. and Mrs. Arges, two others lost their lives in the fire. Both were women, one having a room on the third floor and one other on the fifth.

One of the survivors was Mrs. Clara Gomez who, awakened by the screams of fleeing tenants, wrapped her three-month-old daughter in a blanket and rushed from the building. She and the child were taken to a nearby hotel.

Cliff Blauvelt, 50, who is paralyzed from the hips down, crawled from his fourth-floor room down a fire escape to the second floor, but was unable to descend the single fire ladder to the ground. Firemen raised a 20-foot ladder and carried him to the street.

Mrs. May Cartee, 26, also crippled, picked up her dog, Kiki, and hobbled on crutches to the window of her second-floor room. Firemen heard her screams and rescued her and her dog.

Jan 14-1939

Charles B. Ray Was Nantucket's Old-Time Basket Maker.

In November, 1866 (sixty-two years ago) Capt. Charles B. Ray informed The Inquirer and Mirror that he had just completed his 200th rattan (lightship) basket, 140 of which he had sold up to that time. He was then 78 years old—the grandfather of "Mitchell" Ray, the present-day basket-maker.

DIED year 1939

In Yokohama, Japan, January 8th, Dr. George Danforth Richmond, formerly of Nantucket, aged 63 years, 5 months, 17 days.

Death of Dr. Richmond In Japan.

Word has been received of the sudden death of Dr. George D. Richmond, formerly of Nantucket, which occurred in Yokohama, Japan, on the 8th of January. Doctor Richmond practiced dentistry in Nantucket a number of years and was well-known to our people. He went to Japan over a quarter of a century ago and established an excellent practice there. He came back home once during the years that have intervened, but the longing for the Orient was in his blood and he returned to Japan to resume practice in Yokohama.

Dr. Richmond came to Nantucket soon after graduating from dental school and set up a practice in Folger Block in the quarters now occupied by Dr. Winslow G. Pearl. He always maintained a keen interest in the island and its people, even after going to Japan, and during the years that have passed we maintained a regular correspondence with him.

Some years ago, when Capt. Arthur Fisher was living, the two decided that they would like to have a real Nantucket "picked fish" dinner with "dip", so we arranged with Arthur McCleave to make some dry salt codfish, which was shipped out to Japan and arrived there in excellent condition. In other ways, Dr. Richmond always kept his interest in Nantucket keen and each week scanned the pages of *The Inquirer and Mirror* thoroughly. When he saw some item or reference that he thought needed more detailed explanation to one so far away, he would promptly write back to the office so that he could keep in close check with the island.

The deceased was born in Cambridgeport, Mass., July 22, 1875. He married Miss Dorothy Sharp, daughter of Mrs. Virginia and the late Dr. Benjamin Sharp. They have two sons —Benjamin and Peter Richmond.

Dr. Richmond was a member of Union Lodge, F. & A. M., and of the Royal Arch Chapter, Nantucket.

Roosevelt's Grave.

A couple of weeks ago we paid a visit to the grave of Theodore Roosevelt, one of the Presidents of the United States, at Oyster Bay, L. I. It is on a hill over-looking the waters of Long Island sound, and the grave is surrounded by a high iron fence—to keep souvenir hunters away. There is nothing imposing about the Roosevelt lot. An ordinary stone is at the head of the grave—not a monument, nor a mausoleum—it is just a well-kept family lot. The inscription on the stone does not say that he was President of the United States, or more than an ordinary private citizen. It reads:

Theodore Roosevelt
Born October 27, 1858
Died January 6, 1919

Outside the iron fence is a boulder upon which is a tablet with the following inscription:

Theodore Roosevelt said: "Keep your eyes on the stars and keep your feet on the ground."

Valuation and Assessment of Nantucket Real Estate.

The valuation of Nantucket has more than doubled in the last eighteen years, according to the Assessors' annual statements. And it has increased five times during the last half century —that is, fifty years ago (in 1888) the valuation was $2,960,538. Last year (1938) it had reached $13,536,130.

To be sure, there have been several "re-valuations" of real estate during that period, and the rate of taxation has mounted from $11 on a thousand in 1888 up to $26 in 1938; but there has been a large and steady increase in property valuation and a development in the construction of summer cottages that has swelled the total valuation materially.

Fifty years ago there were 19,568 acres of land assessed. In 1938 the total acreage was 23,830.

In 1888 the number of dwellings on the island was 1,111. Now there are 2038, according to the assessors.

In 1888 there were 359 horses assessed. In 1938 there were only 44 horses on the island. But to counteract this, in 1888 there were no automobiles on the island, while in 1938 there were 1296. And the automobiles had a total valuation of $236,960.

The value of real estate in 1888 was $1,572,534. Last year the value was $10,995,710.

In 1888 the personal estate taxed was $1,388,044. Last year it was $1,-186,390. (With the tax on automobiles it reached $1,423,350).

Fifty years ago there were 696 sheep on the island. Now there are but 75. In 1888 there were 549 cattle assessed; now there are but 322.

In 1888 there were 888 male polls. Last year there were 1096. The following figures, by decades, will show how the valuation and tax rates have changed since 1888:

1888—Valuation $2,960,538.
Rate $11.00 on a thousand.
1898—Valuation $3,362,996.
Rate $12.60 on a thousand.
1908—Valuation $3,305,386.
Rate $19.00 on a thousand.
1918—Valuation $5,504,945.
Rate $16.00 on a thousand.
1928—Valuation $10,577,370.
Rate $26.00 on a thousand.
1938—Valuation $13,536,130.
Rate $26.00 on a thousand.

The last "re-valuation" by vote of the town was in 1922, when the annual meeting appointed a special committee to assist the Assessors in their work, for the purpose of making a more equitable adjustment of real estate values. Since then the Assessors have each year studied real estate values and endeavored to maintain as even a valuation as possible, but there is need for another "re-valuation" on a thorough and systematic basis in order to assist the Assessors in their work.

Constantly changing real estate values and changes in ownership bring about situations that need adjustments and the Assessors realize this, especially in relation to the out-lying lands. After a lapse of seventeen years, there is opportunity for a thorough study of conditions, which can only be brought about by giving the Assessors every possible means of reaching fair assessments on all property liable to taxation.

Another Nantucket Limerick.

A New York subscriber sent us the following, to be added to the numerous Nantucket limericks:

There was an old man of Nantucket,
Who, just as he kicked the bucket,
Said with a sigh
As he mounted on high,
"Gosh! How I'll miss Nantucket."

The Historic Nantucket Railroad and Delmont L. Weeks.

From the Brockton Enterprise.

The opportunity for someone to acquire a short stretch of abandoned railway over Duxbury way, and operate it as more of a pastime than for any profit there might be in it, recalls an experience in association with the little narrow-gauge road on Nantucket island that was run through the summers between the main town and the village of 'Sconset, a matter of a scant few miles away.

The running stock included a dinky little steam locomotive, baggage car and passenger coach, that wound over the moors by way of Surfside and the Atlantic shore, never exceeding a moderate speed limit and accommodatingly coming to a halt—so the story goes—to permit patrons to get off and pick wild flowers en route.

Well, getting down to a local angle of that toy railroad—which went into the discard after some years of unprofitable operation and had its rails sold for scrap iron after the World War got under way—a one-time Brockton shoe manufacturer was involved in keeping it running for a few summers.

Delmont L. Weeks was the man. He had been a member of the firm of Emerson, Weeks & Co., with a factory on Emerson avenue, Montello, the late Charles O. Emerson being the senior partner. After that firm dissolved Mr. Weeks got interested in the Nantucket transportation outfit that owned two lines of rust and a right of way. He liked the island as a summer place, wanted something to do that would keep him occupied and became manager of the Nantucket & Siasconset railroad.

Through the season he was conductor and ticket taker on the train, met a lot of nice folks and all he had to worry about was a chance that the Dionis, the make-believe engine, might get balky on the run and miss making connection with the mainland boat.

"Del" was a genial, good-humored fellow who made friends of patrons of his sawed-off traffic system and got a heap of fun from the job. He used to chuckle over a rush wire that came from a western railroad asking if a missing freight car had by chance strayed over to his line. He replied that he had seen no trace of it and that unless it could swim there wasn't much likelihood of its turning up on the island. However, he would be on the lookout and notify the western office in case it hove in sight offshore.

The Origin Of "Dixie".

An interesting account of how the South came to be known as "Dixie" is given on the authority of Fred W. Thompson, a Richmond banker, who says the term was first applied to money issued by a New Orleans bank before the Civil War, principally in $10 bills.

These bills, because of the large French-speaking population of Louisiana, were printed in French on one side and in English on the other. On the French side the word "dix", meaning ten, was quite prominent, and the Americans got to calling the bills "dixies".

From that Louisiana came to be known as the land of the dixies, or Dixie Land. Then Dan Emmett, a Northern minstrel, got hold of the idea and composed the song "Dixie" for a show performing in New York. The term Dixie soon came to be applied to the entire South.

And there you are—if Mr. Thompson is right.

Feb. 10 - 1940

When a Nantucket Whaleship Rescued Slave Ship Mutineers.

One bright morning, early in the month of May, in the year 1826, news quickly passed through the town that a whaleship was at the bar. In those halcyon days of the island's whaling industry there was nothing strange in the sighting of a whaleship, aside from the happiness of the relatives of the men on board, and the satisfaction of the owners, and the usual flurry of welcoming excitement is soon replaced by the everyday business of this thriving port.

But, in this particular instance, a more than ordinary stir ran through the town. The whaleship was the *Constitution*, Capt. Chase, owned by Zenas Coffin, Esq., and she had made the trip from the Pacific in 103 days. However, she had hoisted signals, and warning quarantine flag was out, and when the Collector of the Port went out in person a rumor swiftly spread that something amiss had taken place aboard.

When the whaleship had been sufficiently lightered to permit getting over the bar, she made her way into the harbor and warped up to the wharf. Captain Chase immediately went with the collector to the offices of the owners, where a conference was held. News was soon verified that the *Constitution* had on board a score of negro slaves who had successfully mutinied and taken a slave ship—and subsequently had been rescued by the whaleship some distance off into the Gulf Stream.

Like all such stories, the report was only partially true. Captain Chase's account was first kept secret, and it was not until a day had elapsed that the entire version was told.

Slave Vessel Sighted in Gulf Stream Thought Whaleship a Man-of-War.

It was on the 3rd of May, 1826, that the *Constitution*, home-ward bound and well into the Gulf Stream, sighted a schooner which Capt. Chase rightfully supposed was bound out. He steered in the direction of the sail, breaking out signals that he wished to speak her. The Nantucket ship was short of provisions and wanted principally some flour.

The schooner's name was *Decatur*. She had on board thirty-two slaves—men, women and children—owned by a Mr. Woodford, of Baltimore, and was bound to New Orleans, being 16 days out.

As soon as the *Decatur* was hove to, Captain Chase directed the mate to proceed to her in the quarter-boat and request provisions. The ship's boat was allowed to come alongside and the mate was welcomed by a white man on deck surrounded by colored men. The man gave his name as Campbell and stated the schooner's captain and mate had fallen overboard. They requested the Nantucket ship put aboard a navigator, so that they might make port as soon as possible. This was granted by Captain Chase, one of his officers remaining aboard the *Recatur*.

It was not until the next morning that Campbell had opportunity to tell this officer that a mutiny had taken place, that the ship was a slaver, and that her master, Capt. Galloway, and the mate, William Porter, had been thrown overboard. He had told the slaves the *Constitution* was a man-of-war (because of her false ports) and that it would be impossible to attempt to escape from her. The schooner had managed to avoid all other craft.

Captain Chase acted promptly. He armed his Nantucket crew with all manner of weapons and sent them in whaleboats to the schooner. There was, surprisingly enough, no resistance, although the whalemen expected a fight and were prepared for one.

It was the intention of the whaleship's master to bring the schooner into port, confining the male slaves to his vessel. But on second thought, he resolved to take no further chance of mutiny and possible loss of the ship and her valuable cargo of oil. Therefore he took off the women and children among the colored folk aboard the Constitution, with two of the men, leaving the remaining twelve slaves on board the schooner.

The vessels were in latitude 29° 12" north, and longitude 69° 18" west. The schooner was directed to head to the north and west. After remaining in company twenty-four hours, the *Constitution* squared her yards on a direct course for Nantucket.

* * * * *

Brig "Rook" Brings "Decatur" Into New York With Other Slaves.

Three days later the *Decatur* was spoken by the brig *Rook*, Capt. Atwood, from the Canary Islands to New York. Captain Atwood found the two white men on board unable to give a coherent story of the ship's voyage, they stating the captain and mate had fallen overboard, and that her papers and late master's effects had been taken by a whaleship three days before.

After putting his second officer on board, the brig took off the twelve remaining slaves. The schooner kept company with the brig, arriving at New York a few days later.

* * * * *

Seaman Tells Tale of Mutiny and Murder of Captain and Mate.

John Campbell and James Brown, the white members of the crew of five on the schooner, told the story of the disastrous voyage. Campbell was on deck with Capt. Walter Galloway one morning, with the weather fair and the schooner making about six knots. The male slaves had all come on deck, being massed in the waist. He had spoken to the captain only a few minutes before, questioning the propriety of allowing so many of the slaves on deck at one time, and Captain Galloway had replied that he had often taken slaves from one port to another and had never had any difficulty resulting from allowing them the freedom of the deck.

Continuing, Campbell stated he had gone aloft to do something when an outcry on the quarterdeck was heard. Looking down, he saw that a number of slaves had rushed to the quarterdeck and that two of them (by the names of Thomas Harrod and Manuel Wilson) threw the captain overboard.

From the rigging, the seaman took in the situation at a glance. The slaves were in possession of the ship in the course of five minutes, the man at the wheel apparently giving up the helm without a struggle.

Aroused by the noise, the mate, William Porter, who had been asleep below, ran up to the deck. Hearing the cries for help from Captain Galloway, rapidly drifting astern, he ran to the rail. He had only his pantaloons and shirt on, making a grotesque figure as he stood there, his face a picture of bewilderment.

Headed by a mullato named Hill, a number of slaves rushed at Porter, picked him up and tossed him over the rail. His screams became mingled with the weakening calls of Captain Galloway.

At this point, James Brown, one of the watch below, came running to the deck. Hearing the men overboard and quickly surmising an accident had befallen them, he attempted to clear the quarterboat away, but was instantly seized and told to desist or follow the officers overside.

The White Man Leader, Named John Sutton, Apparently Insane.

The man at the wheel was John Sutton. He had made no attempt to alarm the men below, or to resist the attack. In fact, he appeared to take charge of the mutiny after the officers were far astern in the water, abandoned to their fate.

Ever since the *Decatur* had sailed from Baltimore, Sutton had acted in a strange manner. Now, he had apparently become insane. Whether he had promised to lead the blacks to freedom, if they mutinied, neither the seamen or the slaves would say. It was Campbell's belief that he had a hand in the murderous proceedings, and that, the crime committed, his weak reason had snapped entirely.

A few night later, Campbell stated he heard someone crawling into the fo'c'sle. He had grappled with the fellow and found it was Sutton, armed with a hatchet, evidently intent upon killing either Brown or him. After a fierce struggle, the hatchet was taken from him, and he was allowed to go back to the deck, for fear the negroes might precipitate a fatal quarrel.

* * * * *

The negroes now had full possession of the ship. A course was laid by a slave named Jones, who had some seafaring experience, the mutineers hoping to take the ship to Santa Domingo, where they might escape to freedom.

The fourteen male slaves made the cabin their home, breaking out the ship's small stores, attiring themselves in clothes of the dead officers, and opening a cask of spirits and drinking themselves into a group of half-wild savages.

The *Constitution* hove into sight at a time when, sick and remorseful, a number of the slaves were fearfully aware of the consequences.

Captain Galloway left a widow and three children in Baltimore. The relatives of Porter were not known at the time.

Besides the women and children of the negroes who were taken aboard the whaleship, there were two colored men who had no part in the mutiny. One was an old slave named William; the other the steward, named Isaac. The only white men left aboard were Sutton and a young greenhorn called John. Campbell said that the latter had remained through ignorance; he having shipped aboard the *Decatur* a few days before sailing, having arrived from Boston on the birg Betsey, early in the month preceding.

The trunk and writing desk of the drowned captain were taken out and carried to Nantucket, together with the ship's articles and papers.

The slaves were put on board the sloop *Rapid*, and taken to Boston, where they were placed in the custody of the United States Marshall.

* * * * *

It was generally conceded by the seafaring men here, familiar with the conditions aboard the slave-carrying ships of the day, that the schooner had no accommodations for the thirty-two slaves aboard, and that Captain Galloway had allowed them the deck privileges because he feared some of them might sicken and die.

Captain Chase's capture of the *Decatur* saved the lives of her crew. The slaves would have doubtlessly killed the white sailors as soon as the craft was in sight of any of the West India islands, this fatal action being the final measure of protection to conceal the mutiny.

"To the Editor of the Post:
"Sir—How do the different titles of 'nobility' rank in order of importance?"

Highest of all, after the king and queen, are the royal dukes; then in descending order come the other dukes, marquises, earls, viscounts, barons, baronets, knights.

Reminiscences of California.

"MY LITTLE BLACK DOG."

By George Fawcett.

I.

As I wind up the walk
There's a scramble
A rush,
A screen door crash;
My little black dog is coming fast.

You hear the grating break
Of his feet
Upon the porch
And steps so steep.

He is a splash
Of black
As he rushes up to me,
Then twisting softly
Runs away on another tack
Around the eucalyptus tree.

He is a bunched streak
Of speed
As whippet like,
With flapping ears,
He comes back
To where I stand
To greet.

Again he veers
Around the oleander,
Over flowers, over the daisy bed,
Such a scamper
His master to meet.

Now
He is beginning
The shimmying
The ever shimmying
A rhythmic tremor
From spiral tail
To feathered feet.

Crouching, grinning,
He rolls to me,
Then after jumps galore,
Forsooth
He grips my hand
With velvet tooth
And homeward bent
I am fondly led.

II.

First—
He plumps me in my easy chair
Then jumps pat
Upon my lap;

Takes a liberty with my ear,
Gnaws my hair.
Then into his eyes there creeps
A wistful look.

There's something
I should hear;
A little tale to tell me,
But an elusive flea diverts
And he scratches vigorously.

III.

Yes—home again!
The fire genially blinks,
My little dog sinks
Into his wonted place.

Out of the window can be seen
A cloud bank
With a furious spot,
A portent dab of red
Of setting sun,
Shading to olive green.

My work is o'er,
The day is done,
I warm with the glow
Of being one
Whose welcome
Was as wonderful
As that.

The little dog dreams
As the fire crinks;
He starts, he growls,
Chokes a woof
Then settles gently
Upon the mat.
He was in dog's Elysium
And was chasing a cat.

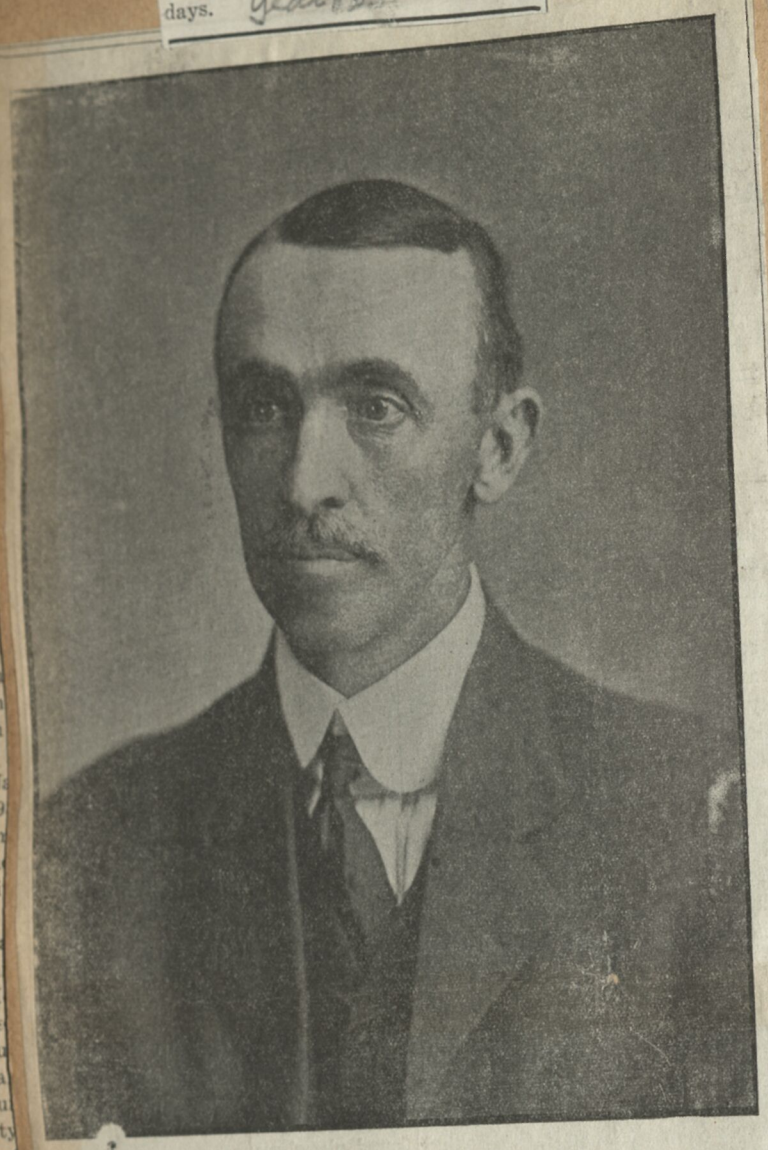
To a Mexican Hairless

written in Aug. 1937

Absurd canine "morceau,"
With bald-headed torso!
No feathers, no hair—
Deliciously bare;
All primed for hot weather,
In smooth "altogether."
All masquerade moulting,
Propriety bolting;
Some Power husked and peeled you,
From heat-waves to shield you;
The mildest of breezes
Can give you the sneezes;
We poor mortals simmer . . .
Our coast-lines grow slimmer . . .
We stew and we sizzle . . .
And roast to a frizzle . . .
I'd gladly change places,
(Surrender all traces,)
To be a cool, careless,
Unencumbered and hairless
Fool Mexican pup.
IF THIS WEATHER KEEPS UP!

BERNICE MILDRED ELKINS.

In this town, March 7th, James Y. Deacon, aged 72 years, 2 months, 7 days. year 1916



THE LATE JAMES YOUNG DEACON.

Death of James Y. Deacon on Tuesday Last.

James Y. Deacon, one of the best-known citizens of Nantucket, died at his home on Upper Main street, Tuesday morning, after a lingering illness. He came to Nantucket from New Bedford when a young man in the early 90's, and has resided here ever since. A plumber by trade, he at once established himself in business and remained in active work as long as his health would permit.

He was the oldest business man on Main street at the time of his death and for several years had conducted a branch business in kitchen furnishings as well as in plumbing, relinquishing the latter to his son, Wallace Deacon, last year, when his health began to fail.

The deceased took an active interest in town affairs as long as he was able, serving many years as Sewer Commissioner, and last month he was re-elected Water Commissioner. An ardent Democrat, he adhered closely to the party principles and for a long time was chairman of the town committee. He was appointed postmaster by President Wilson and assumed the duties of the office September 7, 1916. Throughout his term he served with marked efficiency and with satisfaction to the community and the department.

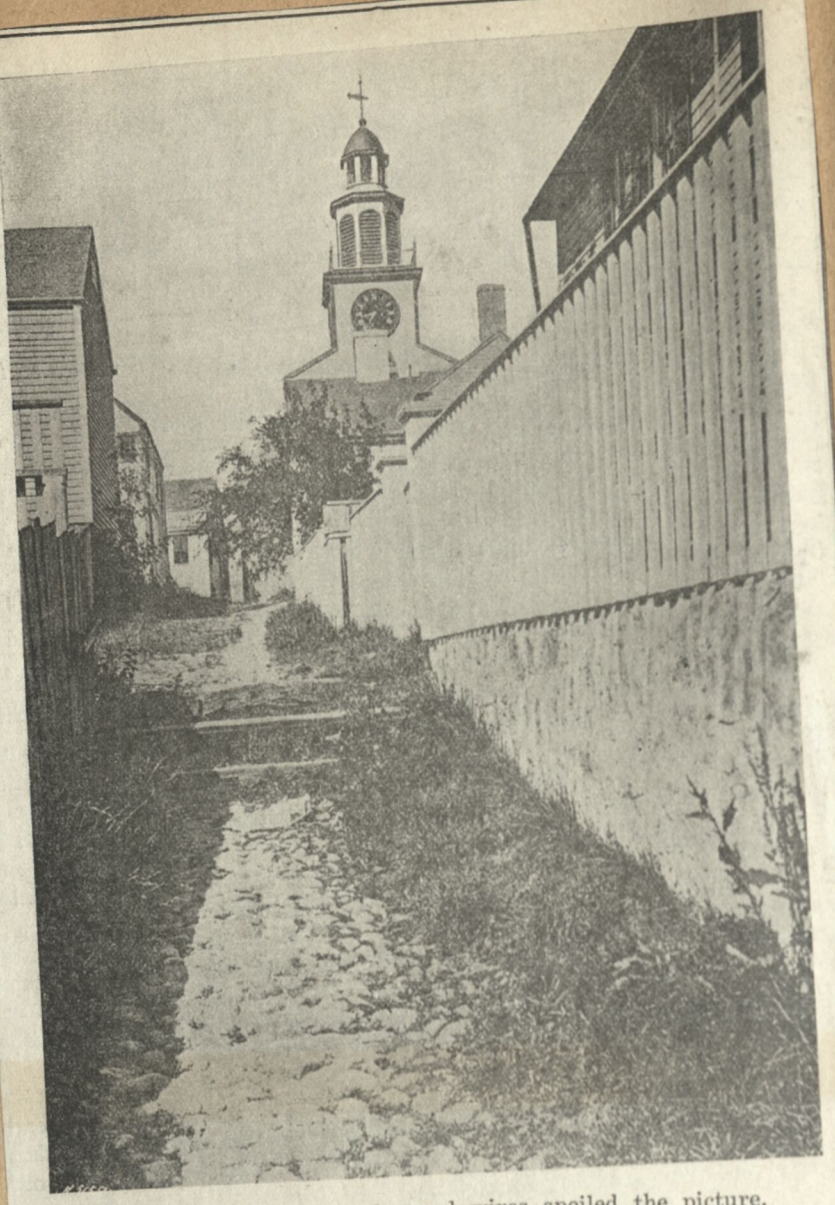
Mr. Deacon was one of the organizers of the Nantucket Athletic Club and for many years was on its bowling team which matched in semi-annual contests with the bowlers of the Commercial Club of Brockton.

He was a member of Union Lodge, F. & A. M., and of Nantucket Lodge, I. O. O. F., both of Nantucket. He was also a member of the local Commercial Club.

He was born on the 28th of December, 1866, and at the time of his death was in his seventy-third year.

On the 11th of December, 1894, he married Miss Emily Frances Smith, daughter of the late William H. H. and Lydia B. Smith, who survives him, together with two sons—Maxwell and Wallace Deacon—and a daughter, Harriet.

Funeral services were held yesterday (Friday) afternoon with commitment in the Prospect Hill cemetery under the rites of Odd Fellowship.



"Stone Alley" before poles and wires spoiled the picture.

Straight Wharf in 1868—a period when "wood coasters" made frequent trips to the island with fuel.

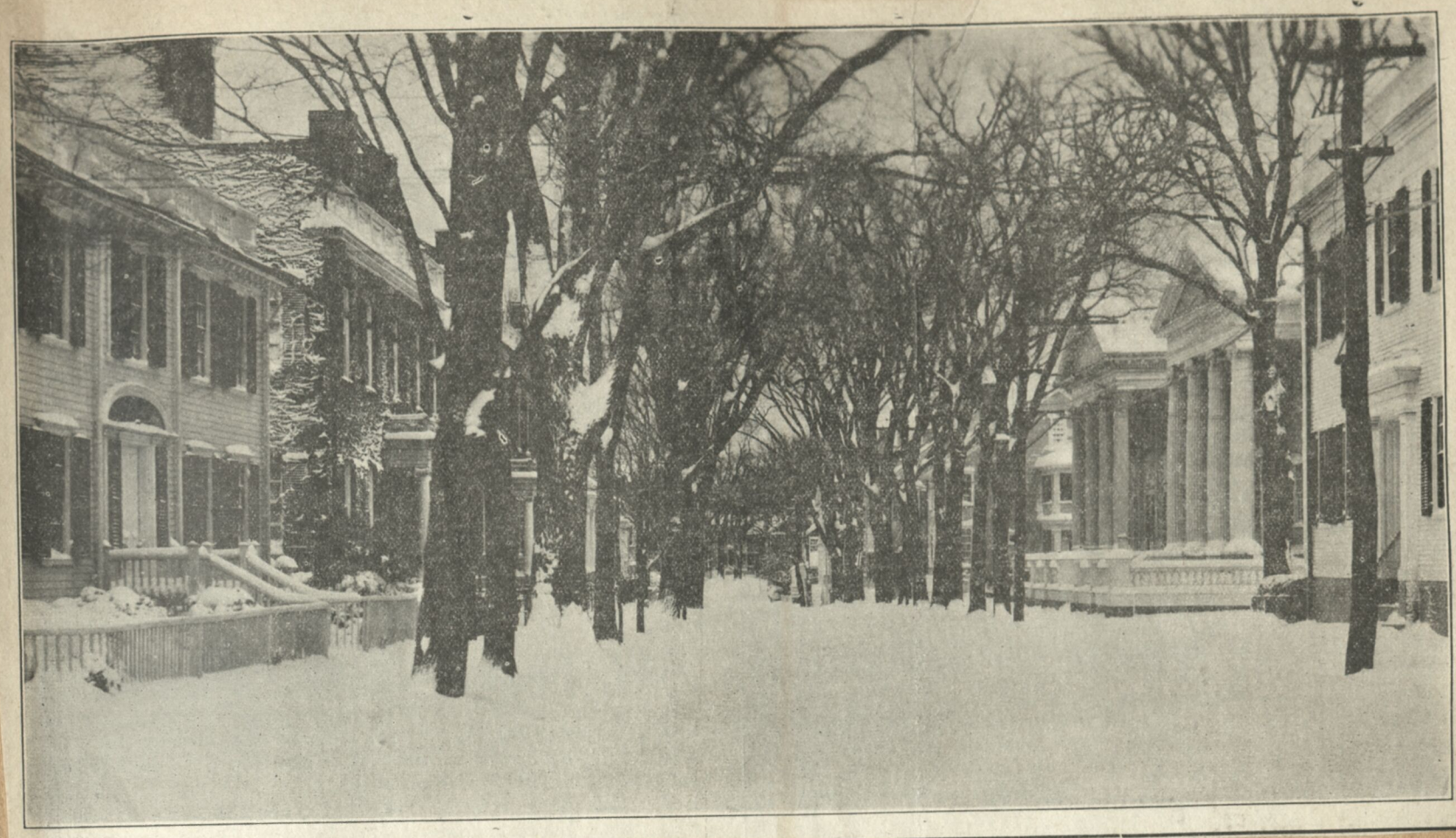
In Bridgeport, Conn., August 4th, Mary Eleanor Williams Morgan, of 2 Martin's Lane, Nantucket, widow of Lieut.-Commander Stokeley Morgan, in her seventy-second year. Funeral service at Bishop's Funeral Chapel, Bridgeport, Saturday. Interment at Annapolis, Md., Monday. 1938

The "pledge to the flag", which is familiar to all school children today, as well as to patriotic organizations, was composed by Francis Bellamy of New York.

* * * * *

A son and daughter were born to Mr. and Mrs. Robert D. Congdon on February 7th. They have been named Catherine Chapin and Richard Ramsdell. Year 1940

(This picture was taken Sunday morning, March 11, 1934)



IRROR, NANTUCKET ISLAND, MASS., SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 4, 1939

NANTUCKET FIVE YEARS AGO! WHAT A DIFFERENCE!

A VIEW OF BRANT POINT AND BEACHSIDE SIXTY-THREE YEARS AGO

The above is reproduced from a picture taken from the south tower in 1876. It shows the barren condition of Brant Point and Beachside sixty-three years ago, before summer cottages were built there. The lighthouse was the only building on the point other than a small building on the inner side of the harbor, owned by Capt. Barzillai Burdett. This building was later used in the construction of "Driftwood," the dark red residence now owned by Clarence Gennett. Farther up on the point may be seen the old bleach-house which formed a part of the candle-works of John W. Barrett. This building was later converted into a stable by Dr. Harold Williams and still later into a summer cottage.

A picture taken during the auction of the Springfield House Annex one November morning in 1917. The view also shows the junction of North Water, Easton and Chester streets with Cliff Road. On the piazza of the "Annex" Auctioneer George E. Moores tried vainly to get an even $100 bid for the building, which was bought by Dr. Ellenwood B. Coleman for $95. One of the stipulations of the sale was that the building be removed from the land, the town having purchased the piece of property for $3,500.00, so that the corner might be widened and the congestion, as seen in the picture, could be eliminated at a "dangerous corner," as it was described twenty years ago.

NANTUCKET'S GASOLINE BUGGY

From left to right—Thomas G. Macy, Cromwell G. Macy, Jr., George Olcutt.

Lament For a Favorite Locomotive.

Tune: "The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls."

O, where is dear Dionis now
And all her festive train?
The headlights on her iron brow
We seek, alas, in vain!
In rows the silent sleepers lie,
No warning toot they hear,
Nor tremble, as she rushes by
The hills of Nobadeer.

To "'Sconset" her beloved mate,
She loaned a rib or two,
A valve, a piston and a grate,
Which left her feeling blue.
Old "'Sconset" hobbled out one morn,
And never home came he;
Said poor Dionis, lone and lorn,
"Life hath no charms for me."

Next morning like a lightning flash
She scuttled out of town;
At Nobadeer with one fell splash
She to the deep went down.

They said she only sought to cool
The fever in her blood,
And mistook for a wayside pool
The ocean's raging flood.

Those dulcet strains we loved to hear
Along the Goose-pond shore
Are silent now—alas, we fear
Forever—evermore!
Oh, cruel irony of fate
That such a road may rust,
And all the frogs may hibernate
Beneath the drifted dust!

O, flagman by the Goose-pond shore
Your banner waves in vain;
For you shall greet, O, nevermore,
Dionis and her train!
Be yours a heartfelt sympathy
For strangers at our gate
Who in the station mournfully
With season tickets wait!

Still oft on moonlit summer night
May dreamers hear again
Dionis, as in spectral flight
She scuttles o'er the plain.
From lonely hills of Nobadeer
Reverberate once more
Those witching strains we loved to hear
Along the Goose-pond shore.

Brant Point Light Was Second Established in United States.

A dispatch from Washington on this 150th anniversary of the establishment of the Lighthouse Service states that Boston Light was the first set up in the United States in 1716. Second was the lighthouse on Brant Point, Nantucket, established in 1746. Third was Beavertail light, at the entrance to Narragans
1749.

Other light
formation of
each was est
don Harbor I
New York, 17
in Delaware,
S. C., 1767;
nett Point,
Harbor Ligh
Light on Gr
and, 1784;
ght, 1788.
The Light
arch, issu
epartment
teresting f
oint statio
overnment
on H. D. K
ighthouses,
tter:

Mr. Harry E
The Inquir
Nantuck
Dear Mr. Tu
As the pr
anniversary
the United S
this office is
in its mont
Bulletin, a se
al Lighthous
familiar with
Point Light
Nantucket w
to be erect
United Stat
lighthouse, v
teresting his
pared, and a
it being felt
make use of
for the colu
paper.

There are
two other r
house Servi
photographs
use.

Later in
planned to
Great Point
ing one of th
days.

Com

*

Brant Poi
the entrance
tucket, on th
and the seco
the State of
in the Unite
United State
respects. It
mong the v
d and maint
ownship.

Probably
ountry has
ifferent str
bout so mu
uccessive li
on Brant P
The juris
Point Light
frequently,
maintained
(or Sherbur
for many ye
it the expen
Massachuset

At the suc
Revolution, the Commonwealth of Massachusetts provided for the support of the lighthouse, and shortly after 1789 this, with other lighthouses in various States, was ceded to the Federal Government.

When the first Brant Point Lighthouse was built in 1746, Boston Light, America's first lighthouse, had been in service for 30 years. Mariners from Nantucket had passed the Boston Light on many occasions, and some of them had also seen the lighthouses of Europe, and realized the advantages of such aids to navigation.

It was these men and the merchants of Nantucket with whom they were

Brant Point Light Was Second Established in United States.

Continued from First Page.

associated who, in town meeting, in January of 1746, voted 200 pounds to build a lighthouse on Brant Point.

A lighthouse was immediately built, a small structure of wood, located on the tongue of land to the north of the town, for which all vessels steered in coming in from the sea, and which they had to round to reach the wharves.

The town built the lighthouse, but it was "in supposition that the owners of, or others concerned in, shipping will maintain the light therein." It appears that "those concerned in shipping" took the view that their own number embraced the entire population of the town, and that there was no need to disturb the original arrangement.

The first Brant Point tower, built as it was, of wood, was burned down, being no doubt set on fire by the crude lamps of the time. In those days lighthouses in the United States were lighted with whale-oil lamps, the oil being a product plentiful on the island of Nantucket, where whaling was an important activity; but the lamps then available left much to be desired.

A solid cylindrical wick fitted into a spout connected to the oil reservoir. There were no glass lamp chimneys in those days, the thick wicking provided only the most imperfect combustion, and the lamps smoked badly; the oil also overflowed at the end of the spout, and in so doing frequently carried flame with it into the pans fitted to catch the surplus.

The usefulness of a lighthouse had been well demonstrated during the 12 years that the first tower remained in service and shortly after its burning a second one was erected, in 1758.

This second tower, also of wood, met a different fate, being blown down in March, 1774, an item in a newspaper of the time saying that the town experienced a "most violent gust of wind that perhaps was ever known there," which in its progress blew down and totally destroyed the lighthouse, the loss of which "in every respect is considerable."

Following this violent storm, the town rebuilt the light again, with considerable promptness, for it was quite important to the safety of vessels approaching the harbor; but shortly thereafter a petition was presented to the general court of the colony of Massachusetts, praying relief from the expense of maintaining the light, and suggesting that it should be supported by the taxation of all vessels entering the port.

The Colonial Legislature, on June 17, 1774, took favorable action on the petition, and passed an act providing for a tax on shipping and directing that the collector of the impost should return these moneys over to the Selectmen of the town of Sherburne, for the support of the lighthouse.

Thus, the support of the lighthouse was provided for by taxation levied by the colony, but the actual control and maintenance of the light remained in the hands of the local authorities.

One of the earliest maps or charts, on which an American lighthouse was shown, was one of the Massachusetts coast published in England in 1776. This chart, compiled by one de Barres, was issued, no doubt, because of the interest in this section of coast aroused by the Revolutionary War. On it was shown, at the entrance to the harbor of Nantucket, the figure of a lighthouse, and the words "Light House", and close by was printed a note, reading as follows:

"To sail into Nantucket Harbor, and carry the best water over the bar on which is 9 feet, bring the Lighthouse to bear S. S. E. then run for it, giving Brant Point a birth and Haul in. The Buoy on the East Flat is seen in day time."

The latter part of this statement, incidentally, is an early mention of the use of buoys.

During the Revolutionary War it appears that Brant Point Lighthouse was not damaged by the military forces of either the Colonies or the British, but during those uncertain times it was perforce neglected, and probably for a considerable period was not lighted.

However, the newly founded Commonwealth of Massachusetts, in 1783, took steps to remedy this condition. The May session of the legislature of that year passed the following resolution:

"That Stephen Hussey, Esq., be, and he is, hereby appointed a committee to repair and put in proper order, the lighthouse on the island of Nantucket, and lay his accounts before the General Court for allowance and payment."

In the year 1786 fire again destroyed the lighthouse, and the manner of exhibiting the light for the few years following this event is not definitely known. It has been reported, however, that the light, inside a wooden lantern with glass windows, was hoisted between two spars, and that this light proving unsatisfactory, an open framework tower was for a time used, but that this latter structure blew down, some time in 1788.

It, therefore, appears that at the time of the establishment of the Federal Government in 1789, there was no lighthouse at Brant Point, although the light may have been displayed from some temporary erection. It is shortly before 1825 before the records are again definite, and then it was stated that a new tower was needed.

Congress appropriated $1,600 for a residence for the keeper, on which was a tower and lantern for the light and this was built in 1825. This structure was in use until 1856, when still another lighthouse was built, one more in keeping with Nantucket's prominence as a whaling port. This was a brick dwelling for the keeper and a brick light tower close by, a tower which is still standing today, and which is about 135 feet southerly from the site of the earlier lighthouses. This was the first of the Brant Point towers to be fitted with a Fresnel lens.

The most recent of the towers to house the Brant Point Light was erected in 1901, to the eastward of the old tower, which is still standing, and at the very tip of the point. This is a white cylindrical tower, connected with the shore by a footbridge, and having the light 26 feet above water. It is fitted with an electric light within a fifth order lens, and also with a fog bell.

Brant Point Light has lost some of its importance in recent years through the establishment of range lights nearby, these lights marking the axis of the dredged channel leading in from Nantucket sound, but it still serves to mark the point around which all vessels must pass to reach the inner harbor.

* * * * *

The act of Congress in 1789, under which the Lighthouse Service was established, reads as follows:

Congress of the United States

begun and held at the City of New York, on Wednesday, the fourth of March, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine.

An Act for the establishment of Light-houses, Beacons, Buoys and public Piers.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, That all expenses that shall accrue from and after the fifteenth day of August one thousand seven hundred and eighty nine, in the necessary support, maintenance and repairs of all Lighthouses, beacons, buoys and public piers erected, placed or sunk before the passing of this Act, at the entrance of or within any bay, inlet, harbour, or port of the United States, for rendering the navigation thereof easy and safe, shall be defrayed out of the treasury of the United States: Provided nevertheless that none of the said expenses shall continue to be defrayed by the United States, after the expiration of one year from the day aforesaid, unless such Light houses, beacons, buoys, and public piers shall in the meantime be ceded to, and vested in the United States or States respectively in which the same may be, together with the lands and tenements thereto belonging and together with the jurisdiction of the same.

And be it further enacted, That a Light house shall be erected near the entrance of the Chesapeake Bay, at such place when ceded to the United States in manner aforesaid as the President of the United States shall direct.

And be it further enacted that it shall be the duty of the Secretary of the Treasury, to provide by contracts which shall be approved by the President of the United States for building a Light house near the entrance of Chesapeake Bay, and for rebuilding when necessary, and keeping in good repair the Light houses, Beacons, Buoys, and public Piers in the several States, and for furnishing the same with all necessary supplies, and also to agree for the salaries, wages, or hire of a person or persons appointed by the President for the superintendence and care of the same.

And be it further enacted, That all pilots in the bays, inlets, rivers, harbours and ports of the United States shall continue to be regulated in conformity with the existing laws of the States respectively, wherein such pilots may be, or with such laws as the States may respectively hereafter enact for the purpose until further legislative provision shall be made by Congress.

Frederick Augustus Muhlenberg,
Speaker of House of Representatives.
John Adams,
Vice-President of the United States and President of the Senate.
Approved August the 7th, 1789,
G. Washington,
President of the United States.

* * * * *

The small beacon light on the end of the point was erected in 1901 and in 1907 the rip-rap stones were first placed there, the line of rocks being extended in March, 1924.

The new beacon lights were used for the first time on the 14th of July, 1908.

The fog-bell was placed in operation on the end of the point November 1, 1919.

On the 17th of March, 1926, the bell on the eastern jetty was replaced by the present horn, and operated electrically from the point by a cable.

In 1933 the Brant point light was changed from white to red and lighted by electricity. The intensity of the range lights was increased from 160 to 1300 candle-power at this time and the old style kerosene lamps replaced by electricity.

* * * * *

We have not been able to secure the list of early keepers of Brant point. The first recorded by the Lighthouse Department was in 1853. The records prior to that year are incomplete. From 1853 we find that the following have served as keepers at Brant Point:

Aaron Swain—appointed August 6, 1853. No further record.

Joseph F. Chase—appointed August 6, 1853; removed July 15, 1861.

T. A. Folger—appointed July 15, 1861; resigned August 29, 1866.

W. H. Swain—appointed June 3, 1866; transferred June 3, 1869.

W. S. Chase—appointed June 3, 1869; resigned November 20, 1872.

Benjamin C. Sayer—appointed October 22, 1872; promoted November 29, 1872. No further record.

Francis B. Smith—appointed October 22, 1878; resigned October 25, 1887.

Joseph G. Remsen—appointed October 10, 1887; transferred May 1, 1892.

Andrew J. Sandsbury—appointed May 1, 1892; resigned March 31, 1898.

John Chapman—appointed April 1, 1898; died February 5, 1907.

Mary A. Chapman—served as keeper from February 6, 1907, to March 22, 1907.

Marcus E. Howes—appointed March 22, 1907; resigned.

Everett Joy—appointed March 22, 1907; resigned 1911.

Richard Dixon—appointed 1911; transferred to Beverly 1927.

Gerald M. Reed—appointed 1927. Present keeper.

George Fawcett, Actor and Man In The Old Tradition.

By William Crosby Bennett.

The recent publication in *The Inquirer and Mirror* (my home paper) of verses by Mr. George Fawcett, recalled to my mind the many hours of pleasant association with this great actor, whom I always admired; one whose stage and screen experience ran the whole gamut of human emotion, expressing the predominant traits, habits, idiosyncrasies, foibles, whims and comicalities of mankind.

When I came to know him intimately, ten or fifteen years ago, I realized Hollywood of that day had few of his calibre. He was far above it, a giant whose feet were immersed in its shallow pool.

* * * * *

I remember well my first meeting with the actor. It was on a dark, rainy day, with black clouds hovering over the Santa Monica mountains, seemingly out-of-place in usual sun-drenched Southern California, that I turned off Hollywood Boulevard and ascended the hill to Padre Court and George Fawcett's home. At the back of his house, close up against the verdant hillside, I found he had built a cozy study, with shelf-lined walls for his books and papers, and an open fireplace where the logs were burning cheerily as if to offset the driving

GEORGE FAWCETT

rain and wild wind rushing through the tall eucalyptus trees in the yard.

Mr. Fawcett, in dressing gown and comfortable slippers, stood with back to the blazing logs. Usually in Southern California one feels constantly the call of the out-doors, but that day the urge was gone. It was one of the few days of the year to stay under cover.

* * * * *

The veteran actor knew how to make the time pass entertainingly. Coming from stage to screen, with a long career in character parts, varied and numerous, he brought a wealth of knowledge and experience that he used effectively before the camera. Who can forget the old major in Peter Ibbetson, the down-and-outer in Ebb Tide, the merciless father in Old Homestead, the drunken captain who loses his ship in Pied Piper Malone, or scores of other roles, from Java Head to His Children's Children? Like Dickens' pen pictures, his characters were cameos in real life.

* * * * *

"I love pictures," he once said to me. "At the time they came into being the stage was growing archaic. We had sent out inferior companies and poor actors to the smaller towns, until people were beginning to be fed up with the stage. Then came 'pictures,' and the small-town people could see the plays with the best actors in the world. They had a chance to see the same picture the city folks saw, and it came as a welcome respite after the years of having poor plays in the village opera house. Then, too, the stage was so uncertain. Why, one year I played in fourteen plays that were failures." With a reminiscent smile, he added, "And out of that I had only a few weeks' work."

* * * * *

But all Fawcett's stage plays were not by any means the failures his words might indicate. To us old-timers it does not seem so long ago when he captured London by storm in his role of Big Bill in the "White Man," as E. Milton Royle's "Squaw Man" was christened for its English production. The play ran a solid year at the Lyric Theatre. The "standing-room-only" sign was trotted out each night. Police had to keep back the crowds that waited to see him leave the theatre. Shop windows were filled with his pictures, and his name was blazoned on every second bill-board. But all this homage never turned his head the least little bit. One British paper remarked as follows:

"Though now a celebrity—and being a celebrity in London means being besieged by all sorts of persons—Mr. Fawcett is taking things very quietly. He lives at a retired hotel, not far from the theatre, and spends most of his time wandering about the older parts of the city. He is a perambulating guidebook—not of the places starred by Baedecker, but of the half-forgotten, out-of-the-way shrines held dear by lovers of English history and English literature. After the matinee today he took your correspondent for a walk in Old London—to Garrick's house, to Goldsmith's grave, to the chamber of Pendennis and the haunts of Sheridan. He led the way up toward Charing Cross and Fleet street, and as night came we strolled through the Temple, through Brick Court, Temple Court and all the other by-ways made famous by the immortals of our English tongue, and then to Simpson's for a dinner of mutton and greens and a pint of English beer."

* * * * *

A few years later, Mr. Fawcett repeated his former London success, this time at the Aldwych Theatre, in the title role of the Great John Ganton, and again captured the British public and press by his excellent portrayal of the Chicago millionaire meat packer.

* * * * *

As he stood there before the fire on this rainy day of which I speak, I seemed to connect him with colonial mansions, servile darkies and the courteous gallantry of the charming south. I was right. He was born in Fairfax County, Virginia, where his ancestors, coming over from England in the early days of the colony, had settled.

His father was a country gentleman, a broad-gauged business man, as Mr. Fawcett termed him, and owned the famous race horse "Dexter," that held the world championship for many years.

* * * * *

Young Fawcett graduated, the honor man of his class, from the historic University of Virginia. He was the first college man to go on the American stage. He made his debut at the Manhattan Theatre in New York City; subsequently appearing in leading roles with Tomasso and Alexander Salvini, Nat Goodwin, Maude Adams, Lewis Waller and other prominent stars. He was in many productions with his own company—the Fawcett Stock Company.

His first appearance in pictures was in 1915. Up to the time of his retirement, a few years ago, he had played hundreds of difficult character roles on the screen.

Probably Mr. Fawcett's Nantucket friends have heard from his own lips an account of his first visit to our island. However, I believe it will stand repetition. Here it is:

"While sailing down New Bedford Bay I began to feel nautical when told that in the offing on the larboard side was Buzzards Bay. There "Joe" Jefferson and Grover Cleveland used to fish. It was not long before our little boat slowed up and began to toot; toot again, and then toot some more. Through the fog and rain a place called Woods Hole appeared, where some passengers from Boston trickled aboard. As facetious people would call Woods Hole, Mr. Wood's Hole, some squeamish people would have it called Woods Holl; that name sounding more poetical. By this time there was with me some wonder mingled with a dash of expectancy as to where I was going. After a short tie-up at the wharf at Martha's Vineyard, with its wormy piles showing through the rain, it was now for the Island—Nantucket Island—more than two hours smack into the ocean.

"In all our great shore-front on the Atlantic, this is our only ocean island of some distance. It did not occur to me, then, but by all the law of conditions it should be individual and quaint; afterwards it proved to be.

"The rain and fog lifting now and then, the outlines of a shore showed what might have been a foreign land. After much tooting up the narrow channel we were warped up to the wharf, with sharply barked commands.

"Around me, I saw old unused wharves, abandoned warehouses, rusty anchors and other relics of the long-passed whaling days. Water was dripping from quaint, weather-beaten roofs; through it all a church steeple with a big round clock, evidently on a hill a quarter of a mile away, was just visible.

"The round-trip fare from New York to Nantucket Island was the enormous sum of about eight dollars. I was bound for Siasconset, seven miles across the island on the real ocean, where my people were supposed to be already housed. As I walked off the gang-plank to where a few people had gathered, intent over the boat's arrival as if it were a miracle, I spied a lonely surrey, which might be livery. I asked the driver how much he would charge to drive me over to Siasconset. 'Four dollars,' he answered. I think I spiced my answer with a mild expletive and that it had only cost me four dollars to come from New York. However, that did not make any particular impression.

"Curtained up in the surrey I could see little. Although I was told I was on the main street of Nantucket town, it seemed as if we were out of it before he finished telling me. After a blur of houses like nothing I had even seen before, the driver pointed out a white building I could just outline, saying, 'That's the poor house but there's nobody in it.' This statement arrested me.

"Ahead of us were a couple of ruts in the sand, some scrubby bushes and plenty of rain. He who was piloting our land craft informed me we were on the moors and would probably see Siasconset when we got to Bean Hill. After a while I saw a lighthouse and some straggling houses through the rain.

"'That there's 'Sconset," he said. 'But where's Bean Hill?' I asked. I was informed we were on it. Being only about thirty feet high, we had climbed it without my being aware.

"When I was unbuttoned from the surrey (in the shrieking wind and roar of an ocean seeming only ten feet away) to land in my household, it was very evident that I was welcome, although it had quite the appearance of misery loving company. But the next morning jewels were in the air; the ocean curling and flashing in the sun; the blessed southwest wind gently blowing; and one just had to hop, skip and jump in the intoxicating ozone."

George Fawcett was one of the intellectual men of the screen. He brought to it big ideals and high aspirations. Only a little while in conversation with him revealed a keen love and appreciation of beauty, a critical faculty that unerringly separated the false and cheaply ephemeral in art from the true and enduring—a knowledge of real life that comes to most people too late for their application.

Year 1939 **DIED.**

In this town, June 6th, George D. Fawcett, aged 82 years, 9 months, 12 days.

Passing of George Fawcett, "The Grand Old Man of Theatre."

George Fawcett, known in the world of the theatre as "the grand old man of the American stage and screen," died at his home on Pleasant street late Tuesday evening. Mr. Fawcett had not been in good health during the past year, but had rallied after several serious set-backs, although steadily growing weaker. The end came in his 82nd year.

Mr. Fawcett was devoted to Nantucket Island. He first came here in the early summer of 1899, to join Mrs. Fawcett at 'Sconset. He fell in love with the island, returning regularly year after year, with the exception of a period when he was in California. He purchased a house in 'Sconset for hs summer home, and when he retired several years ago, he came back to Nantucket to purchase the house at 20 Pleasant street, where he spent the last years of his life.

* * * * *

George Fawcett was one of the stalwarts of the stage who also made a lasting impression as a character actor on the screen. He was born in Virginia, August 5, 1856, the son of Asbury F. and Ann Eliza (Means) Fawcett, and attended the University of Virginia for four years. He had intended to become a mining engineer, but while on a visit to Richmond one day, while standing before a window inside an office, watching the people in the street, he suddenly determined to become an actor.

"I always had an inherent love for the theatre, but it was not until that moment that I suddenly decided to adopt the stage as a profession. It was as if I saw myself in the role of any of the folk outside—portraying life on the stage."

He immediately set himself to a rigorous routine of study and by constant application gradually worked his way up from the ranks to chief supporting roles. His vigorous physique was of

Feb. 10 - 1940

trust. This left the trusteeship empty

10. I direct my executor to pay to the Treasurer of the Children's Aid

APRIL, 1851 --- ITS LONG LIFE OVER --- DECEMBER, 1934

The stalwart elm tree which has been standing in front of the Pacific Club building over eighty-three ears, and furnished the cool shade for the "Cap'n's Room" during the summer months, was taken down this eek and only such pictures as this and the memory of man can now recall how it looked. This tree, by the ay, was the first tree planted on lower Main street in 1851, as is noted elsewhere in these columns.

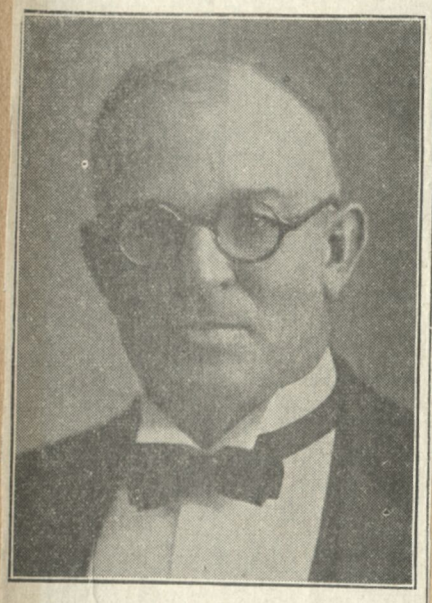
Death of Francis E. Folger, Clerk of Courts.

Francis E. Folger, Clerk of the Courts for Nantucket county, passed away Tuesday night at his home on Fair street after a lingering illness. "Frank", as he was popularly known among the townspeople, had a wide acquaintance, his genial disposition bringing him many friends. He was well-known among the judges of the Superior Court and the court officials of this district, his conscientious application to the duties of the office being recognized by all.

Although his parents were both of Nantucket birth, Frank was born in Charlestown, his father for many years being employed as a compositor on the Boston Herald. His boyhood was not spent on Nantucket and during his young manhood he saw many distant parts of the country.

About forty years ago he came to the island to reside and for a number of years followed different lines of employment, serving with the Wannacomet Water Company, the Island Service Company and Huram W. Macy.

In December, 1929, he was appointed to the position of Acting Clerk of the Courts for Nantucket and was sworn into office by the late Chief Justice Arthur P. Rugg. He assumed the duties of the office on the 11th of December, serving as Acting Clerk until the next state election.



THE LATE FRANCIS E. FOLGER

He was elected to the office of Clerk at the state election on the 4th of November, 1930, for the balance of the six-year term held by the late John C. Jones, and in November, 1934, was re-elected Clerk for the full term which would expire in November, 1940.

The deceased was well-known in Masonic circles throughout Massachusetts. He was a Past Master of Union Lodge of Nantucket, and also served as District Deputy Grand Master for this district. He was also a member of the Royal Arch Chapter and of the Eastern Star, and had held offices in both organizations. He was also a member of the Odd Fellows fraternity.

On the 18th of October, 1905, he was united in marriage to Miss Lizzie Hiller Chadwick, who survives him, together with a son, Francis M. Folger.

Funeral services were held yesterday (Friday) afternoon at 2.30 o'clock, in the Masonic Hall, conducted by the Worshipful Master Nelson O. Dunham and other officers and members of Union Lodge. There was a large attendance, with many floral tributes attesting the esteem in which the deceased was held in the community.

The pall-bearers were four Past Masters, namely: Arthur A. Norcross, Alcon Chadwick, Edward P. Tice and Harry Gordon. Past Master Leroy H. True served as Marshal, Past Master Alfred E. Smith as Chaplain, and Past Master William Hall as junior warden, with George W. Jones filling the position of senior warden.

The honorary pall-bearers were John J. Gardner, Wesley A. Fordyce, William Donnell, George E. Grimes, Henry B. Coleman, Josiah S. Barrett, Harry B. Turner and Roy E. Sanguinetti.

District Attorney Crossley was represented at the services by Asst. District Attorney Edward Harrington, State Officer Ernest Bradford and William Harrison.

The Coffin School Building on Winter Street when sheltered by the group of trees that have now passed on. It is hoped that other trees will replace them.

DIED Year 1939

In this town, July 11, Francis E. Folger, aged 61 years, 8 months, 16 days.

Hon. Breckinridge Long Will Be Assistant Secretary of State.

Hon. Breckinridge Long, of "Sea Crest", Nantucket, former ambassador to Italy, is to become assistant secretary of state. In June, 1936, Mr. Long resigned his post in Italy because of ill health, after serving from the start of the New Deal. At the beginning of the European war, President Roosevelt named him to the special division of the State Department, in charge of handling war emergency matters, including the evacuation of Americans from war areas. He previously served as assistant secretary of state during the Wilson administration.

Jan 6-1940

At Brockton, Mass January 27, Mary L. Coffin, wife of Jesse A. Coffin, aged 72 years, 10 months, 15 days. Interment at Nantucket.

Death of Mrs. Jesse Coffin.

From the Brockton Enterprise.

Mrs. Mary L. Coffin, wife of Jesse A. Coffin, 66 Leavitt street, aged 72 years, died to-day after being in failing health for about a year. She was born in Nantucket and funeral services will be conducted there. She died in a local hospital.

She leaves besides her husband, a daughter, Edith M. Jones of Nantucket; a brother, Augustus Peyott of Whitman; a sister, Susan Clisby, of Nantucket, and four grandchildren.

Mrs. Coffin lived in Brockton 50 years. Interment will be in Prospect Hill cemetery, Nantucket. Jan 4-1939

Franklin Atwood Made Consul at Cologne, Germany.

One of the Nantucket boys who is making good in his chosen life-work is Franklin B. Atwood, son of Mrs. James A. Holmes, Jr., and the islanders have been following his career with considerable pride, especially since he entered Consular service. Franklin has recently received another promotion and been tendered the appointment of United States Consul at Cologne, Germany, to which post he will go as soon as relieved from his duties at Santo Domingo.

Only thirty-seven years of age, he has, through steady and conscientious application to his duties, been advanced by the state department and assigned to numerous posts that brought him in close touch with various countries, gaining experience that has won him one promotion after another until now he has received the assignment as Consul at Cologne—a very important post.

Mr. Atwood was born at Nantucket, January 20, 1900, the son of Isaac M. and Ida A. Atwood, and grandson of the late Washington I. Fisher. He was educated in the local schools and during his freshman year in the High School (1914-15) he entered the Massachusetts Nautical School, from which he graduated on the 15th of September, 1917.

He then entered the Merchant Marine as quartermaster on the steamer *Actaeon*. The vessel made a voyage to France and on the return trip across the Atlantic was torpedoed by a German submarine November 24, 1917. Atwood was injured in the disaster and was one of the steamer's crew who spent fifty-four hours in life-boats before reaching shore, landing at Cape Finisterre, Spain. With others, he was at Coruna, Spain, awaiting repatriation to the United States, from November 28, 1917, to February 12, 1918. He then crossed the frontier into France and proceeded to Bordeaux, from which port he sailed on the transport *Niagara*, reaching New York early in March. He was seriously ill with pneumonia

FRANKLIN B. ATWOOD

at the time, as a result of his experiences, and was taken to Bellevue Hospital, where he was a patient until the latter part of June, when he was able to return home to Nantucket for convalescence.

Upon recovery he returned to the Merchant Marine and served as quartermaster on the Shipping Board steamer *Western City*, on the Army Transport *San Jacinto*, and the Ward Line steamer *Bar Harbor*.

In February, 1919, he took the examination for a second officer's license and at the age of nineteen obtained his license, one of the youngest men to ever receive such a license. A few days later he went out as third officer on the American-Hawaiian steamer *Oskaloosa* and in September of the same year became second officer of the *Arizonian*.

Subsequently he served as second officer on the steamer *Delco*, and in the spring of 1921 received a license as chief officer, unlimited, any ocean, any tonnage. From June 14 to August 13, 1921, he was on the steamer *Hayden*, and while in Genoa, Italy, was stricken ill and was obliged to enter the hospital there. When he recovered sufficiently he returned to the United States on the liner *Steel Engineer*.

In September, 1922, Mr. Atwood went to Lausanne, Switzerland, for a course of study, and the following year became owner and director of *Ecole National*, a school of languages, at Geneva, Switzerland. It was in February, 1924, that he first entered the consular service, receiving the appointment of American Vice-Consul at Plymouth, England. Subsequently he was appointed American Foreign Service Officer, unclassified, and then Vice Consul of Career. After serving at Plymouth, England, he was assigned to Belfast, Ireland, and on the 4th of February, 1931, he was promoted to the position of American Consul there.

In September of that year he was assigned for duty as American Consul at Santiago, Chile, in which place he remained nearly four years, serving as Foreign Service Officer to the American Embassy and then Third Secretary.

On the 6th of August, 1935, he was assigned to the American Legation at Santo Domingo, and two months later he was promoted to be a Foreign Service Officer of Class 7 and Second Secretary of the American Legation at that republic in the West Indies.

Since then his responsibilities there have increased from time to time and since the 27th of April he has been in charge of the American Legation at Santo Domingo. He has now been promoted to the post in Germany and will become the United States Consul at Cologne.

Mr. Atwood is married, his wife being a native of Lausanne, Switzerland, her maiden name being Gabrielle Veyre. They have three children—two daughters and a son, aged fourteen, twelve and four years.

Franklin was in hopes to be able to come home to Nantucket for a short vacation before his next assignment, but it is now probable that he will be sent direct to Germany. His wife and children have been spending a few months at the former's home in Switzerland and it is probable that they will join him at his new post in Germany instead of returning to this side of the Atlantic.

November 27th 1937

Golden Wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Williams, of 19 York street, observe their golden wedding anniversary today (Saturday.) Mr. and Mrs. Williams were married Febuary 10, 1890, with the Rev. S. M. Beale performing the ceremony. The congratulations of the many friends and relatives of the couple are extended to them upon this "golden" anniversary.

Feb. 10. 1940

In this town, September 6th, George D. B. Bonbright, aged 64 years. Interment at Rochester, N. Y. year 1939

Death of George D. Bonbright.

The sudden death of George D. Bonbright, Wednesday morning, at his summer home on Orange street, was a distinct loss to Nantucket. Mr. Bonbright had been coming to Nantucket regularly for a great many years and was well-known and highly esteemed by all. He was keenly interested in everything pertaining to the island and especially in fishing, which was his principal recreation each summer.

For nearly forty years the deceased has been a regular visitor to the island, having cottages on the Point, on the Cliff, and lastly, his fine residence on Orange street bluff, over-looking the harbor which he loved so well.

Only the day before his death he had been out in his cruiser Rosemary in quest of bluefish, and was looking forward to a trip the following day. His health had not been good for some time, however, and this season he was obliged to refrain from strenuous exercise of any nature.

Mr. Bonbright was a leading citizen of Rochester, N. Y., well-known there as a broker, financier and sportsman. He was a native of Philadelphia, where he was born 64 years ago. He entered the investment field in Colorado Springs before engaging in business in Rochester in 1904.

The firm is now known as George D. B. Bonbright & Co., a member of the New York Stock Exchange.

The deceased is survived by his widow and two daughters—Mrs. John Hill Kitchen and Mrs. Sherwood W. Smith, of Rochester; also by a son, James C. H. Bonbright, who is attached to the American Embassy at Brussels.

The remains left Nantucket, Thursday afternoon, for Rochester, N. Y.

Death of Mrs. Emerson.

Mrs. Louise Breck (Whitcomb) Emerson, 73, of 67 Mulberry street, Springfield, widow of Dr. Herbert C. Emerson, died last week at the summer home of her son, Richard H. Emerson, on Nantucket Island.

Regarding the death of Mrs. Emerson, the Springfield (Mass.) paper says:

Prominently identified for many years with club and cultural activities in this city, Mrs. Emerson was a member of the Connecticut Valley Historical Society, Springfield Art League, Alliance Francaise, Players' guild, Springfield Women's club and an associate member of the Colony club, of which she and her husband had been charter members. She was a member of South Congregational church.

Mrs. Emerson was noted as one of this city's most charming and gracious hostesses. The Century club met frequently at her home, first on Maple street and later on Mulberry street, where she made her home in recent years with her husband's niece, Miss Fanny R. Childs of the City library staff.

The daughter of Joseph Whitcomb, prosperous local cigar maufacturer, Mrs. Emerson was born September 20, 1865. She was educated at Miss Howard's school in this city and at Mrs. Giatt's school at Utica, N. Y.

Her husband, who died December 6, 1922, was president of the Springfield Hospital association and also founder of the Emerson Chemical laboratory. During the world war he was a member of the local fuel administration and at one time served as Hampden county health inspector.

Besides her son, Richard H. Emerson of New York city and Nantucket, Mrs. Emerson is survived by two nieces —Mrs. Everett Bates of 55 Chestnut street and Miss Mary A. Birnie, also of this city. year 1939

23 days.

In this town, December 25, Samuel P. Pitman, aged 91 years, 4 months.

Death of Samuel P. Pitman.

Samuel P. Pitman, who passed away Christmas night at his home on Fair street at the age of ninety-one, was for many years 'Sconset's best-known and most highly respected citizen. From his home on Bunker Hill, at the entrance to the village, he always radiated friendliness and good cheer. In more recent years, since removing to town to reside, his has been a familiar figure on Main street daily until he was stricken ill a few weeks ago.

Genial and courteous in manner, he brought the same spirit of friendliness to town with him that he had manifested in 'Sconset. He enjoyed companionship and often rode in the store delivery trucks when they made their rounds about town, reminiscent at times, jovial at others, but always a pleasant companion.

A great reader, he made daily visits to the public library and both young and old received a pleasant word of greeting as he wended his way homeward with an armful of books. He enjoyed meeting people and even as increasing years began to weigh heavily on his shoulders he was able to get a lot out of life from day to day.

On the 19th of May, 1871, while working in New Bedford, Samuel P. Pitman took unto himself a wife, marrying Miss Abbie Tripp, and later bringing her to Nantucket with him to make their permanent home. For more than sixty-eight years the couple have lived together, happy in each other's company, loyal and devoted partners for nearly seventy years, doing their own housework, caring for themselves in every way, and holding the esteem and reverence of all.

Theirs has been a rare privilege—to live together as man and wife for sixty-eight long, happy years. And now that they have come to the parting of the ways, nothing but pleasant memories are left to her who now must carry on alone.

Besides his widow, Samuel P. Pitman is survived by a daughter, Mrs. George E. Grimes, and a son, Albert B. Pitman, both of Nantucket. He also leaves a grandson—George Robert Grimes—and three grand-daughters—Mrs. Elizabeth Frye, Mrs. Clara Donnell, and Mrs. Katherine Kelley, all of Nantucket. There are also several great-grand-children.

Funeral services were held at his late residence on Fair street, Thursday afternoon, the Rev. Claude Bond, pastor of the Congregational church, officiating. Interment was in the Prospect Hill cemetery. year 1939

Weather on New Year Day.

New Year Day of 1940 marked the second time only within the past fifteen years when there has been snow on the ground on the advent of a new year. Here is the record of conditions on New Year Day from 1925 to 1940.

1925—Bleak.
1926—Mild.
1927—Mild.
1928—Chilly.
1929—Rain.
1930—Spring-like.
1931—Cool and cloudy.
1932—Bleak and damp.
1933—Mild.
1934—Mild.
1935—Rain and storm.
1936—Snow. Good sleighing.
1937—Mild.
1938—Snow, turning to rain.
1939—Partly cloudy and chilly.
1940—Cold. Snow on the ground.

Feb. 10 - 1940

trust. This left the trusteeship empty

10. I direct my executor to pay to the Treasurer of the Children's Aid

My Nantucket Paper.

year 1939

NANTUCKET MAN SUICIDE WITH MAID

Consul Found Dead With Woman in Virginia House

July 16 - 1946

Franklin B. Atwood, 46, member of an old Nantucket family and long a high-ranking member of the United States consular service, died in a suicide pact with a former maid for his three children, in a gas-filled house in Arlington, Va., it was announced last night.

His wife, whom he married in Switzerland when they were both teaching school there, filed suit for divorce in Nantucket county two weeks ago and listed his address as unknown. Mrs. Atwood runs the Swiss-American boarding house on Main st., Nantucket.

Dead with Mr. Atwood in the house in Arlington, Va., was Bertina E. Pabst, 36, a native of Pillaco, Chile, a former maid in the Atwood home and more recently an employee in a Washington department store.

Certificates of suicide were issued yesterday by Dr. W. C. Welburn, Arlington county coroner, according to the Associated Press.

Stationed in Colombia

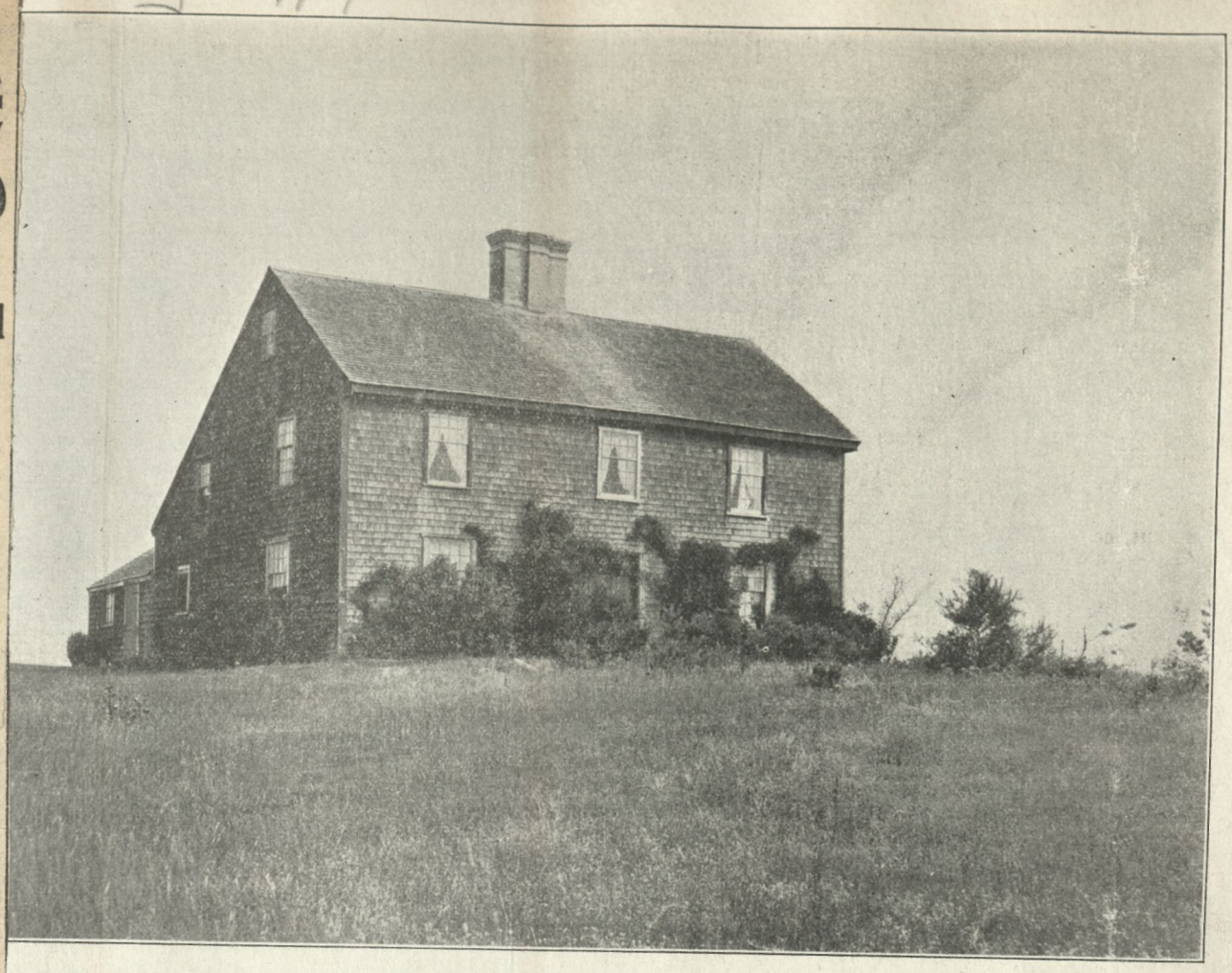
Atwood was formerly a special representative of the United States Commercial Co., a subsidiary of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, in Bogata, Colombia. Returning to the United States after the war, he asked to be released from the RFC, July 3, the Associated Press stated.

He gave as his reason that he was to join the War Assets Administration as chief of the airport branch of the WAA export division.

He was charged d'affaires in the Dominican Republic from 1937 to 1938 and in earlier years held consular office in Plymouth, England; Belfast, Northern Ireland, and Santiago, Chile. He served in foreign service in Cologne, Germany, from 1938 to 1940.

Police broke into the house in Arlington, Va., to find the couple dead on the floor of the dinning room. Neighbors noticed the windows tightly closed and peered in the windows to discover the bodies. Gas jets of a kitchen stove in an adjoining room were open, police said.

Detective Captain Hugh Jones of the Arlington, Va., police said that a daughter of Mr. Atwood told him that Miss Pabst was a family maid who took care of the Atwood children several yearsago, the Associated Press reported.



E HISTORIC ELIHU COLEMAN HOUSE AT THE END OF HAWTHORN LANE

yelling that Elihu Coleman built in 1722 is the only dwelling now left to mark Duke Street's rambling length, rmhouses which connected the older settlement of Sherburne with the new cluster built on the Wesco hill slopes . This was the type of house built by the Nantucketers of the early eighteenth century, facing south, of the the front a full two stories and the north roof sloping down to one story. The central chimney is a massive one, est fire-place on the island. The frame of the house is still solid, with the corner posts revealed as well as the rs. The kitchen chimney is also of interesting construction, connecting with the main chimney. It has been dis- of visitors during the past decade by Mrs. Rose Ring Forbes, who has now sold it to Mr. and Mrs. Walter Blair.

chased
ir.

n House
rchased
d Mrs.
nd Tar-
le being
se Ring
the past
much to
former
dieu to
identi-
acquain-
years.

ve been
e time,
living in their little home near Hinckley Lane during the summer months. Mrs. Blair, who is well-known to islanders as Elizabeth Hollister, belongs to a family which has made Nantucket their summer home for generations.

Her great-grandfather, Thurlow Weed, was the first of the family to come here, and his daughter, Emily Peck Weed, her grandmother, came with her husband, William Barnes, Sr., the latter first living at "Driftwood" on the point, and then buying the O'Connor mansion on the Cliff, now the Breckinridge Long residence. Mr. Barnes lived there until his death, in his 93rd year.

Mrs. Blair's mother, Emily Weed Hollister, carried along the family devotion for Nantucket, the Hollisters purchasing the Obed Macy house, on Pleasant street, where Mrs. Blair spent her girlhood. The family afterward moved to 32 Orange street.

* * * * *

The Elihu Coleman House is secure in its especial reputation as an historic island dwelling. It has been comparatively only lately appreciated, however, by historians and architects alike.

The strudy house was built in 1722 twenty years, and who did so much to tances for two decades.

by Elihu Coleman, a carpenter, and an elder in the Society of Friends. He lived here all his life, and in one of the rooms wrote his famous tract on anti-slavery, one of the earliest pamphlets against slavery in the history of colonial times.

Elihu's son, William, also lived his life here, the family's possession of the place going well beyond a hundred years. It then passed into the hands of another family of Friends—year 1862, when they presented it to the town.

Some time around the turn of the twentieth century, the house was sold again, and at this time old Benjamin Coffin, a Civil War veteran, had a life-right in the house, living here during the early 1900's, and at his death it went through several years of a solitary, unoccupied existence, finally being purchased for a paltry sum at an auction by Miss Annie Barker Folger, who sold it to Mrs. Forbes.

* * * * *

Mill Brook, which arises near the hawthorn lot, across the road, and winds down through the property of Mrs. Blair, thence to Hummock Pond, was a stream utilized by the early settlers of the island for a fulling mill. Along the banks of he brook today are bramble thickets and clusters of hawthorn and pine trees, affording a pleasant vista and setting for the house.

* * * * *

In its architectural construction the house closely resembles the Major Josiah Coffin house, at the juncture of North Liberty street and Cliff road, which is owned by Mr. and Mrs. Emerson Tuttle. Mrs. Tuttle is Mrs. Blair's sister.

* * * * *

Mr. and Mrs. Blair intend to retain the old-time features of the house while installing necessary modern conveniences. It is their plan to furnish it in keeping with its character and period, thus preserving another island dwelling of a type which typifies all the sturdy qualities of its builders.

trust. This left the trusteeship empty

10. I direct my executor to pay to the Treasurer of the Children's Aid

Nantucket Paper

year 1939

THE HISTORIC ELIHU COLEMAN HOUSE AT THE END OF HAWTHORN LANE

The sturdy dwelling that Elihu Coleman built in 1722 is the only dwelling now left to mark Duke Street's rambling length, with its several farmhouses which connected the older settlement of Sherburne with the new cluster built on the Wesco hill slopes at the great harbor. This was the type of house built by the Nantucketers of the early eighteenth century, facing south, of the lean-to type, with the front a full two stories and the north roof sloping down to one story. The central chimney is a massive one, containing the largest fire-place on the island. The frame of the house is still solid, with the corner posts revealed as well as the summers and girders. The kitchen chimney is also of interesting construction, connecting with the main chimney. It has been displayed to hundreds of visitors during the past decade by Mrs. Rose Ring Forbes, who has now sold it to Mr. and Mrs. Walter Blair.

Elihu Coleman House Purchased By Mr. and Mrs. Blair.

The historic Elihu Coleman House on Hawthorn Lane was purchased several days ago by Mr. and Mrs. Walter Blair, of Nantucket and Tarrytown, N. Y., news of the sale being released this week. Mrs. Rose Ring Forbes, who has owned it for the past fifteen years, and who did so much to restore the structure to its former appearance, regretfully bids adieu to a spot with which she has been identified by her many friends and acquaintances during the intervening years.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Blair have been residents of Nantucket some time, living in their little home near Hinckley Lane during the summer months. Mrs. Blair, who is well-known to islanders as Elizabeth Hollister, belongs to a family which has made Nantucket their summer home for generations.

Her great-grandfather, Thurlow Weed, was the first of the family to come here, and his daughter, Emily Peck Weed, her grandmother, came with her husband, William Barnes, Sr., the latter first living at "Driftwood" on the point, and then buying the O'Connor mansion on the Cliff, now the Breckinridge Long residence. Mr. Barnes lived there until his death, in his 93rd year.

Mrs. Blair's mother, Emily Weed Hollister, carried along the family devotion for Nantucket, the Hollisters purchasing the Obed Macy house, on Pleasant street, where Mrs. Blair spent her girlhood. The family afterward moved to 32 Orange street.

* * * * *

The Elihu Coleman House is secure in its especial reputation as an historic island dwelling. It has been comparatively only lately appreciated, however, by historians and architects alike.

The strudy house was built in 1722 twenty years, and who did so much to tances for two decades.

by Elihu Coleman, a carpenter, and an elder in the Society of Friends. He lived here all his life, and in one of the rooms wrote his famous tract on anti-slavery, one of the earliest pamphlets against slavery in the history of colonial times.

Elihu's son, William, also lived his life here, the family's possession of the place going well beyond a hundred years. It then passed into the hands of another family of Friends—year 1862, when they presented it to the town.

Some time around the turn of the twentieth century, the house was sold again, and at this time old Benjamin Coffin, a Civil War veteran, had a life-right in the house, living here during the early 1900's, and at his death it went through several years of a solitary, unoccupied existence, finally being purchased for a paltry sum at an auction by Miss Annie Barker Folger, who sold it to Mrs. Forbes.

* * * * *

Mill Brook, which arises near the hawthorn lot, across the road, and winds down through the property of Mrs. Blair, thence to Hummock Pond, was a stream utilized by the early settlers of the island for a fulling mill. Along the banks of he brook today are bramble thickets and clusters of hawthorn and pine trees, affording a pleasant vista and setting for the house.

* * * * *

In its architectural construction the house closely resembles the Major Josiah Coffin house, at the juncture of North Liberty street and Cliff road, which is owned by Mr. and Mrs. Emerson Tuttle. Mrs. Tuttle is Mrs. Blair's sister.

* * * * *

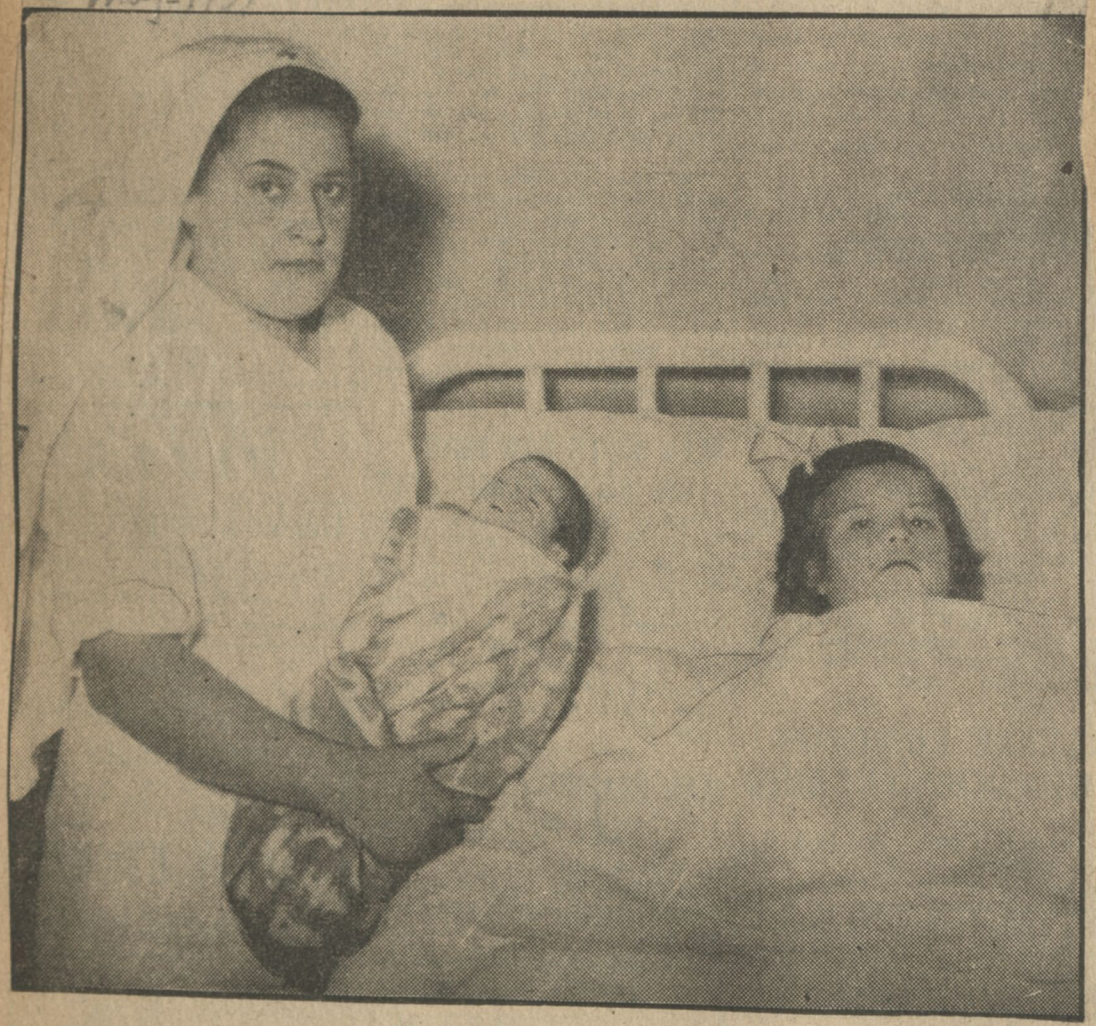
Mr. and Mrs. Blair intend to retain the old-time features of the house while installing necessary modern conveniences. It is their plan to furnish it in keeping with its character and period, thus preserving another island dwelling of a type which typifies all the sturdy qualities of its builders.

Nantucket Students Capital-Bound

Seniors of Nantucket High School, now on their annual pilgrimage to Washington and other historic spots, are shown at the pier of the New Bedford, Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket Steamship Company just before they boarded a bus for Providence Saturday on their trip to the nation's Capital.

5-Year-Old Girl Becomes Mother

May-1939



A Peruvian Indian child, Lina Medina, five years old, is shown in this exclusive picture made Monday at Lima with her 5.96-pound son born Sunday by a Caesarian operation in the presence of 60 doctors at Lima Maternity Hospital. Dr. Hipolito Larrabure, chief surgeon of the hospital, termed it one of the strangest gynecological events ever known. He said the girl's age was corroborated by the fact that she still has her first teeth and is 3-feet 1-inch tall. This picture was sent by plane from Lima to New York.

—Associated Press Wirephoto

Death of Willard B. Marden.

Willard B. Marden, one of Nantucket's leading business men and a highly-respected citizen, passed away suddenly Tuesday afternoon at his home on Milk street. He had not been in good health for several years, but had been able to handle his business interests and keep in touch with town affairs although unable to do active work.

In his early manhood the deceased learned the plumbing and steam fitting business, working in several places on the mainland. Afterwards he returned to Nantucket and was at one time employed by the late James B. Coffin at the Monument Square Grocery. He followed several other lines of employment before engaging in business on his own account nearly four decades ago.

He established a sales room and work-shop on the land, corner of Milk street and New Dollar Lane, where he also built an attractive residence. He steadily developed the plumbing and heating business and established a branch at 'Sconset, becoming well-known to summer residents in the village as well as in town during the passing years.

From 1923 to 1933 he served on the Board of Sewer Commissioners and for a quarter of a century was the superintendent of the 'Sconset water plant.

Mr. Marden was a member of the Independent Order of Red Men and of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows.

The deceased is survived by his widow and by two daughters—Mrs. Edward R. Butler and Mrs. C. Clark Coffin—both of Nantucket. He also leaves a sister, Mrs. James H. Wood, Jr.

Funeral services were held from his late residence at 8 Milk street, Friday afternoon at 2.00 o'clock.

Mrs. Marden died Feb. 6th 1940 aged 69 yrs. 11 mos. 14 dys

, JUNE 17, 1939

Death of Mrs. Caroline (Hagner) Walters.

Mrs. Caroline (Hagner) Walters, prominent summer resident of Nantucket, died suddenly at Reno, Nevada, last Sunday. She was the former wife of Alexander B. Hagner, of Warrenton, Va., and the couple have for a number of years occupied the summer home on Orange street bluff, formerly the William Barnes property. Mrs. Walters was the owner of the air-port at Nobadeer, being an enthusiastic flyer and owner of several planes.

She secured a divorce from Mr. Hagner on the 6th of May and assumed her maiden name of Roebling for a few weeks, until she married Paul Walters, a Reno business man, who, according to news dispatches, had been married four times already.

The young woman's age was given as twenty-seven. She leaves two children.

Feb. 10-1940

Will of William Hosier Again Before The Public.

After lying dormant for nearly forty years, the will of William Hosier, last of Nantucket's Quaker merchants, has come to life again, its items once more becoming public property, and its purposes becoming revitalized through various legal matters now arising in connection with its trusteeship.

During the past week, many interested people have discussed the unusual conditions set up by the will, remarking on the administration and handling the same, with the result that several erroneous opinions have been broadcast concerning important phases of the same.

* * * * *

The Hosier will has bobbed up on several occasions in the past. In 1920, when the town sold the Elihu Coleman house at auction, the will was discussed, Hosier having bequeathed the house to the town at the death of Benjamin Coffin, a life-right occupant. When the old Hosier shop on Federal street was first used as an information bureau by the town, and later as a W. P. A. office, the Quaker merchant's quiet business career was re-told, and when part of his estate was used as a site for the new Fire Station, his will was "in the news" again.

* * * * *

But unlike the proverbial Rip Van Winkle, who slept in a changing world for twenty years, the will of William Hosier has not suffered a like fate. From the $50,000 of the original estate left in the hands of the trustees, the amount has grown to more than $122,000 in round numbers.

William Hosier died on January 4, 1899. His will bequeathed various sums to several townspeople, with the residue of his estate being bequeathed to his trustees for their investment, the income of which was to be expended for the support and assistance of the widows, orphans and the worthy poor generally of Nantucket.

The three trustees appointed by him were Henry B. Worth, Joseph S. Barney and Albert G. Brock.

Messrs. Worth and Barney died two decades ago, and the names of George C. Rule and Fred V. Fuller were nominated as their successors by Mr. Brock in 1924, the late Judge Henry Riddell signing the decree appointing them.

The controversy which has arisen over the will is a complicated one. It has been stated that no accounting has been made by the trustees for nearly forty years. Trustees appointed by the late Judge Riddell are claimed to have been illegally appointed, and since the death of the only original member of the trio of trustees, the late Albert G. Brock, it is claimed no legal trustees have been in existence.

* * * * *

The whole situation has occupied the time of a number of the town officials the past several weeks, but it originally began in the office of Attorney General Dever. In 1935, the Attorney General secured the passage of a bill making his office the guardian of all funds left in trust to public beneficiaries. Immediately thereafter, he delegated various men to make a thorough search of various probate court archives throughout the State, and thus brought to light many trust accounts of this nature.

The Attorney General decided that the appointment of Messrs. Rule and Fuller was not legal, as they should have been appointed by the Selectmen, who were the guardians of the public trust. This left the trusteeship empty and Judge Poland appointed Miss Grace Henry as trustee. The executors of the estate of the late Albert G. Brock had filed an accounting of his trusteeship, and Kenneth Taylor, Henry Coleman and Alcon Chadwick were appointed by Miss Henry as appraisers of the trust account. Mr. Taylor did not care to serve and William L. Mather was appointed in his place. The appraisers are now at work.

The legal tangle which has arisen will no doubt be unravelled by the tortuous processes of the law. It appears from the viewpoint of the layman that the late Mr. Brock was an able and reputable trustee, under whose guidance the Hosier account was administered as the Quaker merchant desired. But with his death, it was learned that companion trustees appointed by Judge Riddell were not legally appointed, the technicality being the basis for the present controversy.

* * * * *

The interesting will of William Hosier is as follows:

Know all men by these presents, that I, William Hosier, of the Town and County of Nantucket, Massachusetts, make this my last will and testament in manner following, hereby revoking all former wills by me made:

1. I give and bequeath all my furniture and household furnishings contained in my homestead house on Federal street to my house-keeper, Parnell H. Burdett.

2. I give and devise the use, income and improvement of my homestead and lot, bounded on the north by land of the late F. C. Sanford; on the east by South Water street; on the south by Chestnut street, and on the west by Federal street, to my housekeeper, Parnell H. Burdett, for and during her natural life. I give and devise the use, income and improvement of the real estate on Gardner street, Nantucket, which formerly belonged to my brother John, to Susan A. Lovell, for and during her natural life. I give and devise the use, income and improvement of the Coleman farm, in Upper Town, to Benjamin A. Coffin, for and during the term of his natural life.

4. All my real estate, wherever situated, including the remainder of the different parcels described in the foregoing section, after the deaths of Parnell H. Burdett, Susan A. Lovell and Benjamin A. Coffin, and including all other real estate, I give and devise to the Town of Nantucket, its successors and assigns.

5. I give and bequeath to my executor the sum of two hundred dollars, the income from which is to be expended for the care, and improvement of my burial lot in the Prospect Hill Cemetery.

6. I give and bequeath as follows:
To Mary Childs, $500.
To John A. Coffin, $1000.
To Nancy Coffin, widow of W. H., $500.
To Phebe Dexter, $500.
To Mary B. Fuller, $1000.
To Benjamin Coffin, $500.
To Albert Coffin, $500.
To Ann Maria Bunker. $1000.
To Helen M. Bunker, $500.
To Susan A. Lovell, $1000.
To Mary Jane Cook, $1000.
To Lydia F. Coleman, $1000.
To Caroline Smith, $1000.
To Elizabeth Barrett, wife of Josiah, $500.
To Elizabeth Long, $500.
To Mary Fuller, $500.
To Mary C. Janney, $500.
To Phebe Ann Folger, $500.
To Elizabeth Ray, $500.
To Mary Anne Wood, $500.

7. I give and bequeath the sum of $1,000.00 to the New England Yearly Meeting of Friends, of which at this time Timothy B. Hussey is Clerk.

8. I direct my executor to pay over to the treasurers of the Sunday Schools connected with the Methodist, Congregational, Unitarian, Baptist, and Episcopal Churches of Nantucket, to each the sum of $200.00, to be by said treasurers expended for the purposes of said five Sunday Schools.

9. I give the sum of $500.00 to the Society for the Relief of Aged Women of Nantucket.

10. I direct my executor to pay to the Treasurer of the Children's Aid Society the sum of $500.00, which is to be used by said treasurer for the purposes of said society.

11. I give and bequeath to the Ladies' Howard Society of Nantucket the sum of $500.00.

12. I direct my executor to pay over to the treasurers of the Helping Hand Society and Ladies' Benevolent Society, to each the sum of $250.00, to be used by said Treasurers for the purposes of said societies.

13. All the rest, residue and remainder of my estate, I give and bequeath to my friends, Henry B. Worth, Joseph S. Barney, and Albert G. Brock, in trust for the following trust purposes only, viz: To keep the same invested and expend the income therefrom for the support and assistance, according to their discretion, of the widows and orphans and the worthy poor generally of Nantucket.

14. I have had a desire, for a number of years, that the Town erect a commodious and safe building for the use of the Town of Nantucket, after the decease of Parnell H. Burdett, on my land on Federal street, but will leave it to the Town to decide.

15. I nominate and appoint my friend Joseph S. Barney, executor of this will and request that he be not required to furnish surety or sureties on his official bond.

I also request that all persons who are named in this will as trustees, be not required to furnish sureties or surety on their official bonds.

In witness whereof I hereto set my hand this twenty-fifth day of April, A. D., 1894.

Wm. Hosier.

Signed, published and declared by the said William Hosier as and for his last will and testament, in the presence of us who, at his request, in his presence and in the presence of each other, hereto set our names as witnesses.

Henry B. Worth,
George L. Wilber,
Millard B. Freeborn.

A True Copy—Attest:
John J. Gardner, 2d, Register,

Jury Found for George M. Poland in All Four Cases.

Actions of tort brought by George M. Poland in 1935 against four newspapers were heard together before a jury in the second civil session of the Superior Court for Suffolk county, Judge Burns presiding.

The jury returned verdicts on Monday for the plaintiff as follows:

Globe Newspaper Company, $900; E. Anthony & Sons, Inc., $400; Wakefield Item Co., $200; Harry B. Turner, $50.

The libel suit for $10,000 against Harry B. Turner resulted from the publication of an article by the Boston Globe on January 8, 1935, which contained certain statements which had been set out in a declaration which had been filed January 7, 1935, in the Middlesex Superior Court, by a person who had brought suit against George M. Poland. The Inquirer and Mirror re-printed the article with the usual credit line, "From the Boston Globe", in its issue of January 12, 1935, and on the 23rd of February, 1935, referring to such article, printed an article entitled "Justice to Judge Poland".

The plaintiff was represented by Charles Hamilton of Boston and Eben Towne of Brockton.

Francis E. Leahy appeared as attorney for the Globe Newspaper Company; Deland & Rockwood, and Benjamin Perkins, for E. Anthony & Sons, Inc.; Arthur W. Blakemore for the Wakefield Item Company; and Joseph E. Warner for Harry B. Turner.

year 1939

My Nantucket Paper.

By Katherine (Chase) Small.

It comes every week thro' the mail straight to me—
This much enjoyed wonder of society.
For my friends never cease to marvel and shout
At the size of the sheet or the news you get out.
They joke and they laugh and they tease, if they're able,
As they all gather 'round my dining room table.

"But what," asks a voice, "on earth do they use
The paper sheets for when they've finished the news?"
There's a laugh and a grin, and the room starts a-humming—
And I hang my head for I don't know what's coming.
And one takes a haw "When they bring on the broth
For the dinner on Sunday, they don't need a cloth—
'Tis the paper they use." (And he gives me a wink.)
"It saves on the laundry, won't roll and won't shrink."

Oh, they shriek in amusement but 'tis my delight
To see when they leave, in the morn's eerie light,
The many coins tossed, and hear the words said
To settle who gets the old papers I've read.
And if you should catch them at home in a nook
'Tis these they'll be reading and not a new book.

For—
Tho' the print is worn thin, like a wavering vapor,
I'm supplying New York with the Nantucket paper.

Well, what do you know about this? The young folks had skating during Christmas week and sliding the first week of the New Year! There have been some winters when they have had neither skating nor coasting at any time. year 1939

That's What You Might Properly Call Service.

In its issue of December 23, The Inquirer and Mirror said:

White frost! Rain! Warm temperature! Unseasonable weather! Send along a little cold weather, just for a change, Mr. Weather Man!

The Weather Man responded very promptly, bringing the change desired, with two weeks of lower temperature when the thermometer stood in the 20's day after day, and also a very generous snowfall, with frozen, slippery streets and some genuine wintry weather.

In our humble opinion, we feel that this is rendering excellent and prompt service.

Cold weather started on Dec. 23d 1939

Oldest Indian Dies, Aged 86, on Cape Cod

1940

NEW BEDFORD, Feb. 21 (AP)—Oakes A. Coombs, 86, of Mashpee, oldest Wampanog Indian on Cape Cod and chief of the tribe, died today at the home of his son, Police Sergeant Isaac C. Coombs, of this city. Sergeant Coombs brought his father here when he was taken ill a week ago.

Chief Hiacoomis, as he was known in tribal affairs, was born in Mashpee and lived all his life in the house where he was born, except during the period of whaling voyages he made from this port as a young man. The funeral will be held, with tribal ritual, Saturday at the old Indian church in Mashpee.

year 1940

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO --- NANTUCKET'S HIGH TIDE OF JAN. 13, 1915

Steamboat wharf was completely submerged and considerable damage resulted there, as the picture indicates. The water reached up to the corner of South Water street.

Looking up Old North wharf towards South Water street. In the distance several men may be seen wading along with their hip boots on.

Scenes About the Water Front Twenty-five Years Ago Today.

Twenty-five years ago today—on January 13, 1915—Nantucket experienced its highest tide on record. It was a severe northeast storm, from just the right quarter and at just the right time for the tide to rise up over the wharves and create damage along the water front. The accompanying pictures were taken at that time and they will recall some of the incidents of that storm to many of our older residents, and doubtless be of interest to the younger generation who may have wondered what an extreme high tide on Nantucket looks like.

The water inundated the wharves and submerged them to a depth of two to three feet. It came up lower Main street until the water lapped around the front of the Pacific Club building. Further along the Red Men's building was completely surrounded, and at the head of Steamboat wharf it came up to the corner of what is now Pease's garage.

Brant point and Beachside were under water, the tide rising to the corner of North Water street. The meadows below the bluff where stands the Sea Cliff hotel, the Brant Point meadows, and the lot at the rear of Crest Hall were submerged, and the bathing beach road was under water to a depth of two feet.

The wash-outs and damage to and around the wharves were severe and the south beach suffered severely. What was at that time called "the thousand dollar road" (now leading from Beach street to the children's beach) was under water to a depth of three feet in places.

The accompanying illustrations will give the younger generation an idea of what happened on Nantucket twenty-five years ago today—on January 13, 1915.

The "thousand dollar road" and South Beach street were under three feet of water. The rear of Crest Hall (then the Springfield) can be seen in the distance.

January 13, 1915

First New Year Baby Arrived On Tuesday, the 9th.

1940

The first New Year baby of 1940 did not arrive until Tuesday morning, January 9th—the same day another New Year baby (Walter Johnson Royal) was celebrating his 40th anniversary.

This year's arrival was a girl, born to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cabral of 120 Orange street. The Inquirer and Mirror took pleasure in presenting the crisp new $5.00 bill to start the young lady's bank account.

Last year's arrival was on the 14th, when a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Antone Sylvia. In 1938 the New Year baby arrived on the 13th—a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. John Santos of 'Sconset. In 1937 Paul Allen Bennett arrived on the 5th and in 1936 James Raymond Day arrived on the 2nd of January.

Feb. 3rd 1940

Captain Adams Went Skating.

The fact that he is 88 years old did not stop Capt. Wallace N. Adams, of Union street, from going skating on the harbor ice Tuesday afternoon. He went down to South Beach, strapped on his old-fashioned curly-toed skates, and skated across the ice as graceful as you please.

"I don't know what is the matter with young people today," said Capt. Adams. "Why years ago if there was a freeze-up like this practically every one would be out on the ice."

Capt. Adams didn't stay out as long as he wished to, "because the skate straps hurt my feet when I tried to cut 'pigeon wings'."

Capt. Adams, who only retired from sailing party boats three years ago, will be 89 years old on the first of May. He and Mrs. Adams, who is 82, live at 28 Union street.

Capt. Adams is 88 yrs old

An Unexpected Cold Wave.

The telephone rang Monday afternoon and a voice said: "We have had another argument and want you to settle it. How long ago was it that the temperature suddenly dropped well below freezing in the middle of November?"

Fifteen years ago. On the 17th of November, 1924, there was an unexpected drop in temperature and that morning dawned with the mercury standing at 17 degrees above zero. Many automobiles were frozen up and domestic water supply was cut off in many homes. The plumbers and garage men had more work suddenly thrust upon them than they could handle for several days.

That was November 17, 1924. There was no boat either way that day, as the cold wave was accompanied by a strong northwest gale. It was the coldest November day in a quarter of a century.

Nov. 11th 1939

Nov. 11th 1939

"The Hillside" To Be Removed From The Land.

The Judkins residence on Gay street, at one time conducted as "The Hillside", will soon be removed from the land. The property has been purchased by Mrs. C. H. Baldwin, who owns the property at the rear, and the building has been sold by her to Arthur Reith.

The work of tearing the building down is progressing steadily and some of the material will be used by Mr. Reith in the construction of a cottage in the south part of the town. The Judkins house is located between the residence of George C. Rule and the dwelling which years ago was known as "the silk factory" and for several generations has been occupied as an apartment house.

The building known as "Hillside" was constructed by George Drew many years ago. Mr. Drew then owned and occupied the cottage now owned by Mrs. Mary C. Furber on the corner of Westminster street. It will be recalled by many of our readers that Mr. Drew was in business in Nantucket for a time as an undertaker and it was in the building on Gay street (now being removed) that he made "coffins"—occasionally to measure, on a rush order. Shortly after Mr. Drew removed from the island the building was converted into a dwelling.

Feb 10 - 1940

An Editor's Birthday.

It is impossible to express appreciation to all those who extended greetings to the editor upon his natal day, but to one who has been a shut-in for three weeks, slowly recovering his senses, it is indeed inspiring to know that so many are interested in his welfare. Messages came in every conceivable form—starting with Friend Cullinan in his radio broadcast, and coming by telephone, telegraph, card, special delivery, express, delivery boy, etc.,—really, the editor was quite overwhelmed. Thanks, one and all.

Thousands of Times.

While gradually gathering together our scattered senses the other day, we heard the boat whistle. Ordinarily it would have been the summons for us to hurry down to the wharf—as has been our custom for practically half a century, away back to the time when we first "carried papers" before becoming a dollar-a-week apprentice to The Inquirer and Mirror. Temporarily disabled, we knew that we could not greet the boat that day when she ran her prow up to the wharf, but we did grab pencil and paper and make a few notations.

Allowing for storm and days when there was "no boat", and days when we were away from the island, we decided that we have watched the boat dock at Nantucket more times than any other person now living—between 22,000 and 23,000 times. And during the half century we have greeted, among others, the following captains: Nathan Manter, Aquila P. Barton, Charles H. Coulter, G. J. Hart, Grafton L. Daggett, Charles C. Smith, Charles H. Fishback, John W. Merriman, Charles H. Furber, Owen S. Manter, Lawrence Durfee, Francis J. Marshall, Manuel K. Sylvia, James Oscar Sandsbury, Charles Leighton, Arthur Robinson, George Backus, Stanley Nickowal and Joseph Gwodz.

Federal Court Decides Cap'n Zeb Must Pay $194.

Claims of $194 for wages were upheld by the federal court in Boston yesterday, against none other than Cap'n Zeb Tilton of the schooner Alice Wentworth. S. C. Luce, Jr., was declared joint owner of the vessel.

One of the claims was put in by the skipper's daughter, Mrs. Rosalie Leonard, who said she signed on as cook (this was before Zeb's romance with Mrs. Grace McDonald) swabbed the decks, took a hand at the wheel and performed other shipboard duties which she valued at $50 for two months' wages. Charles Matheson, the mate, asked for and received $104, and Edward T. Leonard, Jr., the Cap'n's son-in-law, was awarded $40 for his services.—Vineyard Gazette.

Nov. 4th 1939

It is seldom that people passing along Tremont street ever see an interment being made in the Old Granary Burying Ground in Boston. There was a burial there last week for the first time since 1901. It is in this historic spot that the remains lie of Benjamin Franklin's parents, Josiah and Abiah (Folger) Franklin. There also lie the remains of Peter Faneuil, John Hancock, Crispus Attucks (the first to fall in the Boston Massacre), and Mrs. Mary Goose, the author of the "Mother Goose" poems and stories.

April 1940

The Vineyard's Leading Social Event of the Winter.

This is the way our neighbor, the Vineyard Gazette, covered what would seem to be the Vineyard's most important social event of the winter—the wedding of Capt. Zebulon Tilton, of the schooner Alice Wentworth. Judging from the interest which the Vineyard folks showed in the nuptials it really must have been a real nautical affair, with the skipper and his bride standing at the wheel of his vessel, and the Seaman's Bethel jammed to the doors with a crowd of well-wishers.

From the Vineyard Gazette.

Before an audience of more than two hundred people who crowded the main deck of the Seaman's Bethel at Vineyard Haven on Saturday afternoon, Capt. Zebulon N. Tilton of the schooner Alice S. Wentworth, and Mrs. Grace McDonald of Fairhaven were made fast in the holy bonds of matrimony by Rev. William H. Bath of Christ Methodist Church, Vineyard Haven. The couple were attended by Mrs. Edwin Leonard, daughter of Captain Tilton, and Charles Mathison, mate of the Wentworth. Rosalie Leonard, grand-daughter of the captain, was the ring-bearer.

The event attracted more attention than anything that has taken place in the town for years. Preparations for the wedding began far in advance, when Chaplain Austin Tower of the Bethel, assisted by Henry A. Ritter and Philip Horton, hung the after deck with silver wedding bells and white streamers, banked the after bulkhead with green boughs, and removing the ship's wheel from the captain's schooner, placed that in a prominent position among the decorations. Captain Tilton, having previously said that he would not be married save at the wheel of his vessel, the wheel was an important part of the decorative scheme and served in lieu of an altar.

Three o'clock was the hour set for the wedding, in order that Capt. J. O. Sandsbury of the steamer Nantucket might be present, and the steamer arrived promptly despite drift ice in the bay. With his arrival, all was ready for the embarkation, and the signal for the service to open was six bells, struck on the ship's bell that hangs in the bethel office, the signal for the changing of the watches, and also the signal for the hour.

The bride, who wore a wine colored dress, spoke briefly after the ceremony and thanked the guests for coming and being interested in the happiness of the captain and herself. Then she cut the huge wedding cake, one of two presented to the couple, a three-layer creation with white frosting, with a two-masted schooner in colored icing surmounting the whole. A bayonet, provided by Chaplain Tower, when a knife could not be found at the moment, served as an acceptable substitute in cutting the cake.

Although all seats were filled and the space between and abaft the seats was crowded with friends and relatives long before the ceremony, they continued to arrive, climbing on furniture and stepladders, and even opening the windows and leaning in over the sashes. So terrific was the press that following the ceremony it was necessary for more than half of the assemblage to leave the Bethel while the tables were set up for the serving of refreshments at the reception that followed. Previous to this exodus, however, photographers had taken a dozen flashlights of the bridal couple all of which were dispatched on the steamer when she sailed. Captain Sandsbury sounded three blasts on his whistle as a salute to Zeb and his bride.

Taken from The Inquirer & Mirror of Jan 27-1940

Boston Post Jan. 11th 1940

, 1940

Captain Zeb Takes Out Marriage Intentions

CAPTAIN ZEB AND HIS BRIDE-TO-BE

Mariner Zebulon Tilton and his fiance, Mrs. Grace McDonald, 62, who have taken out their marriage intentions at Tisbury Town Hall and will probably wed soon.

VINEYARD HAVEN, Jan. 10—Captain bulon Tilton, 72, picturesque Vineyard und mariner, who astonished friends d admirers three months ago by anuncing he intended to take Mrs. Grace cDonald, 62, buxom Fairhaven widow, his third wife, has taken out marage intentions and has started negoations for the wedding ceremony.

The wedding intentions have been on e in Tisbury Town Hall, Vineyard aven, for two days. Tonight it apared that Chaplain Austin Tower of e Seamen's Bethel at Vineyard Haven ill perform the ceremony. At least, was admitted tonight that Captain b had asked Chaplain Tower if he ould perform the knot-tying in the ethel. The answer was yes. All that's ecessary now is for Captain Zeb and rs. McDonald to set the date.

The captain's schooner, Alice Wentorth, is tied up at a pier in Vineyard aven harbor, where other salts of the land, smelling the savory odors of rs. McDonald's cooking have within e last few days been expressing their nvy of his future happiness.

There has been a great deal of specuation about the plans of Captain Zeb nd Mrs. McDonald to get married since he skipper, with not a trace of shyess, declared in October that he was oing to be a bridegroom again.

Once mountainous seas prevented him rom sailing from a Vineyard Haven nchorage to Fairhaven to see his bride. hen Nov. 3 was set for the wedding, ut something else intervened. At that ime Zeb announced Charles Sayle, Nantucket model boat builder, would robably be his best man. He will robably stand up with him at the cereony here.

According to Mrs. McDonald, Captain eb likes her because she is an oldashioned girl and he is an old-fashioned oy.

Captain Zeb's plans to marry have een okayed by his eight children, some f whom no doubt will be present for he ceremony.

Rather Than Serve New Master Wentworth Goes on Strike.

year 1943

From the Vineyard Gazette.

Old-timers who loaf along the Vineyard Haven waterfront wagged their heads in understanding and muttered "We told you so", when the old schooner Alice S. Wentworth virtually went on strike on Wednesday morning, baffling the attempt of her new master, Capt. Joseph Viera, to sail from her home port. Cap'n Zeb Tilton, for years master and major owner of the schooner, stood on the dock with the rest, silent for the most part, but missing nothing, and nodding in agreement with the low-voiced sentiment that the vessel did not care to sail without him.

For the Wentworth swung about under her lower canvas, and headed back into the harbor as deliberately as a shoat on the end of a rope, sticking her forefoot onto the beach near the Dukes County Garage wharf. A Coast Guard patrol boat easily floated her and towed her out into the upper harbor once more, when the wind caught her sails and she returned towing the Coast Guard vessel stern first, to dock herself alongside one of the Standard Oil Company piers. After that it was decided to tow her to an anchorage outside of the breakwater until she developed a more cooperative mood.

In the meantime, Capt. Parker Hall, well known master mariner, appeared in the village and evinced interest in purchasing the schooner. Captain Hall is well known the length of the coas as a man who, for many years, has sailed schooners of this size singlehanded. It is said that he has formed a plan to rebuild the schooner and continue in his usual activities, although he is close to the three score and ten mark, but unwilling to retire.

Nantucket Baptist Church Organized 100 Years Ago.

The Nantucket Baptist Church observes this week the 100th anniversary of its organization. It was on the 8th of June, 1839, that ten men and eighteen women gathered in Franklin Hall, Main street, seeking to establish this branch of Christian faith on the island.

An ecclesiastical council had convened to hear the petition of the small group of twenty-eight. The Rev. Asa Bronson, of Fall River, was chosen moderator, and the Rev. Charles Kimball, of Boston, secretary. Others of the council were Rev. Henry Jackson, New Bedford, Rev. Shubael Lovell, Fall River, Capt. Benjamin Hallett and Deacon Robert Lovell, of Barnstable.

The examination being satisfactory in every particular, nineteen of the group were baptized in the morning, the others having been so qualified previously. Those baptized on the morning of th day of organization were: Alexander Swain 3rd, Thomas Potter, Joshua Gruber, William Ray, John Upham, Wh. Henry Reynolds, Allen Ames, Mary Adlington, Bethia Gibson, Susan Perry, Sarah Swain, Sarah B. Coffin, Eliabeth A. Long, Mary Gardner, Susan Haynes, Elizabeth W. Austin, Mary B. Long, Nancy Austin, Sarah Hinckley.

The other members of the group were: David Upham, Stephen Easton, Lavina Swain, Betsey Bennett, William Bennett, Dorothy W. Rudulph, Clarissa Ames, Harriet Swain and Mary Rawson.

The public service was then held, the following program being presented:

Introductory Prayer—Daniel Round, Jr.
Sermon—Rev. Asa Bronson.
Prayer and Recognition of the Church —Rev. Shubael Lowell.
Articles of Faith and Charge—Rev. Charles O. Kimball.
Hand of Fellowship—Rev. Henry Jackson.

The following day (June 9th) being the Sabbath, Alexander Swain and Joshua Gruber were set apart by ordination to the deaconship. On the 50th anniversary, Rev. J. R. Patterson described the launching as follows:

"Thus, the little ship of Zion had her stays knocked from under her, and was launched into the waters of existence, flags flying, proudly breasting the waves—and there she floats. But what of the passengers on board on her trial trip? They were not passengers; they were before the mast; the members of the crew....the pioneer workers of a holy cause. Many of them have fallen asleep. We trust they are resting safely in the port of heaven."

* * * * *

On July 1st,, Daniel Round, Jr., became a member of the group of which he was the pastor. Other members joining that first year were Ann Folger, Olive Allen, Jonathan Paddock, Seth Swain, Jane James, Ellen Gruber, Phebe Dunham, Sarah Perry, Charlotte Pitcher.

* * * * *

At this 50th anniversary observance in June of 1889, four of the original twenty-eight pionners were yet alive —four octogenarians—Deacon Stephen Easton, Clarissa Ames, Dorothy King, Bethia Gibson.

Assisting the 81-year-old Deacon Easton in that program was Deacon James M. Coffin, himself 80 years of age.

The first pastor of Nantucket's Baptist Church was the Rev. Daniel Round. Some time after he left for the mainland to accept a call. In August, 1879, he came to the island on a visit, found the church without a pastor, and was invited to accept the pastorate. He did so and served until July, 1882.

During the first fifty years of her existence the Church averaged an annual membership of 60. In 1889, the membership was 99.

Also during that first half century, the Baptist Church produced four ministers—Rev. Daniel Easton, son of the deacon, Rev. George Colesworthy, Rev. George L. Ruberg, and the Rev. Herbert W. Coffin.

* * * * *

For the first two years of its existence, the church held services at Franklin Hall, on South Water street, and in the summer of 1840 work was started on a new church, constructed on the site of the Joseph Chase mansion, corner of Summer street and Trader's Lane. This is the edifice which stands today, and was completed in December, 1840. The dedication was on Thursday, December 17, with the clergy of the various denominations in town present, and the choir composed of volunteers from every singing group in town.

The building was designed by E. F. Coleman and constructed by John Chadwick, both Nantucketers. The dimensions of the structure are 60 feet by 46, with a stud of 21 feet. A spacious gallery runs across the front, over the vestibule—above which is the tower, furnished with its steeple the next year, 1841. The number of pews on the floor originally was 66. The total cost of the building was only $6,500.

* * * * *

It was not until July, 1852, that the present bell was set in the steeple. It was cast in New York, and brought to the island by the schooner *Sarah Jane*, Capt. Fitzgerald, for the Rev. Thomas W. Clark. The bell weighs 1600 pounds.

Ministers who have served at the Summer Street Church are as follows:

Daniel Round, Jr.,—1839-44.
James Barnaby—1844-45.
George J. Johnson—1846-47.
Reuben Jaffray—1847-49.
Isaac Sawyer—1850-51.
Thomas W. Clark—1851-53.
Charles B. Smith—1854-55.
Abner D. Gorham—1855-57.
Abijiah Hall—April to July, 1858.
George Howell—1859-61.
———Parker—1861-62.
James E. Crawford—1862-63.
Silas Ripley—1866-67.
John J. Bronson—1868-70.
William L. Loomis—1873-74.
R. D. Fish—1874-75.
*Alden D. Whipple—1874-79.
Daniel Round, Jr.—1879-82.
C. J. Ganun—1882-83.
Charles F. Nicholson—May to November—1885.
William Dugdale—1887-88.
James R. Patterson—1889-96.
Edward A. Tuck—1896-97.
Roland F. Alger—1898-1901.
George A. Bryant‡—Sept. to December, 1902.
William Brown‡—June to October, 1903.
Daniel R. Higgins‡—1904-05.
Hengo J. P. Selenger—1905-06.
N. P. Jones—March to September, 1907.
Frank S. Jones—1908-09.
Phanuel B. Covell—1910-13.
Drew T. Wyman—1914-16.
H. H. Alger—1916-1918.
N. B. Rogers—1921-32.
Lewellyn L. Henson—Feb., 1932 to October, 1935.
N. B. Rogers—1932, present pastor.

* Also principal of high school from 1855-58 and 1876-79.
‡Laymen.

Has Thanksgiving Always Been The Last Thursday?

"Has Thanksgiving always been the last Thursday in November?" is asked. No, it has not. President Washington by proclamation in 1789 set apart the fourth Thursday in November as a day of Thanksgiving, and again in 1795. President Madison, in response to resolutions of Congress, set apart a day for Thanksgiving at the close of the War of 1812. President Lincoln appointed the fourth Thursday of November, 1864, as Thanksgiving Day, and since then each President has followed his example, but **not always** designating the **fourth** Thursday or the **last** Thursday in the month as the day to be observed.

Thirteen times during the last century there have been five Thursdays in November, but Thanksgiving has not always been observed on the last Thursday, which naturally gives President Roosevelt a little ground to work on when he decided to hold Thanksgiving on the fourth Thursday this year—or November 23d.

Seventy years ago (in 1869) President Grant designated the **third** Thursday of November to be observed as Thanksgiving Day and the chief executives of the various states fell in line and issued their proclamations accordingly. The President's proclamation setting apart the **third** Thursday in 1869 read as follows:

A Proclamation.

The year which is drawing to a close has been free from pestilence; health has prevailed throughout the land; abundant crops await the labors of the husbandman; commerce and manufactures have successfully prosecuted their peaceful paths; the mines and forests have yielded liberally; the nation has increased in wealth and strength; peace has prevailed and its blessings have advanced every interest of the people in every part of the Union; harmony and fraternal intercourse are obliterating the marks of the past conflict and estrangement; burdens have been lightened and means increased; civil and religious liberty are assured to every inhabitant of the land, whose soil is trod by none but freemen.

It becomes a people thus favored to make acknowledgment to the Supreme Author, from whom such blessings flow, of their gratitude and their dependence, to return praise and thanksgiving for the same, and devoutly to implore a continuance.

Therefore, I, Ulysses S. Grant, President of the United States, do recommend that Thursday, the 18th day of November next, be observed as a day of thanksgiving and of praise and of prayer to Almighty God, the Creator and Ruler of the Universe.

And, second, I do further recommend to all the people of the United States to assemble on that day in their accustomed places of worship, and to unite in the homage and praise due to the Bountiful Father of all mercy, and in fervant prayers for the continuance of the merciful blessings he has vouchsafed to us as a people.

(Signed) U. S. Grant.
By the President:
Hamilton Fish, Secretary of State.

Severely Injured When Trying To Avoid a Deer.

Badly injured when his coupé crashed into a telephone pole in the Norwood sector, off Polpis road, early Sunday morning, Landon Barnes was picked up in an exhausted condition by Frank Rebimbas and Manuel Machado and brought to town in their truck, when they found him leaning against a guard fence about 200 yards from his wrecked car. Barnes said the accident was due to his swerving from the road to avoid hitting a deer.

Barnes suffered two broken ribs on his left side and sprained cartilages in both legs. He said the accident occurred about 4.30 a. m., as he was returning to town from his house in Quidnet. It was two and a half hours later before Rebimbas and Machado found him. Barnes said that during this time he was working to extricate himself from the wreckage which had wedged him into the front seat. He said he could smell something burning and was afraid the car would catch fire.

Barnes finally got out of the car and, seeing a house down the road (that of Peter Tavares) tried to make his way there. He said he could get only as far as the guard fence. Then, he said, he tried to arouse people in the house by shouting, but could bring no response.

About 7 o'clock the two men came along in the truck and picked him up. They took him to his home and from there he was taken to the hospital by ambulance. He was under treatment there until Tuesday. Dr. W. L. Collins was his physician.

Barnes, who has lived in Nantucket many years, was once on the staff of the *New York Herald*, and is the younger son of the late William Barnes, Jr., of Albany, and the late Mrs. Davis Barnes. Dec 3 - 1937

Nantucket Ship Flew American Flag in British Port.

The following paragraph from an English Magazine of 1783 announced the first appearance of the American flag in a British port:

"The ship Bedford, Captain Moores, belonging to Massachusetts, arrived in the Downs the 3rd of February, passed Gravesend the 4th, and was reported at the Custom House the 6th inst. She was not allowed regular entry until some consultation had taken place between the Commissioners of the Customs and the Lords of Council, on account of the many acts of Parliament yet in force against the rebels in America.

"She is loaded with 487 butts of whale oil, is American built, manned wholly by American seamen, wears the rebel colors, and belongs to the Island of Nantucket in Massachusetts.

"This is the first vessel which displayed the Thirteen rebellious stripes of America in any British Port. The vessel lies at Horseley Down, a little below the Tower, and is intended to return immediately to New England."

Exciting War-Time Life On Nantucket Lightship.

From The New York Sun.

It's bad enough in peace-time for the men aboard South Shoal Lightship, popularly known as Nantucket Lightship. Gales and storms bounce them around for endless hours; the cavorting, pitching and spinning of the famous little sentinel boat at the gateway to America all but scrambles their innards.

At least once every winter, the ship is ripped clear of her great anchor and whisked away by the wind; one winter she was cast adrift and missing for several days in a floating ice field. Then there's the frequent hazard of being run down by a liner when the fog rolls in—as happened a few years ago when another Nantucket Lightship was sliced in two by the *Olympic*.

But, let the elements shriek and the danger pile up, all lightship men probably are born fatalists.

Captain David B. Studley, now retired to his snug Cape Cod cottage at Orleans, who put in twenty-nine years' service on Nantucket Lightship, remarked this week that shipping again is exposed to attack in that area and recalled how, during the last war, his lightship was surrounded by floating mines, with submarine attacks in full view.

The best story of his long career has to do with a single thrill-packed day, October 8, 1916, when his ship became a floating boarding house for the crews of six steamers which had been torpedoed, and also the crew of a fishing smack, rammed and sunk in the vicinity.

"We had 150 men on board us and nineteen boats were strung out at our stern that day," Capt. Studley relates. "They came from all directions—Norwegians, Dutch, British and Newfoundlanders. They were a hard lot; some of them in pajamas, some bailing, some rowing, while slags of bacon and sides of beef and sacks of flour sloshed around in their lifeboats.

"Then we had a crowd of fishermen as well; I believe twenty-four of 'em. A Luckenbach steamer had run down their vessel.

"The German submarine U-53 did most of the damage. She began the attacks in early morning, about fifteen miles to south-ard of us; she was working our way all the time, however. We saw her send down the last ship, the Bloomerdyke, only a quarter of a mile abreast of us. We also saw her sink the *Stephana* of the New York and Newfoundland Steamship Company. The Knudsen and the West Point were sent to the bottom. The names of the other two I can't remember.

"It seems that the U-53 was waiting that day for steamers coming out of New York. The day before all this happened, the U-53 came right into Newport and the crew was given a grand reception.

"Well, there was plenty of excitement that day and you can imagine our surprise when along came those fishermen and told us their vessel had been cut down. As if we didn't have enough guests for one day!

"Our radio was going great guns all day; there wasn't deck room on the ship and I guess no lightship ever had such a strange mixture of men. Later on, some American destroyers came for them and landed them at Newport."

* * * * *

It wasn't until another American lightship was sunk by a German underwater raider that it occurred to Captain Studley and his men that there was real danger of their craft being attacked. Their chief concern, however, was the floating mines, said Captain Studley.

"We didn't mind it much—the submarine activity, I mean. We didn't begin to think about it until after the word came that Diamond Shoals Lightship off Hatteras had been sunk by a U-boat."

* * * * *

There was never a dull moment on board the Nantucket Lightship after America entered the war, Captain Studley remarked. He recalled the day it was blowing hard, with a thick fog about, when an English submarine bobbed right up under the lightship's stern. The navy had charge, then.

Two submarine listeners were on 24-hour duty over a super-sensitive sound instrument which extended through the bottom of the ship.

The apparatus was so delicate that it could detect a submarine far off, and, also, it would pick up the beat of a vessel and determine whether the engine was steam or gas-driven.

"All our code-books had lead covers, for in case we were attacked they'd immediately be thrown overboard."

The 105-foot Nantucket Lightship has a crew of twenty-one who put in two months of being tossed around, then have a month's leave ashore. They play cards or make little ships and put them into bottles on long evenings.

Capt. Studley warmly praises their industry and adds: "Most of 'em can sew a patch as good as any woman's."

The all-steel lightship, 43 miles off Nantucket, the nearest land—the last thing of the United States that Americans see in normal times when they make a trans-Atlantic crossing out of New York—rides from an anchor and chain weighing fifteen tons. She is anchored in 180 feet of water at one of the most exposed stations in the world.

"Even when there's no wind what you get is rough out there," emphasized the former skipper. "I've seen some terrible nights off there in the winter. No one can realize what it's like, only those that's been there.

"On August 24, 1926, we broke adrift. A sea came over her just like a tidal wave. She didn't have time to raise; the wave went right through her. When she came up, her chain snapped.

"Every winter we used to break adrift. There's something in the water that would crystalize the chain, causing it to snap. Now they have a different sort of chain. I understand they don't have so much of that trouble.

"No, you don't get much of a show at meal-times, when she is tossing. A man gets his back against a door and braces his feet against something. With a bowl in one hand and a spoon in the other, he goes to it the best way he can. And night you just lie in your bunk and hang on. There's no sleeping.

"The worst time is from December to April. In the winter, you get gales and in the summer it's fog. I've been out here in a fog when those liners come so close you could touch 'em with a broom handle."

Death of James H. Gibbs.

James H. Gibbs, one of Nantucket's oldest residents, passed away at his little home on Upper Main street on Friday evening week, after an illness of several days from which he was apparently recovering. He would have observed his 90th birthday in April.

Mr. Gibbs was born on April 26, 1850, and was married June 15, 1876, to Miss Alice M. Kane, of Cambridge, the wedding taking place in that city. Before Mrs. Gibbs passed away two years ago, they were the second oldest married couple on the island.

Mr. Gibbs was truly a gentleman of the old school, in every sense of the term. Of never-failing cheerfulness, he went about his daily tasks with a quiet perseverance that marked him among his fellows. Honesty was so inherent in his character that all who came to know him recognized this outstanding quality. There was something of the quiet philosophy of the Friends that reflected itself in his every-day life.

While still in his 'teens, Mr. Gibbs made a whaling voyage of four years on the ship *Herald*, of New Bedford, Captain Sturgis, going out in company with Frank Mitchell, another Nantucket boy, the return home being in 1869. The whaleship cruised in the South Atlantic, Indian and Pacific Oceans, and one of the keep-sakes he brought home and always kept was a "sea-apple" shell from the Seychelle Islands.

He also took part in a number of rescues of crews of ships wrecked on the island's shores. One of these experiences was on February 10, 1882, when he joined a crew launching a boat from 'Sconset beach and going to the relief of the brig *Laura R. Burnham*, about 8 miles off Sankaty, flying distress signals. She was from Java for Boston with sugar, coffee, etc., and had pounded badly on Great Rip. The Nantucket crew took her safely to Boston, Mr. Gibbs helping by his experience at the wheel of square-riggers.

In 1919, he was appointed as the bell-ringer by the Town, and served until 1933, when he was succeeded by his son, Jay H. Gibbs. He was also janitor at the Atheneum and the Historical Rooms on Fair street for many years.

His retentive memory made him a veritable storehouse of information, and in his later years he was interviewed many times by those who sought information as to the island scenes of years agone. He took a keen delight in answering all questions and, in characteristic modesty, laughed off tributes to his remarkable memory.

An example of this was evidenced in his recollection of Quaise Farm. He was able to point out the exact sites of barns, houses and sheep-pens, where now exist only hollows and bits of the stone walls used in foundations. Through his memory a dozen years ago, Quaise burying ground, where are buried the victims of a fire that burned the Town's almhouse a century ago, was located and bounded.

On another occasion he was called upon to give a word-picture of the old Polpis farming district, being able to piece together bits of evidence needed in a puzzling land case.

He led a full life, being active until a few hours before his last illness. As a young man he took up the profession of farming and, at one time or another, "farmed it" at most of the farms on the island. He was the last connecting link between the old, urban Nantucket and the present. Familiar with many of the retired sea captains who purchased farms for their retirement, he knew the beginnings of many modern agricultural districts just as he knew of the vanishing of the old. He was intimately acquainted with such stalwart islanders of the olden day as Joseph S. Barney, Fred C. Sanford, James Easton, Alfred Macy and many others.

* * * * *

The deceased is survived by a daughter, Mrs. Alma F. Backus, and by three sons, Herbert N. Gibbs, Jay H. Gibbs, and Stephen S. Gibbs.

Funeral services were held from his late residence on Monday afternoon. Interment was in the family lot in Prospect Hill Cemetery.

Easter Sunday Will Fall On March 24th.

Easter Sunday in 1940 will fall on the 24th of March—the earliest date since 1913, when it fell on the 23rd of the month. Not again in this century will Easter come as early as it will next year.

In the last 125 years there have been but four times when Easter came earlier than it will in 1940. In 1818 it fell on the 22d of March; and in 1845, 1856 and 1913 on the 23d. In no year after 1940 and up to the time when people commence using the date-line 2000, will Easter come as early as come rather late in April—on April next year—on March 24th.

In the year 2000, however, it will 23d—but this is not the latest date it can fall on, as three years from now —in 1943—Easter will fall on the 25th of April, which is the latest date possible.

March 24th will be rather early for the ladies to don their spring bonnets, especially as March is usually a bleak, windy month. When we stop and think that March 24th is only thirteen weeks from tomorrow (the day before Christmas) we must realize that the winter is to be rather short between Christmas and Easter.

Golden Wedding.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Morris, of 'Sconset, who are today (December 1st) observing their golden wedding. They were married in Nantucket, December 1, 1889, by the Rev. S. M. Beal, pastor of the Methodist Church. The Inquirer and Mirror chronicled the happy event as follows:

"In the evening a crowded house witnessed the impressive ceremony at the Methodist Church, when Charles C. Morris, of 'Sconset, and Miss Etta Bartlett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert C. Bartlett, were united in marriage. The family and intimate friends had reserved seats. The music by the choir was excellent. The solo by Mrs. Mary P. Crocker was very finely received.

"Everybody was pleased with the presence and deportment of the bride, and the groom retained as the happiest of men to take his bride to their new home in 'Sconset, where we wish them a long life of happiness."

Mr. and Mrs. Morris are making a little golden wedding honeymoon trip in observance of the event, and will spend their anniversary with their son, Preston Morris, in Vineyard Haven.

Dec 2nd 1939

ecalls Wreck of "Van Gilder" in March, 1885.

In his home on Union Street this week, James Everett Smith is preparing to observe another anniversary. In the career of a man who has been as active in maritime matters as Mr. Smith, each year is bound to have its quota of anniversaries, and despite his 80 years his memory is still keen and he likes to recall each in turn.

This particular anniversary has to do with the wreck of the schooner *French Van Gilder*, which took place fifty-five years ago—March 29, 1885. Four men who took a prominent part in salvage operations at that time are still living—Mr. Smith, Marcus Dunham, William R. Morris, and Justin Thomas.

The schooner *French Van Gilder* was bound frrom Gloucester to Port Chester with a cargo of 32,000 paving stones. Entering Nantucket Sound on Saturday, the 28th of March, she ran into a heavy gale from the northeast, with rain, snow and sleet. Captain Tomlin tried to get to the leeward of Tuckernuck Shoals but as night fell, and the storm continued unabated, he lost his course and was driven on the northeast end of Tuckernuck shoal.

On Sunday the wreck was sighted from Muskeget and Tuckernuck. Mr. Smith declared that the men were plainly visible in rigging, where they had spent most of the night.

"Cap'n Sandsbury and the Muskeget Life Saving crew tried to launch a boat," he went on, "and we on Tuckernuck got out a whaleboat and tried to get to the wreck, too. But the gale was blowing right onto the beach, and we couldn't make any headway into the teeth of it. Finally, we had to get back ashore. Uncle Isaac Dunham had the steering oar. I remember I was right behind Elliott Brown who had the bow-oar. Marcus Dunham, William R. Morris and Justin Thomas made up the crew. We soon saw that the Muskeget crew had to put back, also. It was blowing hard.

"Along in the afternoon, we saw a boat coming from the wreck. They had all got into their long-boat and having a fair wind just let themselves be carried along. We ran along the beach and signalled them where to land, and they came ashore just above Brooks' Landing."

"There were about ten of them, as I remember, and they were a hard-bitten lot. We had to quarter them at our house, and my mother happened to be down to the town at the time, with only my two sisters to cook for them. My brother, Herb, was only a youngster at the time, but he remembers them, especially the sailor with the big brass ear-rings in his ears."

The *French Van Gilder* proved a total loss. Captain Tomlin and his crew were taken to town and never went back to see the wreck of the schooner, merely getting a sight of her as they passed on the steamer, bound for the mainland.

The boat's-crew on Tuckernuck immediately got busy, however, and Mr. Smith was one of those going out to the wreck in the island's whaleboat. The *Vesta* and *L. Roberta* went out from town to assist the salvors. The first craft was able, at a favorable turn of the tide, to get under the *Van Gilder's* bows and her big anchors were lowered into the small boat. All the sails and running rigging were also salvaged.

"One thing happened that I will never forget," said Mr. Smith. "Bill Morris had gone up the foremast in a boats'n's chair and was trying to get the topmast unshipped. At that same time a couple of men out on the bowsprit cut the stays. Well, sir, that topmast swayed back sharply until I thought it was going to snap—and Bill Morris in the boats'n's chair was swung around and around that mast. He managed to hang on, but how he did it I don't know. When we lowered him down to the deck we found the ropes on the chair had nearly chafed through. Those fellows on the bowsprit ought to have known better."

The schooner soon afterwards went to pieces and some of her lumber was salvaged. More than a quarter century later, the six-masted schooner *Alice M. Lawrence* struck on the hull of the *Franch Van Gilder* and in turn was lost, the government finally blowing up her stranded hull.

James Everett Smith lived on Tuckernuck from the time he was born there until he was 36. He then came to town and was one of the group of Nantucketers who conceived the idea of building a little fishing steamer, and had the famous *Petrel* built for them in 1896. The career of that doughty little craft was ended only a decade ago and was a most successful and adventurous one.

"She was built in South Boston," said Mr. Smith, "and we were told she had to be named when her keel was laid. I remember we sat around—Bill Bartlett, Dick Barrett, Arthur Manter and myself—and talked it over, and finally Dick said he thought the name *Petrel* ought to fit her—you know, after one of those sea birds that keep out to sea even when there's a gale blowing. We all agreed—and I think the name fitted her all right."

As for the career of the *Petrel*—well "Jim Everett" promised to tell about that next time.

Quaker Marriage Certificates.

Editor of *The Inquirer and Mirror*:

In your last edition of the Mirror I note a letter regarding a Quaker marriage certificate signed by Mildred Coffin Edgarton.

I have two Quaker marriage certificates, one of my great-great-grandparents, Joseph and Phoebe Swain, in 1774; and another of James and Suzanna Bunker, my great-grandparents, in 1794.

The one dated 1774 reads "in the Massachusetts Bay Colony" and the 1794 one reads "in the town of Nantucket in the State of Massachusetts."

James Bunker lived in the house on Main street, near the monument, now owned, I think, by Mrs. Robb. It used to have a knocker on the front door marked J. Bunker.

He was town clerk of Nantucket from 1800 to 1814 and I have the desk he used and some of his blank forms used in his office.

Very truly,

Sue Wyer Haggerty.

Chestnut Hill, Mass.

Tribute to Mrs. Charles Morris.

Etta Bartlett Morris, wife of Charles C. Morris, of 'Sconset, after suffering many years from a chronic illness, was laid to rest December 2nd.

A faithful and loving wife and mother will be greatly missed by her family. Many will remember her in the "Daisy Cot" where she sold her home-made ice cream. Others will have pleasant memories of her in the organizations in which she took an active part. Her unfailing cheerfulness, courage and keen interest in life in general were an inspiration to all.

Year 1940

Another "Quaker" Certificate.

Mrs. Mary H. Borden, of 7 New Mill street, has the Quaker Marriage Certificate of her great-grandparents—Aaron and Deborah Paddack, made out March 10, 1808. Mrs. Borden has sent in a copy of the same, writing as well that the two were parents of the last Quaker to live and die on Nantucket—Eunice Paddack—who died on Sept. 22, 1900.

The Certificate reads as follows:

Aaron Paddack, son of Abishai Paddack, of Nantucket in the County of Nantucket and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and Miriam his wife; and Deborah Barnard, daughter of Matthew Barnard of Nantucket aforesaid and Deborah his deceased wife; having declared their intention of taking each other in marriage, before several monthly meetings of the people called Quakers, in Nantucket aforesaid, according to the good order used among them, their proceedings after due inquiry and deliberate consideration thereof were allowed by the said meetings; they appearing clear of all others and having consent of parents.

Now, these are to certify to all whom it may concern that for the full accomplishing of their said intentions this tenth day of the third month of the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and eight—they the said Aaron Paddack and Deborah Barnard appeared at a public assembly of the aforesaid people and others, in their meeting house in Nantucket aforesaid and he, the said Aaron Paddack, taking the said Deborah Barnard by the hand, did openly declare as followeth: Friends, I take this my friend Deborah Barnard to be my wife, promising through divine assistance to be unto her a living and faithful husband, until it shall please the Lord by death to separate us: And the said Deborah Barnard did then and there in a like manner declare as followest: Friends, I take this my friend Aaron Paddack to be my husband, promising by divine assistance to be unto him a loving and faithful wife, until it shall please the Lord by death to separate us. Or words of the like import. And the said Aaron Paddack and Deborah Barnard, as a further confirmation thereof, have hereunto set their hands; She, after the custom of marriage, assuming the name of her husband.

Aaron Paddack,
Deborah Paddack.

And we, whose names are herewith subscribed, being present with others, at the confirmation of their said marriage as witnesses thereunto, set our hands:

Abishai Paddack, Thomas Paddack, Seth Paddack, Laban Paddack, Zebulon Coffin, Silvanas Macy, Prince Gardner, Jr., Joseph S. Barnard, John Paddack, Jacob Barney, Matthew Barney, Thomas Macy, Hezekiah Paddack, Reuben Macy, Uriah Paddack, Obed Macy, Mary Barnard, Eunice Barnard, Abigail Barnard, Huldah Barney, Sarah Barker, Susanna Bunker, Avis Jenkins, Mary Swain, Rhoda Barnard, Rachel Hussey, Nancy Swain, Elizabeth Macy, Mary Macy.

It Doesn't Take Much.

Every man and woman dreams of doing some great good deed that will make others happy—leading a crusade, giving an address, writing a book. We dream of the big things and often fail to do the little things. We let slip by hundreds of little opportunities to spread happiness and cheer.

In an inspiring poem, Lois Snelling suggests some of the little things we can do each day to make this world a more joyous place to live in:

He stopped to pat a small dog's head;
A tiny thing to do;
And yet the dog, remembering,
Was glad the whole day through.
He gave a rose into the hand
Of one who loved it much;
'Twas just a rose—but, oh, the joy
That lay in its soft touch!
He spoke a word so tenderly—
A word's a wee, small thing;
And yet it stirred a weary heart
To hope again, and sing!

Another Quaker Certificate.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

In the October 14th issue of your paper, I was much interested in reading of the Quaker wedding certificate owned by Dr. George Folger, inasmuch as it so closely resembles one in our possession.

However, the names and intentions of the contracting parties, in our document are given as follows:

"Whereas, Matthew Gardner, son of Jethro Gardner and Kezia his Wife late of Sherborn in the County of Nantucket in the Province of the Massachusetts Bay in New England deceased; and Susanna Paddock, daughter of Daniel Paddock late of Sherborn aforesaid deceased and Susannah his Wife; Having declared their intentions of Taking each other in marriage before Several Publick Meetings of the People called Quakers in Sherborn aforesaid", etc.

According to the document, it occurred "This Seventh Day of the Twelfth month in the year according to the Christian Account One Thousand Seven Hundred & Fifty Two" and took place "in a Public Assembly of the aforesaid People met together at their Public Meeting House in Sherborn aforesaid."

Of course we find the use of the Old English "S", which resembles our "f", somewhat, throughout the entire document, as well as the unexpected capitalization of letters as shown above.

In common with Dr. Folger's document, we find some twenty-seven witnesses listed, among them many familiar names, chief of them being that of Elihu Coleman.

There is a bracketed note which states that the marriage is "Recorded in Friends Book of Records of Marriage Certificates on Nantucket in page 204 and signed by Benjamin Coffin, Clerk."

There are doubtless other similar certificates in the possession of Nantucket families, either on or off-island, and it would be interesting for all concerned to compare notes, so to speak, and let all of your readers profit by the exchange of information.

We, too, have the old document framed and value it very highly as an interesting relic of early Nantucket life.

Sincerely,

Mildred Coffin Edgarton.

Rochester, N. Y.

Old Nantucket Complaints.

From The Brockton Enterprise.

It was in 1834, or 105 years ago, that Abigail Pinkham of Nantucket asked the town to suppress the bad habit of certain men who "maliciously deposited" lighted cigar butts on her sidewalk. Ninety years ago, the island's local weekly, *The Inquirer*, voiced this rebuke to certain misbehaving youth of the community: "Increasing evils continue to annoy travelers in our streets. Hideous yellings are often heard from scores of half-grown rowdies.....and there have instances where delicate females have been made to sheer out into the middle of the road by mannerless young boobies."

Perhaps that story about an inmate of the famous Nantucket jail complaining to the selectmen that it was not fair to him not to fix the door so stray sheep couldn't wander in and annoy him was not a figment of some joker's brain. Here is something on the same subject that was printed in the New Bedford Mercury just 100 years ago: "The only prisoner in Nantucket jail has given the Sheriff notice that unless the prison is repaired so as to guard him against the inclemency of the weather, he cannot remain much longer." But, poke fun at the jail as folks will, Nantucketers are so well behaved as a rule that the old place of detention is about as hard to get into as it is easy to get out of.

[Editor Rich reveals his appreciation of our "Looking Backward" column, which is a regular feature of *The Inquirer and Mirror*. Many times interesting comparisons arise from a glance backward.]

Remembers The Location Of Old Time Pumps.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

Other and more interesting re-[illegible]nses than this may follow your [illegible]gestion that readers send you [illegible]ollections of Nantucket neighbor-[illegible]od pumps, but none will be more [illegible]ncerely nor emotionally inspired. [illegible]mong the many distinct and unfor-gettable memories of boyhood days, none are more "liquid" than those sur-rounding at least three neighborly pumps which never went dry.

Boys of the present generation have no conception of the pleasure derived from the old pump. That is nothing against the boys—progress is to blame; and there was no other place to get a drink.

After a day's fishing for yellow perch in "Washing" pond, or a day's outing making potato chowder on the cliff beach at "the spring," or a day spent out Madaket way picking huck-leberries, the old pump in Josiah Gardner's back yard worked overtime quenching the thirst of several tired, barefoot, happy boys, on their way home. Put down on your list Pump No. 1 in the farm-yard of Uncle Josiah and Aunt Susan Gardner, at the "1724" house, North Liberty street and Cliff Road.

Neighborhood Pump No. 2 was lo-cated at the back door of Joseph and Peggy Chase's on West Chester street, next to Peter Hussey's. This old home is now the parsonage of the North Church. This pump was a pop-ular way station for the boys coming from Sunset Hill where they had been playing "scrub," or "two old cat" or flying kites. We never went by without running up the narrow flag-stoned walk to that old pump.

But the pump which was nearest and dearest to our hearts—and mouths—was that in our neighbor Barnard's back yard at what should now be No. 5 Cliff Road. From this pump came the water which we drank, with which we cooked, and in which we took our weekly bath, needed or not. As I recall, our water bucket was always empty at the time I wanted to go swimming or fishing. Winter and summer, cold or hot, wet or dry, "go get me a bucket of water!"

And that was the order of the day until Moses Joy, with wonderful en-gineering skill and thoughtfulness for the "carriers of water," tapped the springs of "Washing Pond." A well-worn path led from our back door, through the board fence to the Barnard pump. Later it was the Fol-ger pump, for Zetta, Hattie and Nan-nie Folger took over and became not only the owners of our water supply but neighbors whose friendliness had made life worth living.

At some of these well-rememberd Nantucket pumps there always hung a "dipper" made of a cocoanut shell, with a long handle. I recall that some of these handles were of whalebone, undoubtedly turned out by whalemen on a Pacific cruise. I do not recall that these dippers were ever sterilized, nor that they spread any contagious diseases.

There are the particular pumps which have furnished the inspiration for this "liquidation."

Alliston Greene.

Worcester, Mass.

Nantucket Neighborhood Pumps.

Editor of *The Inquirer and Mirror:*

The article in your last issue about pumps interested me. Here are some of the old pumps about town that I remember:

A pump on Gorhams Court, which has only recently been filled in. This was a very old one.

There was a pump on the Appleton Farm on the Hummock Pond road—with the pump-log showing.

One on Fair street, near the curb, where the late Charles Robinson's work-shop stood. A garage is located there now.

There was a pump on East Dover street, near the late Obed Morris' house. I lived in the house on Union street now the "Eagle's Wing" studio and we carried all our water from this pump.

I can remember one on the east side of Orange street, just before the corner of Beaver street was reached.

There was one in the yard of Mrs. Nellie Appleton on Milk street.

Another pump was on the land of Samuel Lowell, head of Main street and New Lane.

There was a pump in the yard of the Edward Lewis house on Union street, formerly the property of Charles Dunham.

Another pump was located on the property of Emma Lewis, now Mrs. Henry Chase's, off York street.

Another pump on Union street was where the Frank Barnard house now stands. There was a two-storied house there owned by Mrs. Eunice Chace.

Another pump in the yard, corner of Coffin and Union streets, now the property of the Misses Roberts.

There was a pump on land now the site of the Weather Bureau, formerly property of a Mrs. Hallett.

In the yard of Mrs. Snelling's prop-erty on Orange street another pump was located.

Very truly yours,
Elizabeth Danford.

Lyon street.

Also Recalls Old Pumps.

Editor of *The Inquirer and Mirror:*

In an article in a late Mirror, I was much interested in reference to the old pumps in town many years ago.

I well remember the old pump at the foot of the back steps to the Shubael Worth house on Gardner street (which has recently been taken down). I used to bring water in a small pail when a girl. I well remem-ber my uncle, Allen Coffin, tell when he used to go for some water, Mr. Worth's son once said "Have you got it all? Don't take it all."

It was very amusing to him and his brothers. Later we would bring water from a pump on the land owned by Harrison Gardner, where Mrs. Mrs. Whittemore Gardner's house now stands.

How long ago it seems!

Yours respectfully,
(Mrs.) Susie A. Miller.

San Diego, Cal.

More Neighborhood Pumps.

Frank M. Jones is one of those who is interested in recalling some of the log-pumps which were at one time conspicuous in each neighborhood. He recalls some of the pumps that have already been mentioned and has brought to mind the following in ad-dition:

A pump stood on the corner of Mar-tin's Lane and Orange street. There was another on lower Fair street, near the corner of Jefferson street.

On Pleasant street there was a pump on the "Margaret Cary" prop-erty, and neighbors who used the pump paid $1.00 per year each toward repairs and up-keep.

On Pine street there was a pump between Darling and Farmer streets, and on School street there was an-other on the south side near the Jenkins house.

Boys who attended the north school can recall the pump which stood at the head of Westminster street, near what is now the school-yard.

* * * *

Mrs. Emily B. Chapin (Mrs. Charles Chapin) writes us that she well re-calls another pump. She says:

"A nice old comforting pump that I remember when a small child was not a 'neighborhood pump', but I have no doubt others near-by enjoyed its pure water. In the middle of the stoop it stood—the house of Captain and Mrs. Barzillai Luce, at the corner of Cen-tre street and Step Lane.

"While my parents were jaunting over the rutted roads, 'up to the hubs in sand', I was left to the mercies of my nurse-maid, who tied me to the pump.

"I well remember it all, although at the time I was quite small and young.

"Hayden's bath-house was almost in line with the lane, down on the small beach near the wharf where 'peter-grunters' reigned and were caught in our hands and made to grunt."

* * * * *

Mrs. Albert B. Chase recalls the neighborhood pump which stood on Farmer street on the property now owned by William Jernegan.

The house belonged to Mrs. Chase's great-grandfather, John Barnard, and the people of the neighborhood were free to use the water from the pump as much as they desired.

More Neighborhood Pumps.

Editor of *The Inquirer and Mirror:*

I have been watching the columns of "The Mirror" for more letters from your subscribers concerning the pumps that were once all about the town. Since no one has mentioned some that I remember, I will pass them along, hoping the recollection may prove of interest to your readers.

There was a large one in the little triangular plot in front of the Charlie Drew house on Hussey street (the same bit of land over which there was some discussion recently). I remember taking many a bucket of water from that particular pump.

Another I recall was located in back of what used to be Field's Folly, near Capt. Burdett's house. There was one in the yard of the Albert Bunker house on Main street, also, as well another near the Henry Roberts house on Milk street.

Others I recall were in the yard of the James B. Coffin house; one on the corner of Milk and New Mill streets; one on the corner of Pine and Lyons (at the Gardner house, I think); one in the yard of the Cary house, cor-ner Pleasant and South Mill streets; and one on Gardner street in the yard of the Columbus Hussey house. I don't suppose any of them are in existence today, but many were really neighbor-hood pumps in every sense.

—Charles H. Stackpole.

West Haven, Conn.

More Pumps!

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

No one, as yet, has recalled, in your paper, the pump that stood on Quince street in the east front yard of the house lately known as "The Little Book House". During my school days at Friend Hepsibeth Hussey's School on Fair street, and afterward at High School, I can well remember that pump as used by the neighborhood and also by the school children.

Also a pump in front of the yard south of the house on Centre street, now called "Anchor Inn". Many years ago the house was in a dilapidated condition and the lower floor occupied by a family of small means. The house was then called "The Crystal Palace", and possibly my old neighbor and friend, Everett Joy, will recall how some of the North Shore boys contrib-uted firewood to the occupants of that house, and also remembers the pump. The well was filled in years ago, and the house restored to good condition, being occupied by two families until sold to the present owner.

I also remember the pump on a platform in the back yard of the Raw-son House, corner of Step Lane and Centre street, referred to by Mrs. Chapin in your last issue.

Also the three pumps written of by my friend and former neighbor, Allis-ton Greene. The cocoanut dipper with ebony or whalebone handle was for-tunately chained to the pump by Capt. Joseph C. Chase—or how long would it have remained in place, with the North Shore gang of boys who played "Hunt the Red Lion" sometimes at the junction of Chester and West Chester streets and West Cliff Road, or on the green at east end of Chester street and Cliff Road north.

I can well recall the boys playing there, at least 75 years ago, and hear "How many miles to Babylon?" "Three Score and Ten", "Can I get there by candle light?", "Yes, and and back again". Then the separat-ing of the crowd—running to cover in all directions—'til one was caught and all came back to the green and for a cold drink from the Barnard pump.

There was also a pump in the front yard of the late Mabel Hall Bowie's house on North Water street; in fact several more in the north part of town too numerous to mention now.

Yours,
Annie Spencer Wait.

It's Tuesday, September the Second,
The Naushon's shoved off from the pier
Carrying with her the last of the trippers.
They're gone, thank God, for a year.

Soon the streets will be still and deserted,
Both the horses will be out to grass,
And a car or two coming up Main Street
Will seem noisy and "de trop" as they pass.

Hardy annual shops will be shuttered,
Their keepers all shifted their quest,
To Palm Beach, Miami, Clearwater
And as far south as even Key West.

Then those who remain on the island
Will have little to do with their dough
'Cept buy stamps or a paper at Rogers'
And of course there'll be Petticoat Row.

The hotels will be closed up like clam shells,
The last guest will have managed to leave,
By cabling home for more money,
The sea, cliff and wide tel avive.

Then old faces will come back to Main Street,
The ones that you want to see twice,
Nantucket's tucked in for the winter,
There's no profit, but—Gee, ain't it nice!

—Anonymous.

The Planets on Parade!

The ever-changing panorama of four planets in the southwestern sky, which has been an interesting spectacle for several weeks, will soon add a fifth member to the chain. A week ago we should have named them in order from west to east: Venus, Jupiter, Mars and Saturn. But on February 12, Mars passed Saturn in its eastward course, and Venus is fast moving toward Jupiter.

Next week, Tuesday, February 20, Venus, the brightest of the group, will be only one degree north of Jupiter, the next in brilliancy; higher in the sky will be seen Saturn and Mars, about five degrees apart. These last two are of nearly the same brightness, but much fainter than Jupiter. Mars is, of course, red or orange colored. That same evening, if it is clear, the planet Mercury should be visible low down near the western horizon, soon after sunset.

Each night thereafter Mercury will be visible for an increasingly longer time, until on the night of February 28, it will be conspicuous for at least an hour after sunset. There will then be six planets, almost equally spaced in a chain which extends upward from the western horizon and slants toward the south. The order will be: Mercury, Jupiter, Venus, Saturn, Mars and Uranus. Only persons with very good eyesight or field glasses will be able to find Uranus. It will be there, however, in Aries, about the same distance farther east than Mars, and with the other five planets, following close to the arc of the great circle called the ecliptic.

The parade is a complete one, for, in addition to the unusual grouping of all of the naked-eye planets, Neptune and Pluto, the only other principal members of the solar system excepting our Earth, are also in the sky and above the horizon at the same time. Pluto is in Cancer; and Neptune, in Virgo, will rise just before Mercury sets. These are the most distant planets and are visible only through telescopes.

After March 5, Mercury will move westward toward the Sun. It should be visible on clear evenings until March 8, at least. On this date, Venus will pass three degrees north of Saturn. Mars, too, will continue its rapid motion eastward.

Mars and Venus will pass Uranus on March 15 and 25 respectively. Venus will grow steadily brighter and will continue to be a striking object; Mars will decrease in brightness, while Jupiter and Saturn will become inconspicuous objects setting soon after the Sun.

Three questions naturally arise from the foregoing statements and predictions: Why do Mars and Venus move eastward so fast while Jupiter, Saturn and Uranus remain almost stationary among the stars? Why does Mercury appear so rarely and then recede so quickly to a position too near the Sun for observation? Why is the present configuration of planets such a rare one that no one will state when it happened before, or when it may be expected again? The answers require a complicated explanation. It may be sufficient, however, to remind ourselves that each planet, including the Earth, revolves about the Sun in a path of its own (e.g.: Mercury and Venus take 88 and 225 days, respectively, Saturn takes nearly 30 years; Uranus 84 years for one revolution) and that it is a combination of the motion of the planet with that of our Earth that determines where the planet will appear to be among the stars at any time. In general, since Mars must complete its path among the stars in less than two years while Jupiter takes 12 and Saturn 30 years, its motion eastward is likely to be greater than that of the more distant planets. While the solutions to these problems are made annually and for years in advance, even the largest single sheet newspaper of the world would not care to give space for what would appear too technical to its readers. So let us enjoy the parade and forget the cause!

Margaret Harwood,
Maria Mitchell Observatory.

A Tribute to The Memory of Gertrude Clark Coffin.

"Do not be too sad." This message reached me along with the news of Gertrude Clark Coffin's passing. Sad! Rejoice rather, that the eager spirit held captive for so many weary months by an increasingly inactive body was at last set free—free to take its questing flight into the great unknown; free to adventure into a hitherto untried yet alluring sphere; shackles cast aside, limitations, things of the past—free, free! How could one but rejoice. Sad for ourselves, yes, but withal, rejoicing.

Constructive thinking was perhaps the key-stone in Gertrude Coffin's character. To her, thoughts meant things, so her thoughts were positive. She spurned negations. With William James, she believed that belief helps create the facts, and she lived up to her beliefs. It was this sort of thinking that made her naturally sweet nature bring forth fruit, maturing in sunshine of her own making. It was the good she saw in others, the good she affirmed. Others might condemn, but not she. Though extremely social, petty gossip did not interest her; in her presence it withered away; her interests were on a higher plane.

Lavish in service for others, always giving full measure, pressed down and running over, yet she deprecated any would-be return. "Wasn't it sweet of her (or them) to bring these to me?" she would say, displaying the floral tributes of her invalid days, days in which she joked and made light of her infirmities.

"They say," wrote Rupert Brooks, "that the dead die not but remain near to the rich heirs of their grief and mirth." If this be true, then the spirit of Gertrude Coffin is not far removed.

—E. A. D.

"I Know Something Good About You."

Wouldn't this old world be better
If the folks we meet would say:
I know something good about you,
And then treat us just that way!
Wouldn't it be fine and dandy,
If each hand-clasp, warm and true,
Carried with it this assurance
I know something good about you!
Wouldn't things here be more pleasant
If the good that's in us all,
Were the only thing about us,
That folks bothered to recall!
Wouldn't life be lots more happy
If we'd praise the good we see!
For there's such a lot of goodness
In the worst of you and me.
Wouldn't it be nice to practice
This fine way of thinking, too;
You know something good about me,
I know something good about you!

—Author Unknown.

DIED

In this town, November 21, Franklin P. Chadwick, aged 86 years, 8 months, 13 days.

Death of Franklin P. Chadwick.

Franklin Pierce Chadwick, for many years a well known resident of Polpis, died Monday morning at the age of eighty-five. His health had been failing for several years, yet during the summer and autumn he had been able to walk along to the Pacific Club room and "watch the pass" on Main street.

He had been twice married, his second wife passing away in 1928. He leaves nine surviving children—five sons and four daughters, namely: Mrs. Mabel Eldridge, of Siasconset; Charles C. Chadwick, of Nantucket; Cecil Chadwick, of Cambridge; Mrs. Gladys Swain, of Nantucket; Edward W. Chadwick, of Newton; Franklin S. Chadwick, of Nantucket; Alcon Chadwick, of Nantucket; Mrs. Harriett Richard, of Nantucket; Mrs. Florence Benoit, of Nantucket.

Heroes Unsung.

by Kathryn C. Small.

Sometimes, a name or a column I see,
That recalls my friends and my home to me.
But, often, I think, there are those I know
Who never are honored in print, and though
Their names have been known for years and years,
They are people of whom one never hears.

* * * * *

There's Roger who runs the paper store
With knick-knacks and candy and ice cream galore.
And Kenneth Pease, with his cheery smile,
Who caalls for the laundry once in a while.
Then there's old Captain Grant, I remember so well,
Who once was a whaler, and how he can yell!
And poor Harold Whelden, 'twas oft' his poor lot
To chase us, as kids, off of his lobster pot.
And there's Merlin H. Crocker and Albert B. Chase,
Who cart everything all over the place.
Then, of course, there was "Zip"—and where did he go?
I often have wondered, but I do not know.
How about Charlie Ellis who fixes the shoes?
To say nothing of Turner who gets out the news.
And our pal, Mr. Hull, who sat for a spell
And reeled off the movies that we loved so well.

* * * * *

Heroes Unsung! I give them great fame;
How dear to Nantucket the sound of each name.

Ice Conditions Disrupted The Steamboat Schedule.

For the first time since January in 1936, ice conditions in Nantucket sound kept the boat away on Monday of this week. The boat managed to plug its way out that morning, but it took the *Martha's Vineyard* nine hours to cross the sound, Capt. Leighton docking at Woods Hole at 4:25 that afternoon.

Many people drove to vantage points along the shore, and watched the steamer fight her way out of the ice. Just beyond the jetties she met the tide-packed ice and it was not until 11:00 o'clock that she managed to get beyond Tuckernuck buoy.

The Coast Guard cutter *Faunce* (which is unquestionably too small for the job they have given her) came down from her patrol at the eastern entrance of the sound, summoned by the Coskata Coast Guard station to aid the steamer. But the *Martha's Vineyard* was able to make headway while the cutter came down to her, and the *Faunce* returned to her work between Handkerchief and Pollock Rip.

There was no surprise when the announcement "no boat" was made that afternoon. Pilot Raub in his Nobadeer plane brought the daily papers down, and the townspeople did not mind the expected increase in price.

On Tuesday, the *Nantucket*, under Captain Sandsbury came through the ice and although she did not dock until approximately 4:00 p. m. she did splendid work in getting through. The most difficult part of the trip came about a mile in back of the jetties, where the ice-fields formed a jam of considerable thickness, and in the channel at Brant Point. It took 15 minutes to get into the wharf from the point. Captain Sandsbury, however, made the crossing from Oak Bluffs in 3 hours and 7 minutes.

The *Nantucket* bulled her way out Wednesday morning. There was some conjecture as to whether there would be a return boat, and when it was learned that the *Martha's Vineyard* had left the Vineyard for the trip down there were some who predicted she would spent the night out in the ice. But the steamer kept plugging away and blew her whistle shortly after 6:00 p. m., docking at 6:25.

Captain Leighton found the ice was heaviest about a mile beyond the jetties, but he got clear of it on Thursday morning. The *Nantucket* made the down trip, arriving here at 6 o'clock, sounding her whistle a few minutes before.

Despite the continued cold, there was considerable open water off the jetties Friday and so the news that the steamer *Martha's Vineyard* would not make the return trip was rather surprising. Evidently, the west end of the sound has begun to feel the effects of the tide packing in the ice-sheets.

In 1936, the last occasion for an old-time "freeze-up", the harbor was closed to most navigation from January 23 to March 1. The steamboat schedule was seriously disrupted, and during the entire month of February the weather was persistently cold—the mean daily temperature being 26.8°. From the 2nd to the 28th of the month, the boat made only a few trips, and the airplanes became most popular. Will history repeat?

Steamboats Ran on "Emergency Schedule" This Week.

The Steamboat Company entered on an "emergency schedule" this ek, announcing on Monday that the amers would make three trips down Nantucket and three trips back to ne mainland each week until ice conditions in the sound permitted the regular schedule to be continued again.

The news came as no surprise to the islanders, who can well appreciate the difficulties under which the *Nantucket*, under Captain Sandsbury, and the *Martha's Vineyard*, under Captain Leighton, have been operating, forced to plow through heavy ice-fields and to meet the dangers of navigating in areas where channel markers have been dragged from regular positions by the ice or have disappeared altogether.

The emergency schedule found the steamers coming down to the island on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturays, and departing for the mainland n Mondays, Wednesdays and Frivs.

Consequently, there was no boat on nday—but Pilot Raub brought the ewspapers down in his Nobadeer lane, and the islanders apparently ad no interest in whether the boat emained tied up to her berth or not.

The steamer *Nantucket* left at her sual hour, Monday morning, and the spectacle of two fishing boats following closely in her wake was watched closely by many. The first of the two ishing craft was the *Eunice Lilian*, nder Capt. Sjolund, which had been hrough the experience of being trapped for eight hours in the ice-packs of he sound last week.

The steamer had one bad spot in er passage—the usual place off the etties, where the tide packs the ice eavily. Once clear of this place, however, her progress was slow but steady nd she steamed out of sight, going a it to the eastward to avoid the ice-ack at this end of Tuckernuck shoal. The two fishing boats followed close ehind, the steamer and her convoy ropping out of sight shortly after 0:00 a. m.

It commenced raining Tuesday afternoon, continuing through the night and on Wednesday morning. With a southeast breeze, shifting to southwest, a great deal of the ice in the sound was softened and separated into floes which soon removed it as a distinct menace to navigation.

The steamer whistled shortly before en o'clock Wednesday morning, announcing her departure. Thick weather in the sound, caused from rain nd vapor, made any previous departure hazardous.

The thaw continued throughout he remainder of the week. There was o outgoing boat on Thursday morning, but the incoming steamer rounded Brant Point early in the afternon. Friday found the steamers once more on the regular alternating chedule, and with the ice-fields in the ound vanishing the prospect of an ld-time "freeze-up" vanished with hem.

Feb. 14 1940

Valentine Story

NANTU

Nantucket Experienced Worst Storm of Winter This week.

What was undoubtedly the worst winter storm, in point of damage, since the January sleet storm of 1935, occurred on Wednesday and Thursday of this week, when a fierce sleet and snow storm swept the island, causing extensive trouble to electric and telephone circuits in all sections, and to trees and shrubbery throughout the town.

It was a howling northeaster, of 50-miles-an-hour velocity, driving rain, hail, sleet and snow before it; plastering trees and houses, blocking the streets, and blinding the battered waterfront.

In company with the rest of New England, Nantucket had warning of a heavy snow fall and winds of gale force then sweeping across the Middle Atlantic States. It put a sudden end to the spell of fine spring-like weather the island was enjoying—forcing some of January's variety of winter vigorously back into being.

The storm broke about 11 o'clock Wednesday morning. Although it had been threatening for several hours, the onslaught of the northeast gale, driving first rain and then sleet before it, was comparatively sudden.

Before the afternoon had waned, the wind had mounted to gale force. Rain and hail hit against windows like bird-shot, and the sound of the wind rushing up through the streets of the town, off the open harbor, was the best indication of the power of the storm.

At dusk, the sleet was mixed with snow and the trees and wires became weighted down with the frozen stuff. The electric power lines were interrupted intermittently all throughout the evening, but there was no period longer than 15 minutes with town circuits completely out-of-order until later in the night.

The wharves took on a wild appearance as the tide rose, the spray being driven many yards through the air. Workmen at Island Service wharf had a busy time of it shifting the *Isco's* berth across the slip near the gasoline shed. Three small boats in the basin between South and Straight wharves were sunk during the night; a power dory belonging to Robert Blair, and scallop boats belonging to George Garnett and Harold Mills.

At South Beach Boatyard, the east wall of the boat shed was smashed in by water and wind, causing damage estimated at $100. None of the boats stored in the shed were injured.

The most spectacular happening occurred when the high waves smashed the spiles at Straight Wharf which supported Yerxa's boat shop. The mishap took place Thursday morning, after the wharf had been battered all night. The beating waves did considerable damage to the south wall of the wharf and the bulkheads, and the gale blew in part of a wood shed. William Thomson, manager of Killen Bros., Inc., estimated the damage in excess of $1,000.

News came that the heavy seas, beating the easterly shoreline of the island, had cut through Great Point at the Gauls, isolating the keepers at Great Point station. Keeper E. V. Haskins and Assistant Keeper Gerald Lowther stated, via the telephone, that a channel 100 feet wide and 4 feet deep was cut across the Gauls. At 5:30 Thursday afternoon, Keeper Haskins reported the sea washing all around the light and buildings, flooding the basin in which the tower and and structures are located.

Brant Point lost its service before dark Wednesday, the section being exposed to the full force of the sleet-filled storm. Keeper Reed at Brant Point Lighthouse, was able to install kerosene lights in the lighthouse and range lights on Wednesday night, but electric service was resumed on Thursday.

* * * * *

The steamer made her trip from the island Wednesday morning, but the down trip could not be made—neither could airplane service—so the island was completely isolated. There was no boat service on Thursday, but Dave Raub made a trip over in his Nobadeer plane, bringing back Wednesday's papers.

Thursday morning the town truly presented an Arctic appearance. The trees and bushes had their branches encased in the frozen snow, offering countless opportunities for camera studies. But the damage done to the shrubbery and trees will only become apparent when rising temperatures release the frigid grip of the snow.

According to data supplied by Observer Underwood, at the Weather Bureau, 4.1 inches of rain, sleet and snow fell during Wednesday and Thursday. The greatest 24-hour fall was 1.71 inches. A 52-mile-an-hour wind was recorded on Wednesday.

The tall chimney on the east side of the MacKay property on Cliff Road collapsed during the night, the bricks smashing through the roof and causing the most damage of any which took place to a dwelling.

* * * * *

Long Distance 'Phone Out for a Time.

The telephone company was also badly hit by the storm. Manager Taber declared that all services had been resumed by 4:30 Thursday afternoon. The most serious trouble was that to the trunk-line, or long-distance lines, with both Nantucket and Vineyard branches out of business at 4:00 o'clock Wednesday afternoon. Jack Lougee and his small corps of assistants went to work at once and long-distance service was restored by 2:30 Thursday afternoon—a highly commendable feat, declared Manager Taber.

Nine poles, used jointly by the telepone and electric companies, were down during the storm. One of these was at Polpis, the others on the roads to 'Sconset and Sankaty.

* * * * *

Electric Company Suffered More Damage Than In 1935 Storm.

The Nantucket Gas & Electric Company was crippled for several hours by the storm, but through considerable effort was able to restore circuits promptly in the majority of instances. Manager Mather declared it the worst storm in point of damage in two decades, with Hulbert avenue and Washington street suffering the most, due to their exposed condition. Seven sections of wires on the latter circuit were out at the height of the storm at 1:00 o'clock Thursday morning.

The electric company had gangs of men working all night, with the big truck on the out-of-town roads, where snow and sleet raised havoc with the circuits.

Mr. Mather, who was up with his men all night as they worked to clear the various circuits, stated that 20 poles were down in various parts of the island, and that whole stretches of wires in town, hopelessly tangled, had to be cut. Every circuit in town, at one time or another, was affected, but service was restored rapidly. Fortunately, the north circuit, from which the Hospital is served, was only momentarily interrupted.

Street light circuits were maintained until 1 o'clock Thursday morning, when they were cut out, due to the hazard of short-circuits and the desire to maintain house circuits.

'Sconset was cut off from service late Wednesday afternoon and electric current was not restored until 7:15 o'clock on Thursday evening.

* * * * *

The Fire Department's alarm system was also crippled in several places by the breaking of wires. During the night, George Haddon, with Assistant Chief Archibald Cartwright and Thomas Curley, assisted by a number of others, worked diligently to keep the damaged circuits open.

* * * * *

High tides swept over Washington street during the storm, littering it with pieces of wreckage. A raft obstructed Francis street for a time. Frank Day's scow was driven over the Goose Pond, to become stranded at the rear of Carl Wyer's house.

* * * * *

James and George Andrews worked like beavers in securing their catboat *Wonoma*, which broke from her moorings off Old North wharf.

* * * * *

One of the garages on Union street owned by Miss Hattie Garland was blown down by the gale, and another was badly damaged. The post office flag broke from its staff late Wednesday afternoon, and the signal flags of the Weather Bureau were torn from the tower.

Change in Location of The Storm Warning Tower.

A new steel storm signal tower, 50 feet high, plus a 25-foot topmast, will soon be erected on Brant Point to replace the present one on Orange street, it was announced this week by Meteorologist Underwood of the local Weather Bureau.

Mr. Underwood said the Chief of the Weather Bureau had approved his recommendation for such action, and it is expected the new tower will go up some time in June. The present tower will be junked.

At the new location, warnings may be more easily identified by the marine interests for whose information they are displayed, and the removal of the present structure will dispose of a potential obstruction to weather balloons that will be moored to the Bureau building roof in the near future.

Admiral Waesche, Commandant of the Coast Guard, has approved use of a plot on the Coast Guard reservation at Brant point for the new structure. It is planned to erect this in the yard of the light-house keeper's dwelling, and to have him attend the storm warnings.

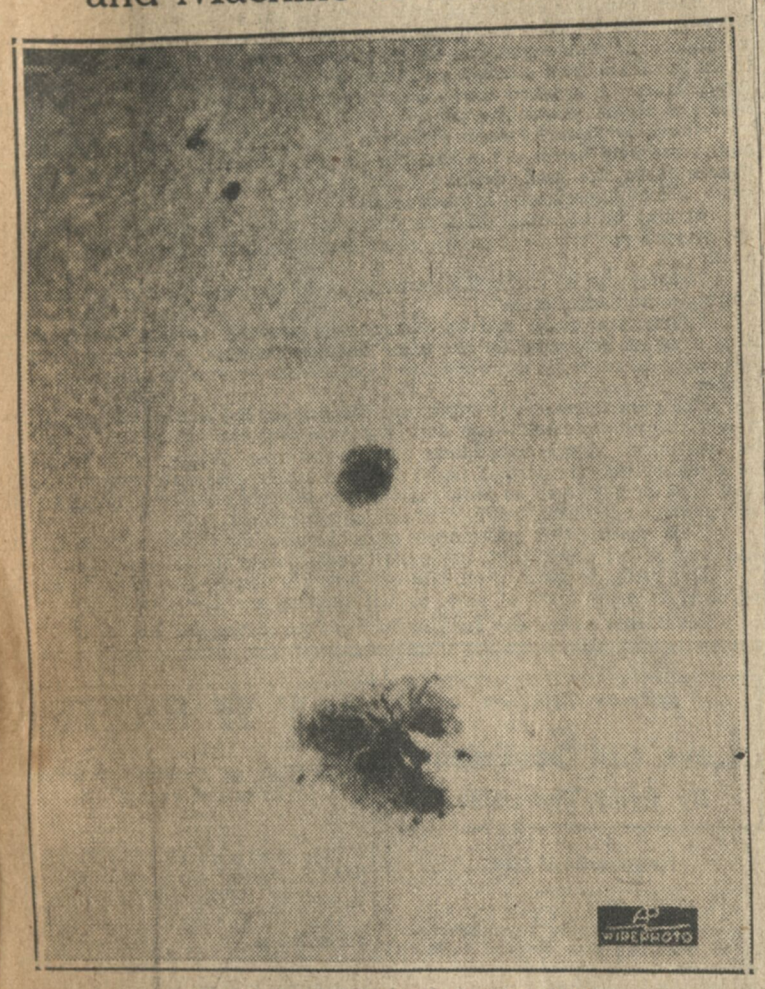
Extensive additions to the local Weather Bureau's equipment are scheduled soon.

April 13 1940

Tuesday, March 26, 1940

M. I. T. UPHELD BY FAILURE OF RADIO

Easter Phenomenon Which Wrecked Communications Proves Theories and Machine of Tech Men



CAUSE OF ALL THE TROUBLE

This solar photograph made at Mt. Wilson Observatory shows the sun's spots, lower group, which scientists say were responsible for the disruption of electrical communications. The spots above appeared on the sun in January but have since grown smaller.

BY JOHN GRIFFIN

The happiest man in this part of the country yesterday was Dr. Harlan T. Stetson, a red-headed astronomer, who, from a hilltop laboratory in Needham, watched the red ink of an intricate machine record in a straight, undeviating line the zero mark in radio reception on Easter Sunday.

SUBSTANTIATES RECORDS

Not that Dr. Stetson was glad the radio reception was poor, because he doesn't like swing music. But he was watching an amazing recording that was proving in one night all the observations and theories of 10 solid years of study. The thin red line that was traced on paper by the field intensity recorder was substantiating the records and observations Dr. Stetson and others had taken for a full decade.

He was happy and thrilled, this scientist who has been described as "the astronomer who has brought astronomy down to earth." Happy because of the confirmation of his work and substantiation of some of his theories, and thrilled by the display of the aurora borealis.

Aurorae are old friends of his, and he has been observing them for years, but he never saw such a display as that of Easter Sunday night. And incidentally, he is certain that if it hadn't been for the full moon most of the populace would have been not only thrilled, but awed.

Overcome Moonglow

For there has seldom been a display of the aurora borealis which was bright enough to be seen by the naked eye on a night when there was a full moon. Yet Sunday night the flashing lights overcame the moonglow and set the whole northern sky alight.

"If there hadn't been a full moon that night," Dr. Stetson said, "you people in newspaper offices would have got so many calls you couldn't handle them all. Because a great many people would have thought it was the end of the world."

The laboratory over which Dr. Stetson presides is in a small one-story stucco building on a hilltop, and is located smack in the middle of a cluster of 60-foot posts which carry antennae. It is off the main road and its existence is known to relatively few people. But it is a cozy place, well furnished both as a laboratory and as an office.

When it was decided at Tech two years ago that "pollution" interfered seriously with the study of astronomical phenomena in a city, and that the proximity of street car lines, factories and other things in cities prevented a true study, a survey was made for a good location for a laboratory.

Operated by Time Clock

"We scouted for a year," Dr. Stetson explained. "We had to find a region southwest of Boston. The prevailing winds carry the pollution of Boston, smoke and grime, out to sea. Only when there is a northeast wind, and that is infrequent, do we get any of the pollution out here. There are no factories nearby and no street car lines. It is one of the best positions for radio reception near Boston."

The laboratory has several important devices, one of the principal machines being the field intensity recorder. This is an elaborate affair, attached to a radio and operated by a time clock which sets it going automatically in the evening and shuts it off in the morning.

The radio is tuned to a Chicago station 1000 miles away, the intensity of which is measured nightly and the recording of the indicator tells the story of terrestial magnetism, radio reception and other things that sound like so much magic to the layman. The indicator tells more than that, too, and Dr. Stetson is pretty nearly convinced from several observations in the recent past, that it records the approach of electrical storms several hours in advance.

Dramatic Record

The indicator drew a diagram for several nights before Easter which looked like an outline of a mountain range, with peaks rising and valleys dipping. Saturday night the same story was traced in red ink. But Sunday the line was as low as it could go and as straight as an arrow.

"There was no reception at all," Dr. Stetson pointed out. "Look at that line at zero. Why, there wasn't even enough energy to move the recorder."

It was a dramatic record of the abrupt interruption of communications when the terrestial storms broke. But it told the complete story only to eyes that could interpret such technical information.

WIRES AND RADIOS MAY BE HIT AGAIN

The northern lights, which were expected to flash across the sky again last night, failed to appear except as a dim glow which could only be seen from outlying points, but an astronomer from M. I. T. predicted that unless a storm now raging over 400,000,000 square miles of the sun's surface subsides in the next 27 days, the earth is due for a small-scale repetition of the Easter Sunday communications disturbance.

Dr. Harlan T. Stetson of M. I. T. said that although the worst effects of the phenomenon had passed, normal conditions would not prevail until the end of the week, but he expressed the opinion that telegraph, cable and radio would not be affected as severely as on Sunday.

"COSMIC HANGOVER"

Recovery From Electrical Storm Which Upset Wires and Radio Proceeds Slowly—Conditions Not Yet Entirely Normal

NEW YORK, March 25 (AP)—Communications within the United States and from Europe suffered today from a cosmic hangover left by yesterday's extraordinarily violent electrical bombardment of the earth from clusters of spots on the sun.

W. A. R. Brown of NBC, a recognized authority, termed it the "recovery phase," and the recovery was slow and queasy. There were authoritative predictions, too, of a recurrence of the disturbance, although probably not such a powerful one, within 27 to 28 days.

Shortwave broadcasts from Berlin, London, Paris and other capitals abroad were unreliable during the day, sometimes fading momentarily and sometimes broken by what a spokesman at CBS termed a loud and unearthly "growling" somewhat reminiscent of the unhappy squawks sometimes issued from the little one-tube sets of the early 1920's.

The American Telephone & Telegraph Company, reporting in mid-afternoon the restoration of its London and Paris circuits, added that Amsterdam was being heard only intermittently and that the service still was not up to par for commercial use.

Overland conditions in this country, A. T. & T. said, were back substantially to normal by this morning. In fear of a sudden recurrence of a storm of the upper air, however, the long lines department halted all outside work on damaged equipment.

Mackay reported that cable traffic from Europe was back to normal, but that the wireless was still "spotty."

Lamb Buildings Bought by Town Now Being Razed.

A contract signed about a month ago between the town and Mrs. Margaret Lamb provided for the sale of her property adjacent to the south side of the Academy Hill School building for the sum of $5,000.

The property included two buildings and the contract provided that these and the work of dismantling them be given to Mrs. Lamb. Mrs. Lamb turned the actual job of dismantling over to Franklin C. Lamb, Sr., and his son, Franklin Jr., and the work has progressed so that the house on Westminster street and Crown Court is almost completely razed.

The men who have been at work for nearly a month expect to have both buildings off the land by the first of June. This will provide the school grounds with an additional area of about 10,000 square feet.

The men do not expect to have as much difficulty with the north building as they are experiencing with the present one. They say that the razing of the present building has been difficult in breaking down because of many heavy timbers, and because all the joints are made fast with wooden pegs instead of nails.

April 1940

Nantucket's Most Popular Carriage Driver.

Fifty years ago this spring The Inquirer and Mirror inaugurated a voting contest to determine who was the most popular carriage driver on Nantucket that season. A fine russet harness was offered as a prize and the contest developed into local interest. The late Capt. William Baxter finally won the title and at the close of the contest, he dressed his horse up in the new harness and, with the other rigs following along in his wake, there was an interesting parade about town. Among those whose names appeared in the voting contest were the following: William Baxter, William Cox, Robert K. Appleton, Joseph S. Hussey, Henry H. Crocker, Charles J. Fisher, Oliver C. Chadwick, Benjamin B. Gardner, Marcus Howes, Thomas B. Hoy, Joseph L. Enas, William R. Morris, Clinton McCleave, John Scott, Hiram Reed, Asa W. Small, Edward C. Barrett, Charles C. Morris, Charles H. Pitman, Samuel Thurston and Dan McGinty.

Out of the above twenty-one who entered in the contest for the most popular carriage driver in 1890, only five are still living, namely: William R. Morris, Clinton McCleave, Asa W. Small, Edward C. Barrett and Charles C. Morris.

April 6-1940

Swapping Horses.

There's many a quaint old saying
And superstitious dream
That steers our very actions
Strange as it may seem
Like never swapping horses
When crossing any stream.

But then there are exceptions
To almost every rule
If you're swapping to an elephant
You wouldn't be a fool
When the other one's a donkey
Stubborn as a mule.

So stubborn is this donkey
He seems to want to stay,

And live right in the White House
Forever and a day
While we sit by the fireside
And listen to him bray.

This donkey's more than Uncle Sam
Can ride without a toss
And he'd be ready now to swap
To almost any horse
But we'll mount him on an elephant
This coming month of course!

—Mary Bowditch Forbes.

[glance backward.]

Winter Club Enjoyed "Aboard a Steam Whaler in The Arctic."

The Winter Club held its first April meeting at the home of William L. Mather on Monday evening. It was a most interesting and unusual meeting due to the fact that the speaker, Eugene M. Perry, who spoke on the subject of "On a Steam-Whaler in the Arctic," had actually gone through the experience, giving first-hand his recollections of his adventures, which included a shipwreck amid Arctic ice-fields.

Mr. Perry recounted his experiences with a matter-of-factness which was disarming. But his listeners were able to catch ready glimpses of what must have been rare adventure and, despite the fact that Mr. Perry did not elaborate, the Club members and guests recognized the fact that he could have said a great deal more. As it was Mr. Perry supplied an interesting picture of whaling in the Arctic, which has now given way to mechanical whaling in the Antarctic, at the other end of the globe.

* * * * *

Mr. Perry literally began his Arctic adventures in the steamboats which plied Nantucket Sound some forty years ago. He worked his way up the ladder of the engine room on the old *Nantucket*, one of the sidewheelers, which—with the *Gay Head* and *Uncatena*—ran between Nantucket and New Bedford.

But, for an ambitious young man, with a wife and a young Miss Perry, he decided that his position as Chief Engineer should command a larger salary. He soon learned that Captain Bodfish of the Vineyard was to take out the steam whaler *William Baylies* from San Francisco to the Arctic—and he wanted to hire a good assistant engineer. Mr. Perry hadn't thought about going so far from home. Yet the pay was excellent, and the promise of adventure was a little too much for one who had heard the tales of whaling first-hand, from old-timers.

* * * * *

The year 1903 found him on board the *Baylies*, which left San Francisco late in March. The craft was ruggedly built for her dangerous calling, well found with provisions (for Captain Bodfish was a good master) and carried a crew of 44. Sailing steadily to the north, they put into Dutch Harbor on the island of Unalaska in the Aleutian Islands chain. After a short stay, the *Baylies* sailed into the Behring Sea, where the first business of whaling began.

The steam whaler was ideally fitted for her time. Cruising under sail, for the sound of the propeller gallies the whales, look-outs at mast-head are ready for action. When the boats are fast to whales near ice-fields, the ship is run under steam between the ice and the whale, keeping him from darting under the ice and thus force a boat to "cut-line." Here the propeller's thrashing aids the whalemen.

Whaling in the early 1900's employed the old system of the boat-crews' pulling up close enough to the whale for the boatsteerer or harpooner to send his two harpoons home, one after the other. When the bowhead had sounded and returned to the surface, a small bomb was fired into him from a bomb gun, the resulting explosion usually finishing the whale.

During Mr. Perry's voyages, the whalebone alone was saved, only one whale being tried out for its oil.

"Captain Bodfish was a past master at cutting in the head of a bowhead," declared Mr. Perry. "This is a process in which the head is cut away from the body and then hoisted by the big tackles to the deck, where the valuable bone is removed. Cutting is made through the blubber to sever the head where it joins the backbone. I have watched the men work at it many times, and will never forget the first time I saw it accomplished. There is a knack to the cutting, and considerable experience is needed to gauge the correct distances and, as I say, Captain Bodfish was by far the best master in the fleet at it."

* * * * *

The *Baylies* had good luck during that Spring season in the Behring Sea, six whales being taken. The craft was then headed north, making a stop at Cape Hope on the Alaska shore, where a number of the native Eskimos were taken aboard—"hired out."

Proceeding towards the famous Behring Straits—that 36-mile wide strait which separates Alaska from Siberia—the *Baylies* encountered considerable drift ice but nothing serious enough to delay her.

In the Straits, between Cape Prince of Wales on the Alaskan shore and the Diomede Islands, Mr. Perry got his first glimpse of the Siberian coast—high, forbidding mountains, rising out of the icy seas, with great shelves for sides, on which tremendous flocks of birds built nests and laid immense quantities of their eggs.

Once through the Straits, the pack ice became thicker and more extensive and the *Baylies* had to proceed more cautiously. It was the short Arctic summer and the craft was headed to the east for Point Barrow, the northwestern-most point on the coast of this continent.

Navigation was extremely dangerous due to ice-fields and sea currents, but the skillful handling of Captain Bodfish kept the *Baylies* on, around Point Barrow and to the eastward. Finally, at famous Herschel Island, off the delta of the Mackenzie River, the ship came upon the small fleet of whalers who had spent the long, Arctic winter there. News of the outside world was eagerly sought, and various opinions given as to the proper time to start the summer whaling.

* * * * *

"They told us it was too early to go cruising yet," said Mr. Perry, "but the skipper had different ideas concerning the season. We left Herschel Island and headed to the westward once more. Two days later, we ran into a thick snowstorm. We heard the whistle of another craft for several hours, and the skipper decided to tie up to a big hummock of ice during the storm. When it cleared next day, we saw the other craft and steamed up to her. She was the *Monterey*, also out of San Francisco, and under the command of none other than Capt. Charlie Foley, of Nantucket."

* * * * *

The *Baylies* had good luck during the next month; in fact, before the season ended and forced them down through the Straits again, a total of 11 more whales were taken. It was one of the best voyages Captain Bodfish even made, and Assistant Engineer Perry declared it was a grand feeling to know this first voyage was successful—even if he didn't make as much out of it as those who had sailed on the "lay" system.

* * * * *

Two more seasons were spent in the Arctic on the *Baylies*. There were trips home in the interim, of course, and Mr. Perry related an amusing experience of being frozen in at Nantucket during one trip home. How he took temporary charge of the *Nantucket's* engine room, during a third attempt to break out of the harbor, and how he got the old reliable engines to force the steamer out to freedom, was a highly amusing incident.

* * * * *

It was on his fourth voyage in the *Baylies* that the ship was caught in the ice just north of the Straits—and became a total loss. The ship found herself carried into a bight in the ice-sheet, which extended some 40 miles from the nearest land. With irresistible force, the ice jammed under the *Baylies* and lifted her high and dry on the ice surface, canting her over at a sharp angle. The rudder was badly damaged, but Captain Bodfish decided to await developments before going on with any repairs.

When another combined effort of the tide and wind cracked the ice, dropping the ship into the water again, it was thought that she would be able to fight her way out. But her position in the bight found everything against her, and the next time the ice pressure came it crushed her like an egg shell.

Mr. Perry (who was then the Chief Engineer) declared it was an experience he will never forget.

"The *Baylies*' timbers had been complaining loudly," he said, "and we feared the worse. All of a sudden we heard them cracking and snapping. Her sides buckled and gave way—pieces of the ice came through her thick hull! The water was up to our knees in the engine room, but I had the firemen draw her fires before we went up on deck.

"Captain Bodfish had acted swiftly. The three whale-boats were pushed onto the ice, provisions thrown over alongside them, and all hands soon swarmed over the side and onto the ice, scrambling a safe distance away.

"The ship went down so swiftly that we just stood there, dumbfounded. She just fell away from us and went down, and I can see her yards now, coming down athwart the ice, as the hull disappeared, and then snapping off like match sticks.

"Another thing which happened at that particular moment will always be remembered. We had three pigs on board for food, and these had been tossed over the side as soon as the craft started to founder. All that you could see of them was their eyes, as they lay in the snow where they had fallen. Captain Bodfish shot them—they would be valuable as food."

* * * * *

Fortunately, another whaler—the *Bowhead*—was sighted, and the shipwrecked men, numbering forty-four, dragging the three boats, set out for this craft, which was also caught in the ice. The nearest land was some forty miles away.

After a hard trip of nine hours, climbing and walking over the rough surface of the sea-ice, the mariners reached the *Bowhead* in safety. Every available comfort was tendered them, and then it became the task of Captain Jim Tilton, of the *Bowhead*, aided by Captain Bodfish, to get away from the ice and so escape the same fate which had befallen the *Baylies*.

At one time the combined crews had to run from the starboard rail to port, and back again, repeating the process, forcing the ship to heel and roll her way into the water.

Soon after the *Bowhead* fought her way clear, she put in at Nome, where the *Baylies*' crew went ashore and subsequently received passage to San Francisco. After such an experience,

Exterminating Rats.

Thousands of rats have "passed in their checks" on Nantucket during the past few weeks. The "Vermin Exterminator Company" of Fall River, with whom the Selectmen contracted for the extermination of rats under an appropriation made by the annual town meeting, has done an excellent job thus far.

Many of the infested places, such as the town dump west of the town, private dumps located in other sections, property on the out-skirts of the town, as well as many places reported within the town limits, have been treated, and the result has been a noticeable scarcity of rats everywhere.

Owing to the rapidity with which rats breed—four or five times a year, with litters ranging from six to sixteen—it is of course impossible to completely exterminate the rat population on the island, but their numbers can be noticeably decreased, especially if the crusade is continued another year.

A big improvement is reported on private estates that were treated by the Vermin Exterminator last year, some of which are now said to be absolutely free from rats.

The treatment which is used is an emetic to every animal except a rat. Should a dog or cat happen to come across some of the rat-bait and eat it, the animal may become sick and nauseated, but the poison used does not kill dogs or cats, and is fatal to no other animal except a rat.

The results of the crusade against the rat population on Nantucket will be watched with interest by all.

April 6-1940

Obituary.

Arthur A. Howard, who died this week in New Bedford at the age of seventy-six, was the son of full-blooded Gay Head Indian parents, Almira Johnson and Peter Howard. For some years he traveled with circuses as a member of Indian troupes. He was employed many years by the former Chadwick and Co. grocery, and treasured a gold watch presented him for faithful service to that firm. He worked more than 25 years in the street department.

Survivors are a sister, Mrs. Elizabeth West, of Nantucket; a brother, Revilla Edward Howard; four neices, Mrs. Reynolds, Mrs. Charles Williams, Mrs. Gertrude Ames and Mrs. Ruth Coombs of this city; two nephews, Carlton H. West of Nantucket and John West of Andover, and grandnieces and grandnephews.

Nov 30-1940

Death of Melvin W. Brown, Native of Nantucket.

Melvin W. Brown, son of the late John F. Brown and a native of Nantucket, died suddenly from a heart attack at the infirmary in Wakefield, last Saturday morning, where he had been superintendent a number of years. The Wakefield Daily Item thus chronicles his passing:

Melvin W. Brown, superintendent of the town infirmary since May, 1919, died at the infirmary, about 4 o'clock this morning, following a heart attack earlier in the night.

Mr. Brown, a past exalted ruler and a past chaplain of the Elks' Lodge, was at Elks' Home, last night where he was stricken with a heart attack. He rested for more than two hours and said he felt better, and joked with friends about his attack. He was driven to the infirmary in the ambulance by Patrolman Peter A. Quinn, and he told the officer he believed he would feel better when he got to bed. He died a short time after reaching the infirmary.

Mr. Brown was born on Nantucket Island about 58 years ago. He came to Wakefield from Wilmington, where he was superintendent of the infirmary. He had made many improvements at the town farm and soon after taking charge effected a high state of productivity. He was well liked by the inmates, his lodge associates, members of the Welfare Board and townspeople with whom he came in daily contact.

Supt. Brown was a past president of the Wardens' and Matrons' Association of Massachusetts.

He served at one time as dictator of Wakefield Lodge of Moose.

Supt. Brown was stricken seriously ill, four years ago, with appendicitis, which was aggravated by an ulcerous condition. He was obliged to remain inactive for many weeks, but since that illness his health had improved.

Mrs. Brown, who served as matron at the infirmary, died on May 29, 1937. A daughter, Inez, was drowned in 1915.

His only near relative is a sister, Cassine, the wife of Judge Oscar Nelson of Newburyport. He is also survived by two nephews and a niece, Charles, John and Mary Nelson.

Elks' services will be held at the infirmary Sunday evening at 8 o'clock.

Funeral services will take place at the infirmary Monday morning at 8 o'clock, with a solemn high mass of requiem at St. Joseph's Church at 9 o'clock.

Feb-17-1940

Miss Cook Retires.

Bringing to a close fifty-one years of efficient service in the county building in the capacity of Assistant Register of Deeds, Miss Emma Cook retired on October 31st. For five decades Miss Cook has filled the position in a most painstaking manner and during that long time she has made the acquaintance of hundreds of summer visitors, as well as the townspeople, who have gone to the Registry of Deeds seeking information connected with the transfer of property.

Miss Cook has gained a knowledge of property and land titles held by no one else and her presence in the office will be missed. Her resignation has been accepted with regret by Josiah S. Barrett, the Register, who succeeded the late Lauriston Bunker in that office. Miss Cook's experience and training was most helpful in research as well as in transfers and Land Court matters. She deserves a well-earned rest.

Year 1940

"Who, What and When" Answers.

Although the "Nantucket Argument Settlers" contains the answers to most any inquiry about Nantucket that the average person might ask, we have received a number of queries the past week with the request that we settle an argument. One man wanted to know when it was that there was a paint-shop up at the end of Rose Lane. Another which town crier died first—Alvin Hull or Billy Clark. One woman wanted to know what became of the Nantucket Improvement Association. Up from the water front came the query as to what year the island steamers were painted gray. Also whether the boats ever ran all winter without having a missed trip. Down near the water front they also got into an argument as to the largest shipment of fish and quahaugs ever made from Nantucket on one boat. And with the deer season came the argument as to when the lone buck was landed on the island and how long he roamed around by his lonesome before he had any girl friends to keep him company. These are a few of the question that have been asked recently and thinking they may be of interest to others we list the following replies:

Lewis Woods, an expert carriage painter, maintained a work-shop at the end of Rose Lane, on land now adjacent to the residence of Col. Praeger. Mr. Woods died in July, 1917.

Alvin Hull, town crier, died suddenly in August 1906. Billy Clark, the town crier, died August 17, 1909, after a long illness.

The Nantucket Improvement Association was merged with the Nantucket Historical Association when it was organized in 1894.

The island steamers were painted gray in 1930.

The island steamers made their trips without interruption from the 17th of November, 1924, to the 10th of February, 1926—a period of fifteen months without a break in the service. The boats ran nearly a year after that without missing a trip. On the 11th of January, 1927, a severe storm upset the schedule, but from that date until April 16, 1929—a period of twenty-seven months—there were no missed trips. From November 17, 1924, to April 16, 1929—four and a half years—there were only four trips missed.

The largest shipment of fish products ever made from Nantucket was on the 1st of March, 1916, when steamer Sankaty took away 1426 barrels.

The lone deer (grand-daddy of the present herd) was rescued several miles off Nantucket by the fishing-boat Antonina in an exhausted condition and brought ashore and liberated, June 3, 1922. He roamed the island for four years, being seen occasionally. In February, 1926, two female deer were brought to the island from Michigan and liberated, and thus began the nucleus for the herd which now yields an average "kill" each December of from sixty to seventy animals.

"Rats" Rejoice Because Hospital Restores Commodore to Them.

There is rejoicing once more on Old North wharf over the safe return of Commodore Herbert Hunter Coffin from the Nantucket Cottage Hospital. Members of the Wharf Rats Club have quit pulling long faces about the precarious condition of their beloved Commodore. It isn't precarious any longer. As a matter of fact the Hospital not only restored the Commodore completely, but just a shade ahead of the expected time, so the "Rats" were caught napping. They were planning to give him the wharf salute on his re-appearance, but he sauntered onto the wharf before they were ready and immediately resumed command, his first order being to "put away that cannon and don't waste any powder on me; we may need it for Hitler."

The Commodore really had two voyages to West Chester street because the surgeons had to harpoon him twice. The first began last August and the preliminary operation was a success, but after that Herbert had to go into dry-dock at his home on Beaver street for a long, anxious wait. Then back to the surgeons and the nurses, but as cheerfully and hopefully as a man who returns to a ship on which he has previously had a perfect voyage. All told, the Commodore was aboard the Hospital four months, two weeks and three days.

Now he's back, one hundred per cent. cured, on permanent wharf leave and once more the complete dictator who keeps a daily log of tides, winds and other incidents. Tom did that very well in his Dad's absence, so the record of the "Rats" is unbroken.

Unfortunately, Herbert did not keep a log at the Hospital. Most of the time up there he could have kept a sober and truthful log, at least as truthful as the one he keeps on the wharf.

One of the items that he wasn't in condition to put down himself was during the reaction after the second operation, the anaesthetic and so forth. He invited all the surgeons, doctors and nurses to go oystering with him then and there and at their lack of response he offered to make it scalloping. Soon afterward his temperature dropped back to normal.

The Commodore remembers everything else himself. He is a bit touchy on one point. You mustn't call it a hospital. "That's no hospital," he retorts. "It's a home. There isn't a better home on this island. Good food and plenty of it. Perfect cooking. Perfect care all the time from the jolliest and most friendly crew any man ever shipped with."

Herbert then explains that by the "crew" he means the hospital staff, including everybody from Superintendent Cravott down to Jack Driscoll, "down or up to Jack, either way you want to put it," he adds. The only criticism that the Commodore has to make is that he doesn't think it will be humanly possible for the hospital ever to find another Driscoll. "They call him the orderly," explains the Commodore, "but he is everything. He is a helping hand and has got forty or fifty hands."

When Driscoll wasn't helping the nurses to carry heavy trays or doing something about the ambulance or tending furnace or any one of the thousand other things he does do, he would drop in with a razor and shave the Commodore's weather-beaten face for him.

"Don't believe I had to ring my bell more than six times all the while I was up there," said Herbert. "Those nurses are always a jump ahead of you in knowing what you want. After they've done everything you can think of to make you comfortable and hurry along the business of getting you well and you think they all ought to be loafing or sleeping, one of them will tiptoe in with a glass of orange juice. It's Christmas all the time up there."

"There is just one bit of advice I'd give to anybody unlucky enough to be sick and lucky enough to go to the Nantucket Hospital to be cured. Don't think you are the only patient in the place. It is full of patients and the liveliest nurse up there can't do more than six things at once. You know there are some people who, when you wrap them up all nice in velvet, will kick and complain you've put cactus leaves on them."

Death of John E. Backus.

John E. Backus, aged 66, died at his home in Nantucket, Saturday night, following a heart attack.

He was one of the last of the Nantucketers to be engaged in the livery business, and was well known to many of the summer visitors to the island.

Blessed with a retentive memory, coupled with a vein of wit and humor, Mr. Backus entertained his "fares" in a most delightful manner and in recent years, when horse-and-surrey rigs were few, he was in daily demand and gained popularity among those who enjoyed riding behind a horse as a pleasing contrast to an automobile.

He was a native of Nantucket, the son of George A. and Mary J. Backus, and spent most of his life here except for 15 years when the family lived in Abington.

He is survived by a sister, Mrs. Annie Norcross, a brother, Everett Backus, and four children; Mrs. Mary MacRoberts of Abington; George Backus, of Jersey City, N. J.; Mrs. Hortense Daniels of Manhasset, L. I., and Mrs. Margaret Crowell, of Nantucket; also seven grandchildren.

He was a member of Nantucket Lodge, I. O. O. F., of Engine Company No. 4, of Nantucket, and the John Cutler Masonic Lodge, A. F. & A. M., of Abington.

Funeral services, with Masonic rites, were held at the home of his sister, at 1 Twin street, Nantucket, on Tuesday afternoon, followed by interment at Prospect Hill Cemetery. The Rev. Daniel A. Bennett, of the Episcopal Church, officiated.

Died Nov-16-1940

Why is the cut of beef called "sirloin?" Tradition says that King Henry VII knighted the best cut of beef and since then it has been called "Sir Loin."

Fire Department Called Out Twice on Sunday.

There were two calls on the fire epartment last Sunday—both box alarms and both threatening to become serious conflagrations. The first alarm came from Box 41, located at the corner of Union and Salem streets, shortly before 10 o'clock.

The apparatus was on the scene in very few minutes and soon had the fire under control. It was at the rear of the paint-shop of H. Paddack & Co. on Washington street, and at the rear of the Augustus Fisher building, facing on Main street. A lively blaze was in progress when the firemen arrived, the flames being on the outside of the two buildings, where a stairway led up to the second floor of the Fisher building.

The most damage was done to the Paddack building, but fortunately the fire did not reach the interior, where paint, alcohol, turpentine, etc., was stored. For a time the fire threatened to reach more serious proportions, but the prompt work of the department checked it.

It is thought the fire started from ashes being dumped in a wooden container by a colored woman who occupies the upper floor of the Fisher building, as practically all of the damage was done to the exterior of the two buildings. Both were covered by insurance.

Hardly had the apparatus returned to the central fire station and the firemen were taking care of hose that had been wet, when another alarm was sounded, this time from Box 36, on Cliff Road. This second call for the department made everybody shudder, for it was the roof of the Sea Cliff hotel, and a dense black smoke was rising into the air, which gave the appearance of conditions being more serious than they really were.

A spark from the tall chimney on the outside of the original hotel building, coming from the fire-place in the hotel lobby, had lodged in a "valley" and ignited wooden shingles. Before the fire was discovered the flames had crept up on the outside of the roof and ignited the fire-resisting shingles which covered the west side of the building. It was these shingles which produced the dense clouds of black smoke.

The apparatus was on the scene promptly and when the conditions were found to be serious, Chief Blair had a second alarm rung in and two more pieces of apparatus rushed to the scene, leaving one piece and a driver at the central station.

Water was poured onto the hotel roof in heavy streams and the firemen had it under control in ten minutes, without a great deal of damage to the property, either from fire or water. The blaze was all on the outside of the building and owing to the careful and thorough work of the firemen only a small amount of water ran down onto the three floors below.

The hook-and-ladder outfit was brought into use and members of the department were soon scrambling over the roof like monkeys. It was a good example of the efficiency of the Nantucket Fire Department and the hundreds of people who thronged the streets and near-by yards were loud in praise of the excellent work done in bringing what threatened to be a serious fire under control so speedily.

The hotel property was covered by insurance. The damage was estimated at not over $200.

While the smoke was rising into the air and the hotel property was seriously threatened, it was interesting to notice that some of the guests who were quartered in the large addition connected to the original hotel by a "mid-way" were gathering their belongings and waiting on the hotel piazza to see what was going to happen. They evidently wanted to be ready for an emergency—which did not come, however.

The serious aspects of the Sea Cliff fire naturally drew large throngs to the scene and the Legion police again did excellent work in handling traffic. It was surprising how quickly the men showed up and how well they diverted cars from Cliff Road in order to give the apparatus and the firemen opportunity to work free from congestion. The Legion police are of great help at such times and it is interesting to note that they take their positions at once and without being called upon.

Aug 25th 1940

Year DIED 1941

At sea, January 1st, Hjalmar Alfred Anderson, of Nantucket, aged 53 years. Interment at Nantucket.

Alfred Anderson Killed When Struck by Falling Mast.

Hjalmar Alfred Anderson, residing at 38 Union street, Nantucket, was killed when a mast fell upon him on board the fishing vessel Alice and May, last Wednesday afternoon.

Capt. Gerald Roche, skipper of the vessel, said the accident happened when the craft was about 35 miles southwest of Nomans Land.

At the time, he said, seas were moderate and the crew of the dragger was engaged in fishing. Suddenly and without warning, a stay supporting the 45-foot foremast let go, allowing the mast to plunge down on the back of the Nantucket resident.

Two crew members, John Tobin of 561 Coggeshall street, and John Amero of 584 Purchase street, New Bedford, went to the aid of Anderson and with other members pulled him free of the heavy mast which had broken off about three feet above the deck.

The vessel at once started for New Bedford, and upon arrival there the medical examiner was called. He declared that Anderson had apparently died a few moments after being struck by the mast.

Anderson's wife and son (Leroy Anderson) were notified of the death, by telephone from the New Bedford police. The deceased was in his fifty-third year. Besides his widow and son, he is survived by three daughters, Marjorie, Olga and Beatrice.

The remains were brought to Nantucket yesterday (Friday) afternoon for interment. Services are to be held this Saturday afternoon.

Jan 1st 1941

He Giveth His Beloved Sleep.

He sees when their footsteps falter,
when their hearts grow weak and faint;
He marks when their strength is failing,
and listens to each complaint;
He bids them rest for a season, for
the pathway has grown too steep;
And, folded in fair, green pasture,
He Giveth His loved ones sleep.

Like weary and worn-out children who
sigh for the daylight's close,
He knows that they oft are longing
for home and its sweet repose.
So he calls them in from their labors
ere the shadows round them creep,
And, silently watching o'er them,
He Giveth His loved ones sleep.

He giveth it, O, so gently, as a mother
will hush to rest
The babe that she softly pillows so
tenderly on her breast.
Forgotten now are the trials and sorrows
that made them weep;
For, with many a soothing promise,
He Giveth His loved ones sleep.

He giveth it! Friends, the dearest can
never this boon bestow;
But he touches the drooping eyelids,
and placid the features grow.
Their foes may gather about them,
and storms may round them sweep,
But, guarding them safe from danger,
He Giveth His loved ones sleep.

All dread of the distant future, all
fears that oppress today,
Like mists that clear in the sunlight,
have noiselessly passed away.
No call or clamor can rouse them
from slumber so pure and deep,
For only His voice can reach them,
He Giveth His loved ones sleep.

Weep not that their toils are over;
weep not that their race is run,
God grant we may rest as calmly,
when our work, like theirs, is done!
Till then we would yield with gladness
our treasures to Him to keep,
And rejoice in the sweet assurance—
He Giveth His loved ones sleep.

—Author Unknown.

Death of Thomas Bickerstaff.

Thomas Bernard Bickerstaff died at his residence on New Dollar Lane on Sunday last in his eightieth year. He was a native of England, but had been in this country since early manhood. He had been a resident of Nantucket about half a century and for a number of years conducted a bakery on Lower Pearl street.

He was a member of Nantucket Lodge, I. O. O. F., Wanackmamack Encampment, Island Rebekah Lodge, and also of Wauwinet Tribe of Red Men and of the Degree of Pocahontas.

For many years he had been an active worker in the Baptist Church, where funeral services were held on Tuesday afternoon. Delegations from the Odd Fellows and Red Men were in attendance. Interment was in the Prospect Hill cemetery.

The deceased is survived by four daughters, Mrs. Agnes Coffin, Mrs. Erla Russell, of Nantucket; Mrs. Myrtle Gifford of New Bedford; and Mrs. Barbara Gifford of Manchester, Conn. He is also survived by four sons, namely: Richard of New York city, Charles of New Bedford, Alger of Nantucket and Robert of Boston. He also leaves a number of grandchildren.

year 1940
Sept. 22d.

Oct-16-1940

Death of Miss Long.

Miss Carrie James Long passed away Wednesday morning after a lingering illness covering a period of years. She was the daughter of the late Benjamin B. and Lydia C. Long and was highly esteemed throughout the community.

Blessed with a friendly, cheerful personality, Miss Long was popular with those with whom she came in contact, both while teaching school and after she engaged in business. She possessed a vein of wit and humor which was always manifest, even after her health began to fail.

She met reverses cheerfully and never complained or criticized, taking life as it came to her in a true Christian spirit. For fifteen years Miss Long was a teacher in the Nantucket High School, honored and respected by all. Soon after she gave up teaching she established herself in a little shop on "Petticoat Row", catering to children and ladies for a number of years until health compelled her retirement.

When her strength began to fail, she made her home with Mr. and Mrs. Harold Marks, Orange street, where she received all the comfort and attention possible, and passed the closing days of her life in peace and contentment.

Funeral services were held in St. Mary's Church, yesterday (Friday) morning, the Rev. Fr. Joseph M. Griffin officiating. Interment was in the family lot in Prospect Hill cemetery.

Death of Arthur Williams.

Arthur Williams, the dean of masons on Nantucket island, who had been in the business half a century or more, died this week at his home on York street, having been in failing health for several years.

The Williams property on York street has for many years been a model for neatness and general appearance and Mr. Williams took great pride therein, much of the work being the result of his own personal efforts.

As a contractor he was successful and as long as he was able to keep active, he kept in close contact with town improvements. In recent years, however, he was confined to his home and unable to mingle with his fellows, either in business or a fraternal way.

He is survived by his widow, but there are no children.

The deceased was a member of the Masonic and Odd Fellows fraternities. Funeral services were held at his late home Tuesday afternoon.

Oct 19, 1940

A Remembrance From "The Tripper".

Through the courtesy of Miss Loretta Reilly, we are in receipt of a copy of the American Bonding Company's 1942 "date book"—for keeping a day-by-day journal of the doings in the newspaper office. In it we note that Labor Day will fall on the 7th of September in 1942. As "The Tripper" whose article in these columns was read with such keen interest several months ago, Miss Reilly maintains an interest in Nantucket, even after her experience with "His Gravity", who was at the helm of the car which gave her and her companion a whirlwind tour of Nantucket. In glancing through the book we note one entry already—on Tuesday, the 8th of September—where appears this quotation: "They're gone, thank God, for a year!"

Night Fire Damaged Dwelling On The Cliff.

A fire of undetermined origin broke out at the residence of Prof. William B. Doyle, on the Cliff, shortly before 11 o'clock on Sunday evening. Only the swift response and prompt work of the Nantucket Fire Department saved the dwelling, the blaze having had a strong start when the alarm was sounded.

The house is the summer residence of Prof. Doyle, and has not been occupied since the season's close. From what little evidence remained, it was believed that the fire started inside the small woodshed attached to the kitchen ell on the northeast corner of the house. Damage was estimate at the sum of $1180.15.

Had the fire gained another few minutes' headway there is little doubt but that it would have gained the main house and possibly doomed the entire structure. Boatswain's Mate Charles Phillips, of the Madaket Coast Guard Station, happened to be driving by about 10:45 that evening and saw flames darting from the side of the low, shed-like rear of the Doyle house. He immediately sounded Box 29, the nearest to the scene.

The first alarm was sounded four times, with the usual response on the part of the call men. When the second alarm sounded, there was a general rush to the scene on the part of the townspeople, young and old. Members of the local and state police were on hand, with the Legion's special detail also responding.

Two pumpers and a ladder truck were on the scene when most of the crowd of sightseers arrived. The pumpers had lines running from hydrants on Lincoln Avenue, one set down Moores Avenue to the rear of the dwelling, the other down Nantucket avenue to the front and side.

Firemen found the flames consuming the shed on the northeast corner of the low, ell-shaped kitchen, and promptly surrounded it. While the hose men cut in behind the flames and knocked the fire down, others of the firemen proceeded to ventilate, as far as possible, the kitchen and main house.

Due to its considerable head-start, the fire had eaten up into the raftered space between the ceiling and roof of the low kitchen, and the smoke had swirled through this space into the main house, where it issued from most of the windows. Chief Blair led his men into the house where windows were thrown open to let out the smoke and check any hazard from a smoke explosion.

The all out signal was not sounded for over an hour, the firemen seeing to it that all smouldering embers were out, and that the smoke hazard had been eliminated.

On Thursday, it was announced by Chief Blair that an examination of the burned portion of the house revealed unmistakable evidence that the fire had originated on the inside. Of course, this leaves only one conclusion—because of the fact that the house was closed by its owner two months ago; a person or persons unknown must have illegally entered the house.

It was indeed fortunate that the blaze was so quickly discovered after it broke through the side of the building. Early arrivals reported the flames were high and their reflection vividly thrown into the night sky. There was no wind, however, which fact contributed more than a little to the confinement of the flames.

Nov. 10th 1940

Dec. 30, 1940 NANTUCK

Staterooms Without Doors And No Beds.

The latest steamboat escapade occurred when steamer *New Bedford* reached Vineyard Haven, on Monday night. Under orders of the steamboat inspectors, men went aboard and took off all the stateroom doors and removed all of the beds. Heavy chains were then stretched across the doorways and a sign attached to each chain reading "Reserved."

It all came about because the Steamboat Company was alleged to have evaded orders of the inspectors regarding the installation of sprinkler systems in the staterooms. According to reports, the orders were issued over a year ago, but the only boat that is properly equipped in this respect is the *Nantucket* and the *Nantucket* is now out of commission, docked at Boston for a general over-hauling, repairs to her plates, etc., as well as a systematic adjustment of her machinery.

If the *Nantucket* is the only boat that meets the requirements as to the sprinkler systems, then not only the *New Bedford*, but the *Martha's Vineyard* and the *Naushon* also do not measure up to standard. The action of the steamboat inspectors was unexpected, of course, and came as a surprise to the officers of the boat as well as to the traveling public.

The Nantucket ticket office did not know that the doors had been taken off and had sold staterooms for the trip across the sound Tuesday afternoon. It was a case of going aboard and handing back the money before the boat sailed and those who desired the comforts of staterooms in crossing the sound could only look inside and perhaps lean against the chain. Of course, a stateroom without a door on it would not amount to much, any way, so that was that.

Consequently, the *New Bedford* will continue to operate with door-less staterooms until the *Nantucket* can be placed in service a few weeks or a month hence. Those who travel on the one boat between Nantucket, the Vineyard, Woods Hole and New Bedford, either on regular schedule or a hit-or-miss schedule, will not be able to step up to the purser's window, plank down a couple of dollars and say "Stateroom, please!" with the expectation of having a stateroom placed at their disposal.

The operation of the island steamboat line during the winter months actually does have some rather unique features, especially on a one-passenger-deck boat like the *New Bedford*, fitted with door-less staterooms.

The Successful Man.

He is successful, that I know.
He has no cause for worry.
Life has brought him everything;
He need not even hurry.

He has not ever been real ill,
And so to see one suffer
Only breeds disgust in him;
His health has made him tougher.

Pain has always passed him by,
Both physical and mental;
He thinks, I guess, that greying hair,
Is purely ornamental.

He has no words of comfort,
No patience, no compassion.
He pursues his quiet life
In his own selfish fashion.

If ever he is lonely
And maybe wonders why,
I'll bet he never thinks
That he could ever learn to cry.

He's such a sorry creature
With nothing he can give.
Why, he will die before
He's ever learned to live.

—Kathryn Small.

Nov. 16-1940

Laurence Jump Describes Life in German Prison Camp.

Laurence Jump of "Harbor Terrace", Nantucket, who is visiting his sister in Lincoln, spoke at the annual banquet of the Chamber of Commerce in Malden the other night. The News of that city covered Mr. Jump's remarks as follows:

Life in a German prison camp was described by Laurence Jump, Dartmouth graduate and former ambulance driver in France, at the annual banquet of the Chamber of Commerce. Boredom and loneliness were about the worst features about the camp according to Mr. Jump, although the bill of fare was further distasteful to him.

The speaker, who is in his middle twenties, has been back in this country only four months after having spent the past three years in Europe and much of the time in the theatre of war. He hasn't had sufficient time to prepare a finished address and consequently he had to refer to notes most of the time. His diction and enunciation were not the easy flow of English that most college graduates use but showed a rather French influence.

From Geneva, where he did work for the League of Nations, the speaker went to France and volunteered in the American Ambulance Corps which was sponsored by the American Legion Post in Paris. He told of the blackouts in France, of the various air raids and finally of the downfall for which he couldn't definitely locate the blame. France just was not prepared for war and was inefficient in the conduct of war. He said that most of the French wanted to fight and were willing to lay down their lives "pour la patrie" but the armies were poorly officered.

He drove a Chevrolet ambulance and when captured he had some wounded French and German soldiers on board. Taken to a prison camp, the location of which he did not disclose, the speaker said that finally he was the only prisoner in a camp that was constructed for 1,200 prisoners, and had 150 Germans guarding him. Finally he was liberated and went to Stuttgart where he was employed by the Red Cross. He was under constant surveillance but through the intervention of American consulates he was released.

Mr. Jump said that he was against Naziism, that it regimented the entire population and directed people in such a way that they were content to "obey, believe and fight". He said he didn't believe the people in this country could realize the efficiency of the Germans; that every phase in civilian and army life was completely organized. He doubted whether France would ever be able to become strong again if Hitler wins.

The speaker said that he strongly advocated giving all possible help to England and that if England was defeated the Nazi propaganda machine would make strong inroads in this country and that the United States would be obliged to fight Germany. He didn't think that any one democracy could stand against Germany. He also stated that all German youths, no matter where they go, have to bring back military and every other kind of information that would be of benefit to Germany.

Mr. Jump was heartily applauded as he finished his hour and a half discourse.

Their Golden Wedding.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. William Hosier Barrett, who observed their golden wedding on Wednesday of this week. Mr. and Mrs. Barrett were married in Nantucket, October 22, 1891, by the Rev. Cyrus A. Roys, who was then pastor of the Unitarian church of this town.

Oct 22-1941

Nantucket.

Nantucket's little houses,
In their Quaker garb of grey,
Have shuttered down their eyelids
Against the winter spray;
While along her narrow highways
There are others bright and gay
Who will guard their sleeping neighbors
'Til springtime comes in May.

And just to make a contrast
(So nature has it planned)
The moors are spread with crimson
Cut by ribbon roads of sand—
And in their soft dun colors,
Upon this brilliant land,
'Tis hard indeed for deer to hide
'Til Jack Frost takes a hand.

Nantucket's little harbor lies
Tucked just beneath her feet,
Where slanting to a summer breeze
Sails out the Rainbow Fleet.
Her famous old Pacific Club
(A stove for central heat)
Is where in winter swapping yarns
Her captains like to meet.

A lane of rocks to shut it in,
Her harbor seems to be
Well locked from ocean's rolling
As it nestles in the sea,
And the musings of old-timers
Awake a memory
Of whalers that went off from there
For two years, sometimes three—

While wives upon their widows' walk
Paced up and down the floor
For signs of long-gone whale-ships
Tilting homeward toward the shore.
How they gathered up their hoop-skirts
As down the house they tore
To greet some brave old mariner
Before he reached the door!

When windows feather up with snow
She wears a sparkling crown,
As icicles form everywhere
To trim Dame Nature's gown,
'Til March with "lion's tooth for cold"*
Relents for April's frown—
Then Spring will not be far behind
To greet this famous town.

Mary Bowditch Forbes.
Milton, Mass.

*This expression often used by Elma Folger.

Nantucket and The Boston Tea Party.

John G. Locke, of Nantucket, writing from his winter home in San Diego, Cal., to the "Union" of that city, says:

Some days ago in your "Scrapbook of Knowledge" feature, the question was asked "what were the names of the ships bringing the tea from England?"

This question was interesting to me as I own a chair which was brought from England by my great-great-grandfather on the tea ship Beaver, of which he was captain, in 1773. His name was Hezekiah Coffin.

This chair has been handed down through the several generations in my family to me.

Another interesting chapter is that I own a "share" in the brick building erected on Nantucket island, Mass., in 1772 (and now known as the Pacific Club building) from which were dispatched by William Rotch, a leading whale oil merchant, the fully-loaded whaleships, Dartmouth, Beaver and Eleanor, consigned to London. After unloading the whale oil, these ships were chartered by the East India company to convey cargoes of tea to Boston.

After calling at Nantucket and being cleared by the authorities there, the ships sailed for Boston where great excitement prevailed because of the tax on tea.

On the night of December 16, 1773, a party of men disguised as Indians boarded the ships and threw the tea overboard. That event is known in history as the "Boston Tea Party".

Apropos The Present.

A subscriber hands us the following, clipped from a Nova Scotia paper. To those who appreciate "John Batiste", the poem will bring a chuckle.

FARME TRUBBLE.
by Batiste.

I'm pore frenchman dat live on farme,
An don't go fur from de hous an barne.
Mi french an inglish git mix up so
I can't tel miself how much i kno.
But sumtam i git so darne disgus
At de ting i se i haf to cuss.

Now tak de rode mi farme run bi,
Why don't dey fix it? I aix you why.
Dey nevur tuch it, jes lef it be,
An spen mi tax monie on dose CCC.
Al dey do i rede is fix sum parke,
Whar de boy an gurl can set an sparke.

Dey preten to wurk 8 hour a dae,
I spec 'bout same lak de W. P. A.
Me, i wurk lak cuss to make end mete,
An bi de bread mi chillen ete.
Mi wife wurk too, mos broke hur bak,
But all de tam mi wallet she's flat.

I ax one feller dat wurk dose job,
To cum help me for cut sum log.
I se rite off dat i mak mistake,
'Cause he luk at me lak i'me haf bake.
He sez i'me wurkin now for Uncle Sam
Yu bettur luk' 'roun for anudder man.
'Cause he pae me wel for whot i do,
So whots de use of wurk for yu.

I aint worry now for job to luk,
So long mi name is on his book.
Dat line of tock he giv soun goode,
But don't help me out to cut mi woode.

De tam is change in de las ten yere,
Since dat Nu Dele stuf is cum up here.
A poor man den wuz glad to wurk,
An he wurk 6 day an nevur shurk.
He's to proud to ax fur toun relefe,
Or liv on government lard an befe.
But now his vote is al he nede
To kepe his job an bi his fede.

I rede dat 1 man out of 9,
Draw government pay al de time.
Dat mene dat 8 men jus lak me,
Pay sum slick gent a good salrie.

No wonder mi farme tax she so hi,
An a tax on everything i bi.
De guy dat sed "abundant life",
Must jes of ment abundant strife.

Anudder ting dat git mi gote,
Is de gent we fede dat nevur vote.
It's dose foregn fellur from cros de see
Dat come ovur here to liv on me.
If i hav mi way i'le sen everyone
Bak to de plac frum whar he cum.

Yu tink i go to sum udder lan
Dey rush rite up to shook mi han,
An giv me job wid government pae?
De answer is "Lak hel yu sae".
So sen dem home an shut de dore,
Which mene don't cum back no more.

Dis yere i haf to sel mi cow
To pae mi tax, i see dat now.
Den after dat my farme she go
Bak to de toun for tax i owe.
I'm in de rode widout no mon
For tax i payed an de wurk i don.

Nex after dat if i aint turn thefe,
I'm jes one more on toun relefe.
An a lot more farmur dats jes lak me,
So i ax miself whot de end she be.
Whars de monie cum frum to furnish pae
When we al wurk on de W. P. A.?

Dec. 21-1940

Dewey Caught a Whopper.

Dewey Sandsbury is "high hook" for this season so far as landing big fish goes. On Friday afternoon week Dewey cast off from Surfside and felt a big tug on his line. He knew he did not have a minnow and said it felt like a whale. After about fifteen minutes struggling he succeeded in pulling the big bass onto the beach. It tipped the scales at 39¼ pounds.

Although Dewey's bass was unquestionably the largest landed at Nantucket in recent years, it was not the largest reported along the coast, as the Boston Herald of last Saturday recorded that John Whitman of Boston, fishing off Race Point, landed a bass that tipped the scales at 52 pounds.

Oct. 25-1941

September 25 Year 1940.

Death of Mrs. Kenneth Taylor.

It is with a feeling of genuine sadness that we record the passing of Mary McCollum Taylor, wife of Kenneth L. Taylor of Nantucket, who succumbed at the Phillips House in Boston, Wednesday afternoon, to which she had been taken by ambulance earlier in the week in order to be near a specialist.

Stricken two scant months ago, with what proved to be an incurable malady, Mrs. Taylor had been under constant care of physicians and nurses and received all the attention and comfort that the Nantucket Hospital could provide. Her husband, unceasing in his tender care and providing everything that medical skill and money could secure, had steeled himself for the inevitable, and to him goes out the deep sympathy of the community in his great loss.

"Molly" Taylor, as she was well-known throughout the community, was of a cheerful, sunny disposition and made friends easily. Once made, she retained friendships and took keen delight in helping others. Always interested in any movement for the interests of Nantucket and for the welfare of its people, she gave her energies, her counsel and her strength —yea, and her means—in furthering a worthy cause.

The deceased was born in Milburn, N. J., February 1, 1890, the daughter of William W. and Catherine (Day) McCollum. She was educated in the schools of Short Hills, N. J., and graduated from Dana Hall, Wellesley, Mass., in 1910.

Mr. and Mrs. Taylor first came to Nantucket in the summer of 1918, stopping at the Sea Cliff hotel. At that time they made a trip up to Wauwinet on the Lillian and were so entranced with the place that they made it their summer home each year until 1930.

That year they constructed their attractive home on Union street, which they named "The Patch" and it is there they have resided the greater part of each year, with the latch-string always out and genial hospitality within.

It was through the interests of Mr. and Mrs. Taylor that Wauwinet developed into the popular place it is today. Mrs. Taylor, through her personal interest in things historic, became a valued member of the council of the Nantucket Historical Association. In various other ways she has given her help in community affairs and her presence will be missed.

The remains were brought to Nantucket for interment yesterday (Friday) afternoon. Services were held in the Episcopal church after the arrival of the boat, conducted by the Rev. William E. Gardner.

Interment was in the family lot in Prospect Hill cemetery. The honorary pall-bearers were Everett U. Crosby, Allen Backus, Ralph Dunham, Frank E. Congdon and Henry B. Coleman.

Story of The Packet "Caroline" of Long Ago.

From the Hyannis Patriot.

Packets sailed between Hyannis and Nantucket a century ago, carrying mail, passengers and freight. The railroad had not yet reached Woods Hole, and steamships were then unknown. One of the first of the packets sailing on regular schedule was the small sloop Caroline, of which James Scudder of Hyannis was both master and owner. For his crew he had his two young sons, James and Ebenezer. The Caroline sailed out of Nantucket on February 24th, 1829, for her return trip to the mainland, carrying the mail, some cargo, and five passengers: Crocker and Freeman Marchant of Barnstable, Capt. Swain of Nantucket, Loring Howes of Dennis, and a Mr. Brooks of Scituate. She left the island at 12.30 noon.

Snow began falling about 2 o'clock that February afternoon, and Captain Scudder found the going bad. The trip across the sound is a bare two-score miles, however, and he kept the little sloop on her course. When he picked up a buoy he felt better, for he knew—or thought he knew—he was off the Southwest ground, outside Hyannis harbor. So he altered his course accordingly. But the buoy wasn't the Southwest ground marker.

Beating against the northeaster, Captain Scudder had mistaken a buoy off Cotuit for the one he regularly picked up. Soon the Caroline struck and, the tide ebbing, she flopped over on her keel. She was outside the mouth of Cotuit harbor. All aboard got off safely in the small boat, and landed on Sampson's Island, which is a small island, really an extension of Dead Neck, which runs along the Sound side of what is now Oyster Harbors. It was dark, and the little party, still a considerable distance from human habitation, could only huddle miserably together until daylight came. The thermometer dropped, the wind and snow howled around them, and when Saturday came the party still could make out no land to which they dared venture in the small boat. About 3.00 o'clock Saturday afternoon the storm abated, and they saw, not far offshore, another vessel aground. She was the ship Golden Hunter, of Wellfleet.

As they roused themselves to get into the smallboat and row to the Golden Hunter, one of the group failed to respond. He was Ebenezer Scudder, aged thirteen, the Captain's youngest son. In that awful 24 hours on Sampson's he had died of exposure. They left his body on the island, and made their way the short distance to the Wellfleet vessel.

Inside her cabin they found warmth and food. But it was too late for James Scudder, aged 20, Captain Scudder's other son. He died in the cabin of the Golden Hunter. The remainder of the band, Captain Scudder and his five passengers, remained in the haven of the warm cabin until Sunday. A high tide that morning floated the Golden Hunter, and she landed the suffering band in Cotuit. All survived their experience with no ill results save, of course, the previously mentioned Scudder boys.

When Captain Scudder had abandoned the Caroline, he remembered to tie the sacks of mail high in her rigging, although he had forgotten $2,000 in currency he was carrying in the cabin. When the storm had passed he secured a boat and with a party went out to look at the grounded vessel. Although heeled over, she was in good condition. Both mail and money were in good condition. But Captain Scudder sailed the Nantucket run no more.

Death of Miss Bodfish.

Miss Annie W. Bodfish passed away on Friday last at the age of eighty-seven. She had resided at the Old People's Home on Main street for a number of years, where she passed her declining years in comfort and contentment.

Many there are who will look back through the years with a feeling of respect and appreciation combined when they recall Miss Bodfish as their teacher and a woman who sought to instill into young minds during the formative years the precepts of good citizenship and loyalty as well as the tenets of education.

She taught in the Nantucket schools for a period of thirty-seven years. In 1877 she first became a member of the faculty, when she taught the primary grades. Two years later she was offered a position in the High School and as assistant to the principals she served there continuously until 1914, when failing health caused her to resign.

Miss Bodfish was the daughter of Joseph O. Bodfish, who lived on Union street. After completing her education, she taught school for a while on the mainland and at the age of twenty-four accepted a position in the island schools. For thirty-four years thereafter she gave the best that was in her for the education of the boys and girls of Nantucket, and when she retired she carried with her the well wishes of thousands of her former pupils.

The deceased was keenly interested in Nantucket history and was a valued member of the Nantucket Historical Association, serving several years as its secretary. After her health began to fail, she was obliged to curtail her activities and lived the remainder of her life in retirement.

Year 1940

Dec 27-1941

Death of Philip Murray, Sr.

Philip Murray, Sr., one of the highly respected residents of the south part of the town for more than half a century, passed away suddenly last Saturday afternoon at the Nantucket Hospital, where he had been a patient a few weeks. For a number of years Mr. Murray had been afflicted with diabetis, but his condition was not considered serious and he was intending to return to his home within a day or two when he suffered a sudden heart attack and succumbed.

The deceased was a native of the Azores and came to this country at the age of eleven and three years later came to Nantucket, making his home here ever since. During the summer months he was a familiar figure about town, driving his horse and surrey and being well-known among the summer visitors. In addition he followed farming on a small scale and for many years worked early and late caring for his horses and cows around his barn and lot at Consue.

Mr. Murray is survived by three sons—Philip Murray Jr., Frank E. Murray and Clinton H. Murray—and by three daughters—Miss Evelyn F. Murray, Mrs. Joseph J. Sylvia and Mrs. Franklin Chase. There are a number of grandchildren who also survive. He also leaves a brother, Manuel Santos, and a sister, Mrs. Rose Athaido, both residents of Nantucket.

Funeral services were held in St. Mary's Church, Monday morning. Interment was in the Catholic cemetery.

THIRTY YEARS AGO.

GYMNASIUM CLUB BOYS WHO RAN THANKSGIVING DAY RACE.

Front Row (left to right)—Harold Ryder (fifth), Frank Conway, John Mendonca, Arthur Collins (third), Edward Burgess, Maxwell Deacon (second), Adrain Gibbs (winner).

Second Row—Maurice Killen(fourth), Adolph Rohdin, Howard Chase, Norman Giffin, George Furber, Gordon Chase, Clifton Mayo, Coach Harvey.

Back Row—Forrest Thomas (second best time), Max Wagner (third best time), Alanson Swain, Robert Kittridge, Roger Wilkes (winner, best time).

The race was run Thursday, Nov. 24, 1910. Starting on Broad street, at Pease's stable, the route was up to Centre, thence south to Main, along Orange street to "Our Island Home," where the runners turned and retraced their steps to Consue, where they ran along Union street, across Main to South Water, and back to the starting line. The first ten runners to finish and their times were as follows:

Runner	*Elapsed Time*	*Handicap*	*Corrected Time*
1—Adrain Gibbs	17:33	3 min.	14:33
2—Maxwell Deacon	16:03	2 min.	14:03
3—Arthur Collins	16:07	2 min.	14:07
4—Maurice Killen	16:11	2 min.	14:11
6—Harold Ryder	15:18	1 min. 30 sec.	13:48
6—Clifton Mayo	15:20	1 min. 30 sec.	13:50
7—John Mendonca	16:77	2 min.	14:27
8—Forrest Thomas	14:58	1 min. 15 sec.	13:43
9—Max Wagner	14:59	1 min. 15 sec.	13:44
10—Robert Kittridge	16:05	1 min. 45 sec.	14:20

Roger Wilkes, winner of the time prize, started from scratch and had an elapsed time of 13 minutes, 11 seconds. The distance, about 2 miles.

Thirty years have passed since the boys participated in the second annual Thanksgiving Day Race, but most of them are still "on deck" here in Nantucket. Taking them, row by row, they are now engaged in the following business careers: Harold ("Doc") Ryder is now the proprietor of Ryder's Market, on Orange street; Frank Conway is a painter and resides on Milk street; John Mendonca is a professor of languages at Columbia University; Arthur Collins is a plumber and lives on Charter street; Edward Burgess is employed in Boston; Maxwell Deacon has been a member of the Nantucket Post Office staff for many years; Adrain Gibbs is a mason and is a resident of Milk street; Maurice Killen is now one of the Killen Bros. company; Adolph Rohdin is a Boatswain in charge of a Coast Guard station; Howard Chase is the proprietor of the Chase Lumber Company, lower Orange street; Norman Giffin is employed by the Steamboat Company; George Furber lives in New Bedford and is an employee of the New England Tel. and Tel.; Clifton Mayo is a fisherman and resides at Nantucket; Forrest Thomas is employed by the New York Telephone Company and lives in Brooklyn; Max Wagner conducts an insurance company in Boston; Alanson Swain is an employee of the New York Post Office system; Robert Kittridge worked in the baggage room of the South Station, Boston, at last reports; Roger Wilkes died in Baltimore a few years ago.

Taken from Mirror of November 1940

Sept 7th 1940

Water Spout Appeared East of Nantucket Island.

Last Saturday morning, about 11.30 o'clock, hundreds of people were treated to the unusual sight of a water spout about six miles east of the island—a phenomenon rarely seen in this section of the coast, although of frequent occurrence in tropical waters.

Coast Guards at Coskata station were the first to sight the water spout, which the look-out reported about five or six miles from the station in a southeasterly direction. It remained in sight for fully five minutes, coming down from the clouds from a great height until it sucked up a column of water from the ocean, which joined it in a tremendous column of whirling water, estimated at least half a mile in height. No vessels were noticed in the vicinity when the phenomenon occurred.

The water spout was clearly visible from vantage points along the water front, and those assembled on Steamboat wharf as the steamer was docking saw the spout towering up above the east end of the island. Others who happened to be on Mill Hill or the Cliff had an excellent view of the unusual event, as did those who were at 'Sconset and Wauwinet.

* * * * *

Local Weather Bureau's Notes on the Waterspout.

A waterspout was observed off Nantucket on the 7th. The funnel cloud was observed northeast of the Weather Bureau station at 10.45 a. m., E. S. T. This cloud formed on the under side of a large cumulo-nimbus cloud, commonly known as a thunderhead, and slowly dropped to the water, reaching the surface at 10.53 a. m., east-northeast of the station. The waterspout dissipated at 10.59 a. m.

The water in a waterspout is all fresh and caused by condensation except for some salt water in the six to ten feet near the surface. Occasionally spray is carried up higher in the center when the spout is well developed. This particular waterspout was caused by the over-running of a layer of warm air near the surface of the ocean by a very cold layer aloft. Similar conditions on land produce tornadoes.

J. B. Underwood.

* * * * *

It is forty-four years since a water spout was seen in this vicinity before, and some of us can well recall the event of August 19, 1896, when an unusual atmospheric condition appeared in the sound almost directly north of the island, with a sudden pall of semi-darkness hovering over the vicinity of the north bluff. The following record was made of the water spout of 1896:

On Wednesday, the 19th of August, 1896, a water spout appeared in Nantucket sound, between Oak Bluffs and Cross Rip lightship. It accompanied an ordinary thunderstorm, which was not very pronounced on Nantucket but quite severe on the Vineyard. The water spout first appeared at 12.40 p. m., when a tongue shot down from a dense black cloud, rising and falling a number of times, when a second tongue seemed to leap up out of the water and joined that hanging down from the cloud.

Twice the water spout parted, but joined together again almost instantly, the phenomenon continuing in plain sight of residents of Nantucket and Marthas Vineyard for nearly half an hour, enabling a number of photographs to be taken. The spout apparently had no side motion and was surrounded by a flat calm.

Sea captains who had witnessed water spouts in other oceans, where they are a frequent occurrence, stated that the one which appeared in Nantucket sound at this time was the most pronounced of any they had ever seen. Its presence caused no marine disaster, although a small schooner and a catboat were becalmed within a mile of its base.

* * * * *

On the second page of this issue we are presenting a picture of the water spout which appeared forty-four years ago. Although a number of snap-shots were made of the spout which appeared last Saturday, none was taken near enough for a satisfactory reproduction.

The Passing of Donald Gray.

Editor of *The Inquirer and Mirror*:

Donald Cameron Gray, a native and ardent admirer of Nantucket, passed away last week. Although well-known to many Nantucket people, he had not visited the island since the death of his sister, Mrs. Stella Orpin, some years ago. Until then he had spent his vacation in Nantucket every spring. He died very suddenly of a heart attack Wednesday night, January 15, in Boston, where he had made his home for many years.

Although Mr. Gray left no survivors, he considered my family as his own. I had been his closest friend almost ever since he left Nantucket to take up his work in Boston in 1895. It was in March, 1897, when I went to work for the old drug concern of Theodore Metcalf at 39 Tremont street, that I met Mr. Gray, who was already employed there.

Our strong and lasting friendship started then, and when I opened my first store in October, 1898, I employed him as a clerk. He was intimately associated with me in my business and my home.

In September, 1920, my business was incorporated, and Mr. Gray was Vice President, an office which he held until his death. He was an excellent chemist and made himself invaluable to me, not only as a business associate but as a loyal friend.

Mr. Gray left a host of grieving friends, for his acts of kindness to people who were in need of assistance of any kind were many and sincere. So friendly and helpful was he to all who worked under him that he has left a score of employees who are deeply sorrowful over his loss.

He had made himself such a vital part of the Back Bay of Boston that almost everybody in that district knew him, and his funeral services were attended by doctors and other customers and many close friends as well as employees. Two who were quite intimately associated with Mr. Gray were Judge Harold P. Williams and Judge Davis Baker Keniston. Both judges were present at the services.

The five stores of Chester A. Baker, Inc., were closed that all might pay their last respects at the funeral services, which were held at three o'clock on Friday afternoon in the Waterman Chapel on Commonwealth Avenue. The floral tributes were many and magnificent, one beautiful wreath coming from Division 16 of the Boston Police Department, the station which covers the area where Mr. Gray lived and worked.

Mr. Gray's body will be sent to Nantucket for burial in the spring.

Yours very truly,

Chester A. Baker.

Boston, January 21. - 1941

Linking the Islands of Nantucket and Key West, Florida.

Just why we happened to take a trip down to the southernmost tip of the United States we do not quite know. Possibly it was because we are not one of the "Florida enthusiasts," who seem to think it the only part of the country worth visiting—that is, aside from Nantucket.

Having seen America first and having glimpsed the wonders of the Canadian Rockies and the delights of all the National Parks, we determined to jump off from the tip of the Florida peninsula and see what has been done with the miles of "keys" or little islands stretching out many miles into the ocean—out to the little city of Key West.

It was there we stood on the southern-most tip of the United States and looked across an expanse of ninety miles towards Cuba. Years ago Henry M. Flagler started the development of Florida and built a series of fine hotels from Jacksonville down. He saw great possibilities of the peninsula as a resort, so he had built the railroad line, extending it all the way down to Key West. It was a wonderful undertaking, building a railroad line from "key to key," and it was fraught with many disappointments in carrying along the construction of a railroad over many miles of open water.

Flagler was taken sick and his life despaired of. But the venture was nearing its climax and he prayed to God that he might be spared long enough to see the first train run into Key West. His reserve strength came with an answer to his prayer and when Flagler himself stepped from the train when it reached Key West the first time he received a wonderful ovation.

"Success," he said. "I am satisfied. Key West is now linked to the rest of the United States."

A few weeks later Henry M. Flagler passed to his reward, but his memory is fondly cherished by all those who take pride in Florida of today—artificial to a large extent and revealing the work of man far more than the work of nature.

Henry M. Flagler's railroad is no more, but the remains of the line are still to be seen across the "keys" in many places. A severe storm some seventeen or eighteen years ago damaged the railroad line beyond repair, and many a life was lost when the sea swept across the "keys." For a time Key West was again cut off from the States, without any railroad service. But now a fine motor road links it with the Florida peninsula—a highway about 180 miles long, which st[illegible]es down from the city of [illegible].

[illegible]e of the road passes over the [illegible] route as the railroad—a marvel[illegible]ngineering feat, as it meant the [illegible]ning of miles of water and linking [illegible]' with "key." There are over 40 [illegible]ges to cross—one of which is seven [illegible]s long and without a curve. If reader can imagine a modern [illegible]way built on a bridge running all way up Nantucket harbor to Wau[illegible]et perhaps he can visualize what [illegible]stretch of water one of the forty [illegible]dges covers in reaching out from Florida to Key West. The motor highway from Miami to Key West could not be duplicated for $50,000,000, it is claimed, and when one considers what a wonderful engineering feat it was, the fifty millions does not seem such a large figure after all.

But there was another reason for making the trip to Key West other than to stand on the southern-most tip of the United States. We knew that Key West is an island—as is Nantucket. It is also a resort, depending upon visitors and tourists for its livelihood, just as Nantucket does. Only the seasons are different, and in drawing comparisons we found much of interest.

Key West was once a city of 25,000 population and the wealthiest per capita in the United States. Now it has shrunk to about 12,000 and is considered one of the poorest. In its heyday Key West was a hustling, bustling place. Its cigar factories employed thousands of hands. No one thought its cigar business would vanish, but it did—just as Nantucket saw its whaling business vanish never to return.

The people in Key West realize full well that they are entirely dependent upon the patronage of visitors and tourists. So do the people of Nantucket. The people in Key West think the tide has turned—that prosperity will come back to the little island, a scant four miles long and one and a half miles wide.

There is still another reason for our interest in Key West. Its isolation makes it dependent on its own gas plant. There is no natural gas, of course, and no possibility of piping gas down from Miami. Key West manufactures its own gas—just as does Nantucket. And the rates are even higher in Key West than in Nantucket. But the people are happy to have gas to cook with and even to light the beacon in the lighthouse, whenever the electric current fails—as it is liable to do when heavy storms sweep across the keys.

Years ago, when Key West was the busy community of 25,000 people, a Nantucket man came down here and took charge of the promotion of the gas-works. Few people know this, but close questioning here brings out the information: "Yes, they say it was a New Englander who did the job—a fellow named Macy."

And he came from Nantucket! His name was Thomas Gardner Macy. How many who read this knew that Nantucket and Key West were thus linked together? There is another bit of Nantucket atmosphere also.

More anon.

H. B. T.

Key West, Florida.
October 5, 1940.

WHEN WAR WAS DECLARED.

The above snap-shot was taken in April, 1917. Everybody is hoping that April, 1941, will not bring out a similar poster. Posing beside the startling announcment are pictured Charles Warren Austin, a staunch Republican, and William Holland, an equally staunch Democrat.

More Births Than Deaths on Nantucket Since 1930.

The record of births, marriages and deaths, taken from the Town Clerk's records for 1940, will be found on the fifth page of this issue. These statistics are always of interest to our readers and a comparison of the records for the past decade reveals some interesting facts. For instance, the year 1931 brought the largest number of deaths of any year—104. Of this total, however, 29 were of people who died off the island and were brought here for interment.

The years 1930 and 1931 showed the largest number of births, 75 being recorded each year. The years 1933, 1938 and 1940 show the smallest number of births, 55 being recorded each year.

The largest number of marriages in any one year was 45 in 1934 and the smallest number was in 1933, when only 28 were recorded.

The record of births, marriages and deaths from 1930 to 1940 inclusive follows:

1930		1931	
Births	75	Births	75
Marriages	37	Marriages	40
Deaths	77	Deaths	104
1932		1933	
Births	73	Births	55
Marriages	38	Marriages	28
Deaths	88	Deaths	68
1934		1935	
Births	67	Births	57
Marriages	45	Marriages	32
Deaths	73	Deaths	79
1936		1937	
Births	68	Births	57
Marriages	36	Marriages	32
Deaths	85	Deaths	76
1938		1939	
Births	55	Births	43
Marriages	36	Marriages	35
Deaths	72	Deaths	74
1940		Total since 1930	
Births	55	Births	691
Marriages	38	Marriages	397
Deaths	79	*Deaths	875

*Note—In connection with the large number of deaths recorded, it should be stated that out of the total of 875 recorded from 1930 to 1940, inclusive, 220 occurred off-island and the remains were brought to Nantucket for interment. This means that 655 deaths actually occurred on the island during that period, against 691 births—more births than deaths. Comparisons are also of interest, are they not?

year 1940

Silver Weddings in Prospect.

Among other silver weddings to be observed this year on Nantucket are the following:

June 5—Mr. and Mrs. Preston Swain (Gladys Chadwick).

July 25—Mr. and Mrs. William King (Eliza McCleave).

September 29—Mr. and Mrs. Orin K. Coffin (Ragnhild Haagensen).

October 18—Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Murray (Frances Brown).

November 15—Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Olney Dunham (Lalla Katrin Victoria Kjellgren).

November 25—Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Coffin Wood (Edna B. Smith).

December 25—Mr. and Mrs. William Cartwright Brock (Bessie Eastman Cook).

Although not residing on the island at present, the following might well be added to the list:

June 9—Mr. and Mrs. David Ambrose O'Malley (Pauline Killen).

July 11—Mr. and Mrs. Alpheus Folger (Hazel Cobb).

October 27—Mr. and Mrs. Albert Putz (Nina Riddell).

December 29—Mr. and Mrs. Carl Blaisdell Urann (Julia Macy Wagner).

March 25th 1941

Dwelling Damaged by Fire.

Shortly after eleven o'clock, Tuesday morning, the fire horn gave notice that apparatus had been summoned to the vicinity of Box 43 on Union street. Two pumpers and the ladder truck were soon at the scene, where a lively blaze was discovered in the residence of Mrs. Anthony F. Miller, and when the department arrived large quantities of smoke were issuing through the shingles on the southeast corner and the roof.

Prompt work on the part of the firemen undoubtedly checked the further spread of the blaze. The fire was discovered to be between the walls and the floors on the southeast side. After the location had been quickly determined, the department's workers cut into the walls and within 20 minutes time had the fire subdued.

It is determined that the blaze was caused by defective wiring and originated in the cellar wall. Damage was estimated at about $700. It was noticeable that members of the department aided in the removal of furniture, curtains, etc., to prevent even more extensive damage.

GYMNASIUM CLUB

Front Row (left t
Mendonca, Arthur Coll
ond), Adrain Gibbs (w

Second Row—Mau
Norman Giffin, George

Back Row—Forrest
time), Alanson Swain,

The race was run
Pease's stable, the rout
street to "Our Island
steps to Consue, wher
Water, and back to the
times were as follows:

Runner
1—Adrain Gibbs
2—Maxwell Deacon
3—Arthur Collins
4—Maurice Killen
6—Harold Ryder
6—Clifton Mayo
7—John Mendonca
8—Forrest Thomas
9—Max Wagner
10—Robert Kittridge

Roger Wilkes, wi
an elapsed time o

Thirty years have
Thanksgiving Day Ra
tucket. Taking them,
business careers: Har
Market, on Orange str
street; John Mendonca
Arthur Collins is a plu
employed in Boston; M
Post Office staff for ma
Milk street; Maurice
Rohdin is a Boatswai
the proprietor of the
Giffin is employed by
Bedford and is an em
is a fisherman and re
New York Telephone
an insurance company
York Post Office syste
South Station, Boston
years ago. Taken

The "Wharf Rats" Complete A Quarter-Century.

Nantucket is a community with a quantity of clubs and fraternal organizations, and many of them have observed special anniversaries at one time or another. As a general rule, these anniversaries call for celebrations, most of which are attended by considerable ceremony.

It is unusual, therefore, to find an organization so well known as that of the Wharf Rat Club completing an anniversary without some form of celebration. It was just a quarter-century ago that the group of men founding this unique Club decided to launch it. In the small building of Charles G. Coffin, father of the present Commodore, down on Old North Wharf, the Club took upon itself to establish a headquarters and, like true waterfront "rats," it was natural that it should locate in a building which belonged to someone else.

And so it came into being, most unpretentiously. During the quarter-century since that time it has continued to follow the pattern set by those founders. Many types of men have joined the "crew"—fishermen and bankers; merchants and sailors, playwrights and carpenters; mechanics and actors; greenhorns and old salts; old men and young men; even feminine members. Its crew-list runs the gamut from the President of the United States, who holds the tremendous job of guiding the destinies of this great nation, to a humble island fisherman, who is faced with the serious task of providing a living for himself and his family.

It was typical of the Club that no fanfare announced its 25 years of existance. There is no Club routine; no meetings of the board of directors; no assessments and no dues are required.

There are 175 regular members of the Wharf Rat Club, but its waiting list numbers thrice that number. No one knows who decided that the total membership should not exceed 175—but the unwritten rule has been adhered to without exception. A board of directors, comprising four Nantucketers and three "strangers," is the unit which decides whether or not a prospect should be invited to membership. Whenever the group happen to be together, the name is brought up and admission usually follows. Nevertheless, the waiting list grows and only by death does one cease to become a member and so leave a vacant chair in the abstract.

* * * * *

As has been already noted, the Wharf Rat Club is yet further unique in that it owns no clubroom in its own right. True enough, the little business establishment on Old North Wharf operated by "Perry & Coffin" was utilized by the Club as the meeting place for its members. The store offers a wide assortment of boatmen's and sportsmen's supplies (selling by mail or in person) but there are as many Wharf Rat mementoes, keepsakes, pictures, etc., taking up space in the shop as there are the variety of goods on the counters and in the cases.

Nothing concerning the Club would be worth reading without something about its Commodore Herbert Hunter Coffin—that particular genius around whom the past, present and future of the Club revolves. It was not so long ago that Commodore Coffin was on the ways for repairs, but now he is back in his accustomed place, looking as fit as ever.

A few years back, Austin Strong, the playwright, presented the Commodore with a rosewood gavel, as an emblem of his undeclared authority. The gavel rests secure in the logbook case; it is never used to open or close meetings—because sessions of the Wharf Rats are never started nor stopped, but are merely a promulgation. However, it is a nice keepsake, this gavel. It means a good deal in a manner of speaking that needs no oral utterance, no declaration of the esteem in which the Commodore is held. It is a sceptre and a standard, carved into one.

The Commodore also keeps a daily log, noting weather, Club happenings, and some of the members who have dropped in during the day. Events of more than ordinary interest are also carefully set down; for instance, when President Roosevelt came into the harbor and was elected to membership; or when Charlie Selden returned to his Nantucket home after years in London; also, such wharf events as when a well known playwright fell into the dock.

* * * * *

There is a Wharf Rat flag, too, that attracts considerable attention during the summer months. In reality, it is a pennant, which has a white rat and a white star on a blue field. The white rat sits on his haunches, wears a high hat, smokes a clay pipe and sports a cane. Whether intentional or not, the designer allows the impression that the rat is aloof from its fellows.

But there is a wooden sign in the Old North Wharf clubroom that reads: "No seats reserved for the mighty." It is a kind of motto—and it means what it says!

Equality in the eyes of its members is no empty gesture. A digger of quahaugs and a Wall Street financier are members with the same privileges, the same welcome, the same right of debate.

* * * * *

Life in the summer is always quite moving. Actually, it flows in and out of the Club's doors, for it is during the summer that most of its members are on hand each day. Island boatmen, fishermen and white-collar workers; summer yachtsmen, vacationists and week-enders—all pass this way some time during the summer hours.

Outside, on the wooden planking of the wharf, the members recline in canvas or wooden chairs, watching the seasonal life ebb and flow through the dock in front. The arrivals of the steamers are watched carefully. Whenever a member arrives, a little cannon is unlimbered and a salute fired by the Commodore. Habitués of the waterfront have been accustomed to the sound of that cannon. "There comes another Rat!" one will exclaim, and will hardly notice if a green newcomer looks a bit alarmed at the remark.

* * * * *

Fall and winter and spring find the members gathered about the good old stove. Here the heart of the Club is revived with alternating temperatures from that stove. The glow of a chestnut coal fire will revive many an old story; the rattle of door or damper will inspire many an old joke; and, if frost and cold demand some hardihood in venturing forth, old memories will thaw out with the member soon after he arrives.

* * * * *

Each morning is typical at the Club; yet every day finds some change. For instance, take a morning early this week. A wet, dark morning, with every indication that a nor'wester was brewing. Commodore Coffin starts his fire with customary ritual and soon has the night's damp winging away.

A car rattles up to the door and a young man appears: "Want a pair of gloves," he states. "That last pair I got here wore out 'n less than a week."

"Good," chirps the Commodore, handing over a similar pair. "Here's some just like 'em—the quicker they wear out, the more you'll buy."

The purchase is made without further comment on that score.

"Where you headin' this morning?" inquires the Commodore.

"I dunno," was the reply. "Might take a look at 'Sachacha. Got some whistlers there yesterday."

"Seen any geese yet?"

"Nope—nothing bigger than a red leg."

No sooner has the sportsman departed when a young fisherman comes in. "Got any rubber pants?" he inquires.

"Let's see—I think I have." He goes into the next room and reappears with the pants. "Here, try 'em on. I don't keep many on hand; they cost a lot."

"Aye," said the young fisherman, trying them on, "but they're worth it." A few tugs.."Just a fit—how much?"

The transaction is completed within the second: "Be back some time." And the ready reply: "All right; I guess I won't have the Sheriff after you."

* * * * *

One by one, several of the old charter members come down, and are soon joined by those who have signed on comparatively recently.

One of the features of the room is that no two chairs are alike—but they are all comfortable. Arrivals drop into the handiest one, for all are within range of the stove's warmth.

"Nice and warm in here," remarks a younger member.

"Well, if it isn't there'll be enough hot air before long to do the trick." The Commodore surveyed the circle with his infectious grin.

"Last night at No. 4's it was plenty hot," spoke up another. "I'll swear it was 90 there. When I came there I hollered 'What've you got it so goshdinged hot for?' and Larry hollers back, 'If you don't like it go on back outside—it's cold enough out there'."

"Say, how old is No. 4's, anyway?" asked a greenhorn.

"Let me see," mused the Commodore, "I should say it was started in the early 1870's."

"Wasn't that when the first steam fire-engines came to the island?" queried the greenhorn.

"Oh, no—steam fire-engines came much later. First one arrived here in 1896, the same year the 'opening' up harbor broke through."

"That was the year of the Portland storm, wasn't it?" piped up a young member.

"Oh, no," replied the Commodore; "the Portland storm was in '98."

A fisherman looked out the window: "Al's putting in his new motor, eh?"

"Aye," replied another, "he's taking his time, but it'll be done right when he gets through."

* * * * *

And so it went on, throughout the morning. Weighty arguments concerning the mosquito control work on Coatue; the value of work done by certain town officials; the prospects of the winter; propagation of shellfish, with especial emphasis on old conditions in the harbor and modern seed planting.

Conversation drifted from town affairs to British victories in Egypt. A lull every now and then was succeeded by friendly quips and the inevitable reminiscence. Commodore Coffin puffed at his pipe (which is of remarkable construction) and followed the remarks keenly; an arbiter one minute, an oracle the next.

So long as the hallowed length of Old North holds secure there can be little doubt in the continued reign of the Wharf Rats. Be it summer or winter, fall or spring, no day passes without the throwing back of the door in the morning and the hearty greeting. Formality never dedicated the opening of the quarter-century of its existence; and it is duly prayed that it will be a distant day, indeed, that will even witness its adjournment.

March 23-1941

Fire on The Commons.

A serious brush fire swept across the region between Maddequecham and the Tom Nevers road, Sunday afternoon, and a large force of men, under the direction of the fire department's officers, worked until 6:00 o'clock before the blaze was stopped.

The first appearance of smoke was noted at 'Sconset and the village department's piece of apparatus went over to the scene. Deputy Chief Folger noted immediately that the fire was in reality in three sections, and returned to the village and telephoned headquarters in town. Assistant Chief Archie Cartwright went out with one of the pieces of apparatus from the Central Fire Station. Chief Blair, upon visiting the scene, was of the opinion that the blaze was of incendiary origin,

Due to the high wind and the dry condition of the brush and scrub oak bushes, the fire burned over an extensive area. A number of cars visited the scene and many of the visitors watched regretfully the damage created by the crackling blaze.

It was obvious to those first arriving on the scene that the fire was burning in three sections, each so separated as to preclude the possibility of resetting from sparks. It was therefore concluded that the three fires had been started by a person or persons.

Now a First Lieutenant.

Lieut. John Larkin, of the Army Air Corps, flew home Sunday morning for a few hours' visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph M. Larkin. He made the flight from Bolling Field, Washington, in a twin-motored plane, accompanied by several mechanics. They left Washington at 7:15 and stopped at Windsor Locks, Ct., to take pictures, before continuing on to Nantucket, where the plane landed at 11 o'clock, the flight, including the Connecticut stop, taking but 3 3-4 hours. Lieut. Larkin on Saturday received his promotion to First Lieutenant. Nov 8-1941

Young Aviator Met Death in Harbor.

A fatal accident occurred in the upper harbor Thursday, just before the noon hour, when a young machinist named Hale, a member of a large Coast Guard plane's crew, was killed by one of the plane's propellers. His body fell into the water immediately and, despite a constant search since that time, has not been found.

The Coast Guard plane V-129 had landed in the harbor a short time before the accident, and was in the region abreast of Quaise Point. Details as to the accident have not yet been made public, but it is known that Hale, an aviation machinst's mate, 1st Class, had gone out to make some adjustment to one of the motors. It is believed he either lost his balance or was thrown by a sudden lurch of the plane—falling against the turning propeller of the other motor. Blood and other indications on the propeller blade and pontoon gave mute evidence that the man must have been instantly killed.

Lieut. Olsen, in charge of the plane, which is attached to the Salem Base, stated that he heard the splash of the falling man's body but that it did not reappear after immediately plunging below the surface. The officer then radioed to Coskata station, requesting aid and asking that a report be sent to headquarters. Warrant Officer Kinnecom, at Coskata, promptly put in a call to the Coskata crew, and the boat-house at Brant Point was utilized. Kinnecom drove down to the Coatue shore, nearby, with a dory in his truck, and a buoy was dropped at the scene.

Both the Coskata and Madaket crew members began dragging at once. Selectman Soverino, with Warden Hughes and Officer Howes, joined in the operations with his boat. A strong southwest breeze made the work a bit difficult. Other boats joined in, with trawls being used on Friday morning. Marine Warden Charles Grant also joined the small fleet on Friday.

Hale, who is said to have been but 27 years old, and recently married, met death about quarter to twelve on Thursday noon. The tide was then coming in, it being high tide at 1:00 p. m. Some fishermen believe the body may have been carried out around Brant Point, with the turn of the tide coming so soon after the accident.

From experiences of drowning accidents in the harbor, the currents are known to carry bodies into Polpis harbor at one side and to the entrance to the creeks to the southwest.

The amphibian plane took off some time later, winging back to Salem, but returned later in the afternoon. The big plane returned again on Friday, circling over various sections of the harbor and ranging along the jetties as well.

Famous Morse Portrait Sold by Atheneum.

Many islanders and summer visitors are familiar with the large portrait which, for many years, hung over the magazine section in the Nantucket Atheneum. It was a portrait of Professor Benjamin Silliman (1779-1864) of Yale, renowned American physicist, and it was painted by the famous Samuel F. B. Morse, inventor of the telegraph.

This week the Atheneum announced the sale of the portrait to an unknown purchaser, who, upon its acquisition, presented it to Yale University. The sale was arranged by William Harshe, of Chicago and New York, through the Babcock Galleries of New York. It is said that $3,000 was the amount paid. A panel has been especially designed for the canvas in Silliman Hall, a new building to be opened at Yale University in the fall.

The canvas, 56 by 44 inches, was painted by Morse in 1824. Considered a fine example of the work of the inventor as an artist, it shows Professor Silliman in a black coat standing behind a marble-top table as though delivering a lecture. His left hand rests on some books, while his right holds a piece of mineral. Various other minerals are scattered on the table, and a red curtain at the left, and East Rock in New Haven, at the right, form the background.

Prof. Silliman, a native of North Stratford, Conn., became associated with Yale in 1804. He traveled extensively to study physical sciences. In 1818 he founded "The American Journal of Science and Arts", which he edited for twenty years. It was Prof. Silliman and Jeremiah Day who first aroused the interest of Samuel F. B. Morse in science—an interest which eventually led to the invention of the telegraph. Morse, who was born in Charlestown, Mass., in 1791, graduated from Yale in 1810.

After his graduation, Morse determined to become an artist. From 1811 to 1815 he studied painting in England, and on his return to this country began his career as a portrait painter. His portrait of Prof. Silliman, painted in 1824, was done in the full maturity of his skill. In that same year he made New York his headquarters, and was one of the organizers of the National Academy of Design, serving as its first president.

It was while returning from Europe in 1832, that Morse conceived the idea of the telepgraph. Thereafter, as his absorption in science increased, his interest in art decreased.

In letters now owned by the Nantucket Atheneum, the Morse portrait was donated to the "Lyceum" by Prof. Silliman himself in July, 1847. Writing to William Mitchell, himself a well-known scientist and father of Maria Mitchell (then librarian), Prof. Silliman stated the portrait was considered a good likeness when painted in 1824, but that his family was not entirely pleased with it. In another letter, written in 1882 to Charles G. Coffin, Prof. Silliman asked for a loan of the portrait for a smaller copy.

June 1st 1940 NANTU

Opening of "Crosby Memorial" at Nantucket Hospital.

This week the building at the rear of the Nantucket Cottage Hospital, to be known as the "Crosby Memorial," was completed and presented to the Trustees by Everett Uberto Crosby. This occasion marks a great step in the growth of the Hospital for, through the kindness and generosity of Mr. Crosby, six fine private rooms have been added to the equipment of our local Hospital.

In presenting Crosby Memorial to the Hospital at the Trustees' meeting on Wednesday afternoon, Mr. Crosby read a memorial to his father, Uberto Crocker Crosby, to whose memory the building is dedicated. (This memorial will be found in the Hospital notes in another column.)

Dr. Joseph W. Cochran, the President of the Board of Trustees, accepted the gift on behalf of the Hospital, and at the same time presented to Mr. Crosby an engrossed copy of resolutions passed by the Board.

The Crosby Memorial, consisting of ten rooms, is situated on the hill at the rear of the Hospital. The six private rooms have been named in honor of past presidents of the Hospital, namely: Barney, Sharp, Minshall, Brock, Gardiner, and Taylor. The building is completely furnished and equipped in every detail and is an entity by itself, having its own kitchen, bath, and utility room, and yet is connected with the Hospital by a covered ramp leading to the second floor of the main building.

Three gas radiators and several electric radiators are available for use on cool days in the late spring and early fall.

The decorating and furnishing of the rooms was done under the direction and supervision of Mrs. Crosby, who deserves a large share of the credit for the excellence of the finished product. The Memorial is finished in pastels, no two rooms having the same color scheme, but all harmonizing to present a complete picture.

At the time of the presentation, Mr. Crosby read a list of the contractors employed in the construction of the building, which list may be of interest to our readers: Irvin M. Wyer, excavating and grading; Fletcher Ross, masonry; Seddon Legg, carpentering (William Bowen, foreman); Elmer Blanchard, painting; Augustus C. Lake, electrician; George M. Lake, plumbing; Voorneveld the Florist, landscape work; Dietrich Tete, interior decorating. The architects were Frank C. Baldwin and Alfred F. Shurrocks.

The Board of Trustees and the Women's Auxiliary were shown through the Memorial on Wednesday afternoon, and it was open to the general public on Memorial Day, when a large number of people availed themselves of the opportunity to visit the Hospital and its new addition. Everyone was enthused over the Crosby Memorial and its modern equipment—made possible through the generosity of a man who has nothing but delightful memories of his father—one who for so many years was actively interested in everything pertaining to Nantucket.

Veteran Island Skipper Dies

1941

Captain W. N. Adams Was Active Nantucket Master for 70 Years

Special to Standard-Times

NANTUCKET, July 7—Captain Wallace Nelson Adams, 90, owner of the fishing boat Minette and for 70 years active master of craft sailing from this island, died today in his home, 28 Union Street, after an illness of two years.

Captain Adams was well known to hundreds of Summer visitors through his work as a party-boat owner. For 60 years, he had carried thousands of Summer residents on sailing parties up the harbor, around the island, to Tuckernuck and Muskegat Islands.

Given by Playwright

The Minette was given to him by playwright Austin Strong, author of "Seventh Heaven," an island vacation resident who became well acquainted with the Captain.

He and his father, the late Alden H. Adams, both followed the sea. As a young boy, Captain Adams sailed with his father on coastwise schooners.

Captain Adams was well known among the sailing fans of the Nantucket Yacht Club and fleet, as the instructor of many youngsters.

Proves Statement

His clientele numbered one Summer resident who doubted a statement that the veteran skipper could make the sail to Tuckernuck Island and back in an afternoon, before 5 p. m. Taking advantage of the outgoing tide, Captain Adams not only took his passenger to Tuckernuck but went out further to view the island of Muskeget.

His wife, Anna (Cathcart) Adams, died in March 1940, but before her death, the couple had been able to celebrate 60 years of life together.

Surviving are a daughter, Mrs. Harry Furn of Dorchester, and a son, Walton H., assistant postmaster in Nantucket.

CAN YOU WRITE SONG FOR THIS?

Canton Woman Has Words for War Tune

Mrs. Gertrude Ruth Moynihan of Canton Junction, mother of three children, has written the words for a pep song for the armed forces. A music publisher has accepted them, but has asked for music to go with them. So Mrs. Moynihan is appealing to the public to aid in her patriotic move. The song is entitled "You Can't Black Out the Moon, Mr. Hitler." Here are the words:

Oh! you can't black-out the moon, Mr. Hitler.
Or dim-out the stars in the sky;
Cause you're not as smart as you think you are—
You're just another guy.
Why, the moon will sail in the heavens,
And the stars will twinkling be.
When the signal—All clear for free nations rings
YOUR black-out—OUR victory.

Oh! we can thank you for the rations—
On that we all agree.
But you'll never ration courage
In the country of the FREE.
Why? Cause God put the moon in the heavens—
And put the stars there to shine—
And they will look down on a free world
Long after Hitler's TIME.

Oh! you can't black-out the moon, Mr. Hitler.
Nor dim-out the stars in the sky.
Nor can you brush off a MacARTHUR
No matter how hard you try.
For we have a moon—a MacArthur—and courage,
Plus the Old American Way.—
So you can't, can't, can't black-out the moon, Mr. Hitler,
In the good, old U. S. A.

GYMNASIUM CLU

Front Row (left
Mendonca, Arthur C
ond), Adrain Gibbs

Second Row—Ma
Norman Giffin, Georg

Back Row—Forr
time), Alanson Swai

The race was ru
Pease's stable, the ro
street to "Our Islan
steps to Consue, wh
Water, and back to t
times were as follow

Runner

1—Adrain Gibbs
2—Maxwell Deacon
3—Arthur Collins
4—Maurice Killen
6—Harold Ryder
6—Clifton Mayo
7—John Mendonca
8—Forrest Thomas
9—Max Wagner
10—Robert Kittridg

Roger Wilkes, v
an elapsed time

Thirty years ha
Thanksgiving Day
tucket. Taking the
business careers: H
Market, on Orange
street; John Mendo
Arthur Collins is a
employed in Boston
Post Office staff for
Milk street; Mauri
Rohdin is a Boatsw
the proprietor of t
Giffin is employed
Bedford and is an
is a fisherman and
New York Telepho
an insurance comp
York Post Office s
South Station, Bo
years ago.

The Nantucket 'Atheneum—a Unique Island Institution.

Continued from First Page.

tions off-island and from the proprietors of the society and other islanders helped form the nucleus of 160 volumes. Many more contributed to the museum which replaced the original collection. Most fortunate of all, the librarian was none other than Miss Maria Mitchell, soon to become famous as an astronomer and the discoverer of a comet.

With the depression resulting from the decline of the whaling industry, the proprietors soon began to feel the pinch of the times. Then came the exodus from the island to California, and then the Civil War.

During the post-war years, the financial condition of the society became much impaired, In the year 1870 a most successful fair was held, under the leadership of the President, Alfred Macy, and $3,000 was obtained. The building was repaired and new volumes added to the library.

In 1883, the library was increased to 7,000 and had outgrown the available quarters, and so the west room was taken over as a reading room.

Numerous funds aided in the institution's growth, various sums being presented by William Hadwen, Mrs. Priscilla Wyer, David Joy, George B. Upton, Mrs. Eliza C. Nevins, Maria Mitchell Memorial Fund, and the Frederick C. Sanford Memorial Fund.

The outstanding gift among many given the Atheneum was that of Frederick C. Sanford, who died in 1899. In that year, as his will directed, a sum of $20,000 was added to the society's endowment fund, 1000 books and 52 pictures. The books were handsome, with expensive bindings, and the pictures are now among the treasures of the library. Mr. Sanford's valuable collection of old documents was also willed to the institution.

Another notable addition was a set of Audubon's "Birds of America" from Mrs. David Joy, (1st edition) to replace one lost in the great fire. Many other individual gifts of valuable volumes have added greatly to the value and prestige of the Atheneum.

The steel shelves, replacing the old alcoves, and a card-catalogue system revolutionized the routine and system of the Library at the turn of the century. On April 3, 1900, the public was offered free use of the institution's books and facilities, and the historic structure entered upon its modern career as a distinct community asset.

In recent years, among valuable gifts was the library of the late Admiral William Mayhew Folger. Many important volumes on marine history are included in this library and the Atheneum shares with the Whaling Museum, which received many of the Admiral's pictures and mementos, in the pleasure derived from such a legacy.

* * * * *

The various presidents of the institution since the erection of the present structure in 1846, are as follows:

William Mitchell—1846 to 1852.
George H. Folger—1852 to 1853.
Edward G. Kelley—1854 to 1858.
Alfred Macy—1859 to 1872.
Charles G. Coffin—1873 to 1882.
Timothy W. Calder—1883 to 1888.
Thaddeus C. Defriez—1889 to 1901.
Almon T. Mowry—1902 to 1907.
Wendell Macy—1908 to 1910.
Alvin Paddock—1911 to 1916.
Arthur H. Gardner—1917 to 1924.
Millard F. Freeborn—1925 to 1928.
Alfred E. Smith—1929—.

* * * *

The present librarian, Miss Clara Parker, has worked in the library since 1899, succeeding Miss Sarah F. Barnard as librarian in 1905. In that same year, the present assistant librarian, Mrs. Isabel Coffin Gibbs, entered upon her duties behind the big desk. At the present time Miss Barbara Andrews and Miss Freida Anderson are also employed in the library work.

With the beginnings of the Nantucket Atheneum going back nearly a century and a quarter, and its inauguration as a public library dating back forty years, the institution has made its impress upon the life of the community. Its vital importance to young and old, school and home, makes it a definite asset which the passing years make more strong and enduring.

Death of Arthur R. Callwitz.

Arthur R. Callwitz, a member of the Nantucket police force for many years, passed away at the Nantucket Cottage Hospital yesterday (Friday) morning, after a lingering illness.

Deceased came to Nantucket from Rhode Island and for a time engaged in the fishing industry. Following the death of Samuel T. Burgess in 1926, he became the day police officer during the summer months, serving as such for two successive seasons.

He was elected a constable in 1929 and has been re-elected each year since, his popularity always bringing him a substantial vote at each election.

In 1931 he was appointed chief of the police force and has been on the force ever since, being officer at 'Sconset until his health required him to seek rest.

Of large stature and with the ability to make friends easily, Mr. Callwitz was well-known to both residents and summer visitors.

Besides his widow, the deceased is survived by two sisters—Mrs. Oscar Norcross and Mrs. Alice Parker, both of whom reside in Nantucket.

The deceased was a member of Union Lodge, F. & A. M., of this town. He was also a member of the Nantucket Police Relief Association.

Why The Marines Are Called "Leathernecks".

Some persons think that the U. S. Marines are called Leathernecks because their skin has been tanned and toughened by the heat and sun in the tropics. But this deep brown color has nothing to do with their nickname.

They are called Leathernecks because years ago their uniforms included stiff collars, or stocks. These stocks were of heavy leather about three inches in height, which encircled the neck and were fastened at the back by a buckle.

For many years the stocks compelled the sea soldiers to hold their heads erect, although there was no more need to tell the Leathernecks to "keep their chins up" in those days than there is today.

It is known that the stocks were a part of the uniform in 1798 and that they remained in vogue until about 1880, when they were abandoned. They were very uncomfortable and the Marines were not sorry to see them disappear.

Up until a few years ago there were a number of retired sea soldiers who could remember the time the stocks were worn during all military formations. Today their memory survives only in a nickname of which most of the Marines are rather proud.

An Interesting Anecdote of The War of 1812.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

An interesting anecdote of the War of 1812 has recently come to me through Miss Ruth Haviland Sutton, to whom the story was told by the late Capt. Wallace Adams at her studio on Commercial Wharf.

It concerns his grandfather, Capt Alpheus Adams, who lived with his family at Cotuit on the Cape. He was a man of the seas, owned his own vessel, of which he was right proud He had superintended its building, having raised much of the money for its building from the citizens of Cotuit and surroundings who, knowing the Captain, his integrity and seamanship, had been glad to subscribe for shares in his vessel. In a few successful fishing voyages he had been able to pay them off. The ship was now his and his alone. This was a proud day in his and his wife's life. They celebrated frugally.

Then came the War of 1812. The Cape and Nantucket waters were infested with English men-of-war, who were preying upon all shipping. The history of Nantucket records scores of its whalers captured or sunk by armed English ships and privateers.

Yet Capt. Alpheus Adams, through his knowledge of the local waters, was still able to make a living by eluding the English in his good ship. He fished and made occasional short voyages up and down the coast. Coming from Boston, however, he was caught in a fog off Chatham. When it lifted he found his ship under the guns of an English man-of-war, the Frigate Van Dieman. He made a run for it, but a shot from the frigate tipped away his rigging.

He was captured and the ship that was the heart of him was sunk. The frigate's commander, a dour, cruel man—or so he seemed—kept Capt. Alpheus a prisoner for three weeks during which they proceeded to Halifax.

When they were raising the Cape on their return, the dour commander went to Capt. Alpheus and said sternly to him, "Would you like to go to your family?"

The Captain knew not what trick was up, for he did not believe the commander meant good to him; but there was nothing for him to do but take a chance. He said, "yes".

In a small boat and crew the commander brought him ashore and stepped up the beach with him. He gave him a dollar and said "All right, step along."

Before the captain turned as directed he saw the commander's hand go into his pocket and remain there. Uneasy at the unwonted action and suspicious of it, he must nevertheless do the commander's bidding. He turned and expected at any moment to be shot. At each step he thought the shot would ring out that would end him, now so near his family, to his grave. But three, four steps and he heard it not. He quickened his pace almost to a run, yet not quite daring to run, lest this provoke the commander.

But he heard no shot and when at last length he ventured to turn his head the commander was not to be seen.

The twenty-five miles from Chatham to Cotuit he covered in short order and came to his familiar home which stood next to the Santuit Hotel. Hoeing turnips in the garden was his wife. He called to her. She looked up. At first swiftly she started to come to him. Then she stopped and came to him slowly. She said, "You have lost your vessel."

She knew it because in no other event would he be returning to his home in this manner; nor would his face have the look upon it of both anguish and gladness.

Alpheus lived long. He had twelve children in all. One, Alden, the father of Capt. Wallace Adams, came to Nantucket as a youth of twelve and worked on a farm in Quidnet. Later he went to sea; his vessel, the "Lucia Church", brought coal to the steamboat company. In the Civil War he was engaged by the Federal Government to run supplies, and was made commodore of a fleet of twelve vessels. Here on the island, much later, he and his son, Wallace, operated several large pleasure catboats for fishing and sailing parties, an occupation Wallace continued after the death of his father, until his eighty-fifth year.

Very truly yours,
C. F. Smith.

7502 Ridge Blvd.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

In this town, July 18, Arthur R. Callwitz, aged 58 years. 1941

LATE OFFICER CALLWITZ

A friend. A fine citizen. That we have missed him about Town during his sickness is putting it lightly.

DIED year 1941

In New York city, March 11, Emory Roy Buckner, summer resident of Siasconset, aged 63 years, 7 months, 4 days.

Death of Emory Roy Buckner in New York City.

Residents and summer visitors regret to learn of the passing of Emory R. Buckner, for many years identified with 'Sconset as one of its most prominent and popular summer residents. Mr. Buckner had not been in good health for a number of years, following a break-down due to too close application to his profession. He was one of the leading attorneys in New York state and held many positions of responsibility during his career.

With Mrs. Buckner he always came to 'Sconset in early season and remained until late autumn. Their charming summer home, "Green Chimneys", situated on the south side of the main road entering the village, was not only one of the beauty spots of the island, but one of the most hospitable.

Mr. Buckner was a brilliant trial lawyer, and his abilities as such were not only recognized in New York city but throughout the state and nation. He was the prosecutor of Thomas W. Hiller, former alien property custodian, and former Attorney-General Harry M. Daugherty, indicted for scandals which grew out of the Harding administration. Hiller was convicted of conspiracy to defraud the government but two trials in the Daugherty affair ended in disagreement. His work in these cases brought Mr. Buckner nation-wide prominence.

It was Mr. Buckner who was responsible for sending Earl Carroll to prison as a result of the showman's notorious champagne brawl. A number of other famous cases exemplified Mr. Buckner's qualifications as a prosecuting attorney.

* * * * *

He was a native of Pottawattamie county in Iowa, where he was born August 7, 1877, the son of Rev. J. D. M. and Sarah (Ellis) Buckner. He received his A B. degree from the University of Nebraska in 1904 and the LL.B. degree from Harvard in 1907.

On the 4th of April, 1901, he married Miss Katherine Keach, of Newark. Three children were born to them—Ruth, Elizabeth and Jean.

Mr. Buckner was admitted to the New York bar in 1908 and served as Assistant United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York from 1908 to 1910. In 1910 he became Assistant District Attorney for New York county, which position he held until 1912.

He then became counsel for the Aldermanic Police Investigation of New York city, in which position he gained considerable prominence.

In 1925 President Coolidge appointed him United States District Attorney for the Southern District of New York and in 1927 he became Special Assistant Attorney-General of New York State, to investigate and prosecute city officials.

The deceased was a member of the law firm of Root, Clark, Buckner and Ballantine, and was also a member of the New York State and New York County bar associations. He belonged to the Alpha Theta Chi fraternity of the University of Nebraska and was a member of the following: Bankers, University, City and Broad Street clubs of New York city. He was also president of the Sankaty Head Golf Club of Nantucket, in which he was vitally interested and contributed much to the enjoyment and entertainment of the members each season.

Emory R. Buckner.

Aug. 7, 1877—Mar. 11, 1941

On Wednesday last the New York papers carried long accounts of the career of one of the Island's most distinguished visitors, Emory R. Buckner. Recognized as one of the leading lawyers in the country, his counsel was sought by people of all classes. Never showy or verbose in the courtroom, yet his brilliance was recognized and like the brilliance of the diamond, hardened by the heat of experience, penetrated and laid bare the real facts.

After years of hard struggle and desiring to get away from the turmoil of the city he came to Nantucket seeking relaxation. Mr. Buckner became one of the most ardent admirers of the Island and with his usual exactness planned his vacation for a certain day each year and left on a certain day in September.

His interest in the Sankaty Head Golf Club was deep-rooted and he gave the club the same zealous attention that he gave to other tasks in his life. He faced and solved the problems of the club, both financial and social, during the long years of the depression and undoubtedly it was through his efforts that the club still survives. The club and the island have lost a most valuable member but his inspiration will help us to carry on so that we may endeavor to do the things in the way that he would like them done.

We of the Island can say to America—we loved him, too.

—Frank E. Lewis.

The Nantucket Atheneum—a Unique Island Institution.

During the past few weeks workmen have been doing considerable repair work on the Nantucket Atheneum building, both interior and exterior re-placing of woodwork and painting, and with the renovation of the lower southeast corner of the structure allowing more space for the library.

While carpenters were piecing some new wood in a post on the west side, where a leaky gutter allowed water to rot the wood, a section of the side was exposed, revealing the construction. Many passers-by, both mechanics and laymen, showed a keen interest in the old building and numerous related questions were asked.

It was in the summer of 1900—just 40 years ago—that the Atheneum's splendid Library was opened to the public, although the structure itself is ninety-four years old. Within a few weeks after the disastrous fire of July 13 and 14, 1846, had destroyed some 360 buildings in the business district of the town, work of re-building the Atheneum had begun. It was completed in December, its contents partially re-stocked, and dedication services took place on January 3, 1847.

* * * * *

The beginnings of the Atheneum go beyond the original building, however. In the year 1820, seven Nantucketers banded together and formed a reading society which they called the "Nantucket Mechanics Social Library." These men were David Joy, Peleg Mitchell, Daniel P. Macy, John H. Coffin, Gideon Swain, Edward C. Hussey and George Fitch. Their original library consisted of 26 volumes on various subjects.

In 1823, another literary group was formed which called themselves the Columbian Library Society. The two organizations were united in 1827 under the name of the United Library Association.

In 1833 David Joy and Charles G. Coffin, for the Association, purchased land on Main street where the Carlisle brick mansion now stands, the land costing $1,800. This was presented to the Society on the condition that it could raise $3,500 for a brick building.

Those who wished to join the group donated $10, which entitled them to an equal right with all other donors in library privileges, and by this means $4,200 was raised.

But all members of the society were not in agreement as to the location of the proposed building. After some discussion and exchange of opinions, it was decided to exchange the land for that occupied by the Universalist Church on Federal and Lower Pearl streets, and to purchase the church building. This church had been built in 1825, of Gothic architecture, and of commodious size. The transaction was closed and in 1834 the Nantucket Atheneum Society was incorporated.

The original Atheneum Library contained 3,200 volumes, as well as numerous documents having to do with the early history of the island. The collection grew to include South Sea island curios and relics from all over the world, whaling logs, etc. All of this fine collection, with the exception of a few volumes, was destroyed by the terrible fire of 1846.

It is of interest to note that considerable was removed from the building when the flames began to spread from Main street, but they were placed in houses that were afterwards consumed. Among the few valuables saved was the Samuel F. B. Morse portrait of Prof. Silliman.

In the lecture room of the structure, which seated some 450 persons, many famous personalities and artists came to this then rich community to be appreciated by the merchants and shipowners that formed the bulwark of the organization. It was truly the heyday of island whaling history and development. Men like Wendell Phillips, Horace Greeley, Theodore Parker, William Alger, Prof. Silliman and Ralph Waldo Emerson were among those who spoke glowing words in the old lecture hall.

* * * * *

Following the devastation of the "Great Fire," the society went rapidly ahead in restoring what had been destroyed. With the insurance money the building committee drew up plans and launched the re-building, and in December, 1846, the present Nantucket Atheneum was complete. At exercises taking place in the lecture hall on January 4, 1847, the structure was dedicated to the old task of enlightenment of human values, and on February 1st the library was again open.

The following officers were elected at this important meeting: President, William Mitchell; Vice President, Thomas Macy; Treasurer, Joseph Mitchell; Corresponding Secretary, Augustus Morse; Recording Secretary, Henry C. Worth; Trustees, Edward G. Kelley, Samuel B. Tuck, Eben Coleman, Charles Bunker, George H. Folger.

Donations from literary organiza-

Continued on Third Page

Santason.

'Twas just before Yuletide when all through the street
People collected in hopes of a treat,
For Santason was to parade through the town
In an effort to outdo his father's renown.

Like hot water bottles with large bulgy eyes,
Santason's followers bobbed high in the skies.
Stuck up on sticks were those terrible things,
While others blew wild on the ends of long strings.

They looked quite disgusting, if not really lewd,
All hairless and bloated and totally nude.
How unlike were these monsters all naked and queer,
As compared to his father's light-footed reindeer!

When "Old Nick" shook the ribbons and gave the word "Go!"
Speeding along through the unbroken snow,
"Dasher" and "Dancer" and "Prancer" and "Vixen"
"Comet" and "Cupid" and "Donder" and "Blitzen;"

Their quick beating hoofs left their marks all the way,
As from roof top to roof top he went with his sleigh,
Squeezing himself down the chimney with toys
And stealthily leaving without any noise.

I may be old fashioned but I like him much more,
For between you and me his son's a great bore.
But Santa pretends he's a wonderful son
Just as many fond fathers before him have done.

Of course it is now very much too late
To wish he'd remained in a bachelor state,
But if only he had preferred to stay single
I wouldn't have had to have written this jingle!

M. B. F.

Nov. 23, 1941.

Mill Street, at the end of New Dollar Lane, presents an interesting type of Nantucket architecture.

Four-Masted Schooner Wrecked on Tuckernuck Shoal.

Tuckernuck shoal has claimed another victim—a handsome four-masted schooner, which grounded in Nantucket sound late Tuesday, and was abandoned early Thursday morning after government tugs made an unsuccessful attempt to free her from the shoal. The vessel was the Laura Annie Barnes, now of Canadian registry, but formerly hailing from Boston.

The craft was stranded about a mile west of Cross Rip lightship, apparently in close proximity to the spot where the six-master Alice M. Lawrence ended her days. Those familiar with the locality claimed from the start that it would be impossbile to release the big schooner, owing to the ever-changing shoals which quickly make up around the hull of any vessel which is unfortunate enough to get off her course and bring up on "Tuckernuck".

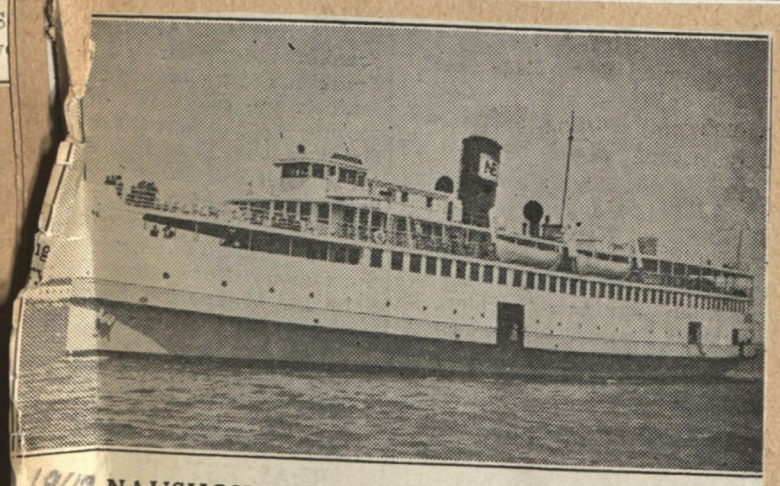
Capt. J. L. Publicover, owner of the vessel, remained aboard with his crew of seven men until it was finally decided that she was doomed. They then abandoned the craft and were brought ashore early Thursday morning on one of the Coast Guard boats.

All efforts made by the Thetis and the General Greene to release the big four-master were futile, although the government boats worked at every favorable opportunity and with every change of the tide, but they could not budge the vessel. To add to the unfavorable conditions a strong easterly wind came up Wednesday afternoon and the schooner pounded on the shoal, some of her seams opening up, so that Thursday morning her hold was rapidly filling with water. The captain and crew abandoned her then.

The Barnes was on her way from Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, to New Haven, Conn., with a cargo of wood pulp. She was making a reach through Nantucket sound when she struck.

The vessel was built at Phillipsburg, Me., in 1921 for Crowell & Thurlow of Boston. Several years ago she was sold to Capt. Publicover, of La Havre, N. S., who transferred her to Canadian registry. She is constructed of wood and is of 642 gross tons.

NEAL O'HARA'S SUMMER HOME ON QUIET MOOERS LANE.



1942 NAUSHON—QUEEN OF ISLAND BOATS

Tom Lewis. Bayberry candles. As a young man Tom went up to America, couldn't see much in the place so he did the wise thing and cam[e] home. We agree with him. Year 1942

"HOW STATELY HER BEARING, SO PROUD HER ARRAY".

Schooner George P. Hudson, with "every inch of canvas drawing" as she passed through Nantucket sound July 11, 1914. Six hours later the vessel was struck by the steam collier Middlesex near Great Round shoal and was sent to the bottom. Several of her crew were killed by the collision, the remainder clinging to the wreckage until picked up. The captain refused to leave his ship and went down with her.

May-1942

Island Veteran, 96, Poses with Family

James H. Wood of Nantucket, the island's last surviving Civil War veteran, will observe his 96th birthday Thursday. He will take his customary part in Memorial Day exercises, of which he is in charge by virtue of his position as Commander of the Thomas H. Gardner Post, G.A.R. He is shown here with the other four generations of his family. Upper row, left to right, Donald James Prescott, 9 months, great great grandson; Mrs. Annette M. Prescott, 23, of Allston, great granddaughter; Herbert Wood, 50, of Nantucket, grandson; lower row, left to right, Commander Wood, and James H. Wood Jr., 72, of Nantucket, son.

In Ridgewood, N. J., June 30, Rev. Dr. Robert E. Farrier, aged 84 years.

Will of Rev. Robert E. Farrier Filed at Hackensack. 1942

The will of the late Rev. Dr. Robert E. Farrier, who died June 30, at his home in Ridgewood, N. J., was filed at Hackensack last week. The testator left his entire estate to his wife, Mrs. Helen Locke Farrier, for use during her lifetime or until she remarries.

Upon Mrs. Farrier's death or remarriage, the estate is to be divided among five children, Miss Ednah Farrier, of New York city; Mrs. Thomas W. Hall, of Greenville, R. I.; Robert L. Farrier, of Oakland, Cal.; Gordon Farrier, of Nantucket, Mass.; and C. Marshall Farrier, of Ridgewood.

The will, probated by Surrogate J. Blauvelt Hopper, stated that the testator had no objection to his wife's remarriage and directed that until such time, or until her death, she have all the income from rents and profits of all properties and such part of the principal of the estate "as may be deemed necessary by my executrix and executors for her proper care and maintenance." It further directed that Mrs. Farrier be not accountable to anyone for any expenditures she may make.

The will directed that when the estate is divided, $1,600 be deducted from the share of his son, Robert, "for failing to meet an obligation on the bungalow".

A codicil dated October 29, 1938, directed that all house furnishings go to Mrs. Farrier and that ten shares in the Acquackanonk Building & Loan Association of Passaic be given to his daughter, Ednah, to pay an indebtedness.

The Rev. Dr. Farrier served the Passaic church for almost fourteen years, retiring in 1918. He made his home at 121 North Van Dien avenue, Ridgewood. He was 84 years old when he died.

D ATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 11, 1942 SA

"Missing From The Langley."

There are times when mere words cannot express the true feelings of man-kind and this is one of them. A young man, known and highly esteemed by all, and full of promise, has made the great sacrifice and given his life in the defense of the country he loved. Fond parents have given their only son to the cause—have made a sacrifice that tears the heart-strings, yet they are bearing up bravely under the ordeal and taking whatever comfort may be possible from the knowledge that their loved one fought a good fight, that he died bravely, fighting for humanity and for the preservation of freedom.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Gorman have the deepest sympathy of all in their great loss. "Harry" Gorman was an exemplary young man—a thorough gentleman in every sense. He had the quality of friendship that endures; mild in manner, courteous and congenial at all times, and, above all, true to his parents and loyal to his island home. He entered the Air Corps full of enthusiasm, won his "wings" with credit, and cheerfully accepted his lot when ordered into service in far-distant lands. His main thought was to serve his country in her time of trial, and in serving he has made the greatest sacrifice a man could make.

First Boy from Nantucket Lost in World War 2 Missing from The Langley

Men in Service

"Smiling Through"

LIEUT. HARRISON A. GORMAN.

JULY 25, 1942.

Fire Destroyed House Interior Causing $1500 Damage.

Shortly before the noon hour on Tuesday, the fire horn sounded three blasts, indicating a telephone call had summoned the Fire Department to the south part of the town. In responding the apparatus went through Union street, directly to the scene—and it was well it did for the blaze was at the dwelling adjacent to the Whiting Milk Co. office, lower Union street, and had gained a serious headway when the pumper arrived.

The fire originated in the small kitchen, where Mrs. White was preparing the noon-day meal. The tank of the kerosene stove exploded, and the blaze spread so rapidly that when the Department arrived it found that entire section of the house involved.

The fire's headway made it impossible to keep it from spreading all through the rooms, but the firemen were able to confine it to the small house. The flames ate their way rapidly and smoke poured from the doors and windows. Hose lines checked the blaze quickly and soon subdued them. Although no official figure has been released as to the amount of damage, experienced observers believe it will approach $1500.

Zaccheus Macy was Nantucket's First Great Physician.

Nantucket, November 27th, 1894.

I will attempt a true story, mostly from what was told me when I was a mere girl, and I have not forgotten it. It is a sort of history of who might be called the "Dr. Sweet" of our island, during the times when most of the native Indians inhabited Nantucket.

This account is of Zaccheus Macy, who was among some of the noble men and women of our island of that day. I think their deeds of philanthropy and bravery would compare well, and deserving of more credit in their day, because of their cramped surroundings, when so little progress had been made in arts and sciences and even conveniences were small. To accomplish what they did they had a heart and will to practice for the good of their fellow beings.

Zaccheus Macy the first has but few descendants now living in our midst. Our very worthy townsman Moses Joy, Jr., is among the few who now are left. I think he is a great-grandson on his mother's side. He is now near his 88th birthday and, to my certain knowledge, without the least ostentation, and has ever been ready and willing to assist the poor and needy on all occasions and in a very quiet way.

His great-grandfather, Zaccheus Macy, was the only person of that time who understood the Indian dialect. He conversed freely with them, consequently could influence them in many ways for their good. And, when the terrible disease came among the Indians, that swept away nearly all of them and not a white person had the least touch of it.

From his large flock of sheep, he had one killed daily, dressed and made into broth, and in other ways by his wife and household to carry himself within reach of those who had not yet been attacked. He kept the Indians to the leeward of himself, and continued the same care and kindness until the trouble was over.

He was considered wealthy in his time, because it took but a few thousand dollars in his day, as compared to this, to make the fortunate one quite independent.

He was remarkably skilled in surgical matters and assisted any one in distress, no matter if from away or our own people. William C. Folger thought the record told of near, or perhaps quite two thousand unfortunate people had been not only relieved of broken bones and similar disasters, but he was careful also to supply all needed, to render them always comfortable until they were able to help themselves.

I am told of one remarkable case that is quite worthy of mention. At one time during the month of December a terrible storm drove a coast-wise vessel ashore at Quidnet a few miles from 'Sconset. In landing during great peril, the captain dislocated his hip and was much exhausted.

It was evening and all around looked very dark and disheartening. But some brave men volunteered to procure a vehicle to reach town, as no help could be had there. After a time a common calash or cart, such as was used in those days, was brought to one of the little fishing huts and two men started.

After hours of weary travel they landed at Zaccheus Macy's door. It was about 12 o'clock; they were all in their beds. His daughter hastened to the door, fearing her father would awake as he was then suffering with a spell of rheumatism. But the good man caught the sound.

"Father can not go," said the daughter. "He is suffering with rheumatism."

Zaccheus Macy said: "Daughter, come this way and tell me all thee knows."

Then, after she had told him, he said: "Get the men something to eat, and tell them to rest while preparation is being made for the journey."

1942 NAUSHON-

An Island Patchwork Review in Rhyme.

By Dr. John Kennedy.

From dull Nantucket's documents
blithe Eleanor began
To weave a patchwork picture
of the island caravan—
Of Folgers, Macys, sharks and shrew
and Quaker ladies frail
With cannibals and Coffins to
illuminate the tale.

The saga of the Folgers
with Abiah's feat begin
Who wed Josiah Franklin and
bagat a Benjamin;
Whose love affairs were many and
a subtle charm reveals
To prove that little Benjy had a
wealth of sex appeal.

Of fecund Coffin's progeny she
chants a hymn of praise
And rich eugenic raptures on her
throbbing lyre she plays;
With maiden ardor she admires this
horde of sturdy churls
With sneers and scorn for Macys
who breed alone to girls.

But thrifty were the Macy clan,
they found when Rowland died
A Broadway millionaire was he
but had no heart inside.
But Coffins have this comfort that
no Macy poor or proud
Could foil the bitter lesson:
there's no pocket in a shroud.

The Coffins had a passion for the
wealth upon the seas,
But Keziah Coffin's passion went to
mortgages and fees;
If she were shipwrecked on a raft
where men devoured their mates
She'd come back home with all the
bones and garnished estates.

While children cried in vain for bread
and sprouted angel wings,
In jade-green taffeta she struts
bedecked with diamond rings;
But rough financial hurricanes left
her a stranded wreck,
And while relations wept for joy
she fell and broke her neck.

Lucretia Mott, who fired a shot
for decent women's rights,
Declined to don the bloomers which
were vulgarly called tights;
A sturdy Quaker advocate to give
the slaves a show
With Lizzie Cady Stanton and
Harriet Beecher Stowe.

The mood now shifts to tragedy
and in dismay we find
The gentle author now reveals
a sanguinary mind;
Emotions atavistic overwhelm her
in a flood
And in the patchwork center
she weaves a pool of blood.

The story of the Essex makes her
quiver with delight,
The acrid fumes of roasting flesh
improve her appetite;
She smacks her chops when Owen
Chase whets up a rusty knife
To carve a steak from Isaac Cole to
save his precious life.

The fatal fascination of the sultry
tropic isles
Infects the patchwork motif with
its diabolic wiles;
In ecstasy she tells of cannibals
anthropophagous—
How missionaries disappear within
their raw esophagus.

Now in a mood repentant for her
grisly rhapsody,
Come lyrical descriptions of
old 'Sconset by the sea.
The glamour of the Nineties has
departed from the spot.
The curlew's cry is mournful and
the empty cabins rot.

But roses red and hollyhocks abate
the sense of gloom—
The mass of purple heather rival
golden fields of broom.
The asters nod and poppies sway
in rocks and salty bogs,
Flamboyant marigolds compete with
floral catalogs.

Through hallowed ground she rambles
to read quaint epitaphs
Amusing to the tourists and
provocative of laughs.
She steals some rare selections
from off a mossy stone
Which decorate her pages and
elevate the tone.

The Island Patchwork ceases like
a haunting melody,
And the saga of Nantucket leaves
me wishing hungrily
For an ivy-covered cabin, and a
life serene and free
In the little streets of 'Sconset—
just Eleanor and me.

My Air Warden.

He led me down near the kitchen sink,
"'Tis the safest place," he said, "I
think."
"Just sit in this chair and keep very
calm
Whenever you hear an air raid alarm."
'Tis a basement kitchen below the
ground
Where if the house crumbled I'd never
be found,
So I don't at all with him agree
That it is the safest place to be,
For no one would hear if I should
shout,
'Tis I myself must let myself out.
I realized this when he asked me,
please,
To hold a crowbar across my knees;
As I sit in my chair and try to relax
He suggests that I hold in my hand an
axe!
It won't be the axe that Lizzie swung.
I always thought she should have been
hung,
For in all the annals of crime you
can't match it
What Miss Borden did that day with
her hatchet.
It was family quarrels that gave her
the urge
To inflict on her parents this self-
imposed purge;
And the day she performed this awful
feat
Was a day of such intensive heat
That I always felt when the jury knew
She had eaten for breakfast mutton
stew
They thought that this was reason
enough
For any lady to get so tough.
Carrie Nation would be of the two I'd
choose
She used her axe only on bottles of
booze.
But you can easily see why I'm feeling
loath
To look like a composite picture of
both!
All air wardens are among the elite—
They have a priority on the street,
While I must crawl along on all fours
And chop my way to get out-of-doors.
My warden has no idea he is droll
As he asks me to play this dual role,
For just as I'm sitting still as a mouse
He wants me running about the house.
"Remember," he said, "that we have
planned
You must rush to the attic with
buckets of sand,"
And then up there if I haven't died
I go to the kitchen again and subside.
He expects me never to lose my head
Even if some of the household are
dead!
And without so much as turning a hair
Just sit and rock in my rocking chair;
At the same time being on the alert
To do what I can for those who are
hurt.
Of course if it's only a "token raid"
I might be able to get some aid,
Then give up my job to the rescue
squad
And go back to my chair again and
nod.

M. B. F.

DIED

In this town, July 1, Frank Barnard, aged 51 years, 18 days.

, AUGUST 15, 1942.

Insurance Case Heard at Local Court Room.

The Chairman of the State Commission on Industrial Accidents, Mrs. Emma S. Toussant, came to Nantucket this week to hear a case resulting from the death of Frank Barnard, of Nantucket, who was a drowning victim in July, 1941. The case evolves from the claim of the widow of the deceased that death came as the result of Barnard's crippled condition. Appearing for the insurance company at the hearing was Attorney Francis Casey, of Boston, while Attorney Arthur Clarke had charge of the case for the claimant.

Five years ago the late Frank Barnard was severely injured by a fractious horse, receiving a fracture of the thigh bone as well as several fractures in the bones of the lower leg, principally about the ankle. He spent two and one-half years in the Nantucket Hospital, putting up a courageous fight against tremendous odds, thereby arousing the admiration of the community. He returned to his home on Pine street in January, 1940, and in July, of last year, met death by drowning at Old North Wharf—his body being recovered 11 days later outside the jetties on the shore of Great Point.

Mrs. Barnard testified as to her late husband's inability to move about the home without his crutches. He was never able to make his way anywhere without them, she asserted, and described a twist to his injured left foot, which always impeded his progress on crutches. She went on to tell of his condition moving about the house, how he was unable to help himself in many instances. She also testified as to his usual good spirits on the night of his death, when, after a supper which he ate with good appetite, he left the house at about 5:15, went down town with a friend, and was never seen alive again.

Miss Ellen Barnard, the daughter, aged 26, told of her particular work in helping her father about the house. He never walked without his crutches, she declared, and on several occasions had nearly suffered bad falls from the twisted foot tripping him as he was using his crutches.

Herbert H. Coffin, of Old North Wharf, told of seeing one crutch and a pipe lying on the wharf near the four steps leading down to the water on the morning of July 1. Captain Peder Pedersen testified as to first seeing the crutch about an hour before Mr. Coffin had arrived, and of standing it against one of the posts near the steps. He also mentioned the fact that he saw the other crutch an hour later, after it had been found in the water.

Dr. Roy H. Gilpatrick testified as to the serious extent of Barnard's injured left leg. He told of numerous operations which had to be performed from time to time in the progress of the surgical treatment. He mentioned the fact that one of the great problems was to build up the patient's strength, he having been in a very debilitated condition when the doctor assumed charge of the case in December, 1937. He described the extensive apparatus used in the orthopedic treatment, as well as the various deformities of the foot.

"I saw him a few days before his death," said Dr. Gilpatrick. "Up to and including this time he was convinced, as I was convinced, that the day would come when further reconstruction would have a reasonable expectation of success..... The only difficulty in his mind was in his reluctance to go away to Boston to have the work done—that and the matter of the bill. The latter worry I somewhat relieved by asking him to write his own bill. He wanted to do what the insurance company wanted, and he knew I was perfectly willing to continue my work. His last words to me, as I recall them, was: 'I am going to try to make some sort of a settlement with the company, so that I can have the operation done here'. He seemed in better spirits then than at any time since I came in contact with him."

In response to a cross-examining question, Dr. Gilpatrick stated he did write to a Dr. Adams, in Boston, that he had seen Barnard once hobble a few steps without crutches, but that this was an isolated effort and that it was impossible for the man to make his way about without the aid of his crutches.

Dr. George A. Folger testified as medical examiner, describing the condition of the man's body, picked up by Coskata Coast Guards on July 11, 1941.

A number of other witnesses were called before Commissioner Toussant closed the case, reserving her decision.

The Original Draft of "Star Spangled Banner".

Peter Magruder, for many years Secretary of the Naval Academy and now Commodore of the Annapolis Yacht Club, told me an odd story concerning the Academy and Francis Scott Key. When Key had scribbled the first draft of "The Star-Spangled Banner" on an old envelope, he came to Annapolis to show it to his father-in-law, Judge Nicolson. After having made certain alterations at the older man's suggestion, he copied it and tossed the original in a wastebasket. Mrs. Nicolson retrieved it and stuck it in the pigeon-hole of a desk. This was in 1814. In 1857, the Nicolson place was taken into the Academy grounds and the furniture removed from the house. The old desk was in time inherited by a daughter of the family. Not until 1890 was the old envelope discovered in its pigeon-hole.

The discovery of the original manuscript of "The Star Spangled Banner" created a furore. J. P. Morgan offered twenty-five thousand dollars for it, but the owner, a wealthy woman, preferred to sell it to the Walters Art Gallery in Baltimore for twenty-five hundred dollars, where it now reposes.

Here is the odd pay-off of the story: the Academy bandstand is built on the site of the old Nicolson house and every morning the Naval Academy band plays "The Star-Spangled Banner" on the very spot where the original script was so long hidden.—From "Maryland Main and the Eastern Shore", by Hulbert Footner.

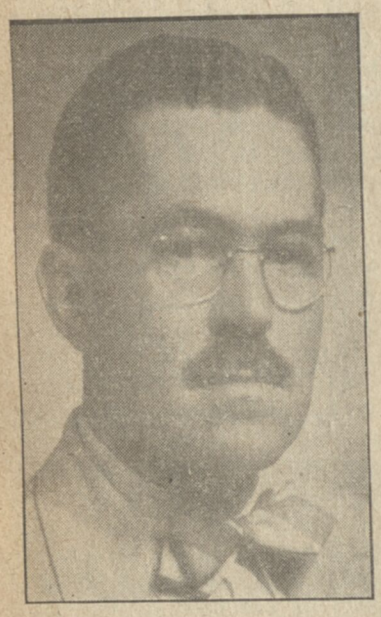
Japanese Prisoner Arrives Safely 1941

Southwick Reaches Native Land on Exchange Ship

Melvin Southwick, Standard Oil executive, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick A. Southwick, of 6 Elm street, Middleboro, taken prisoner of the Japanese when Hong Kong fell, arrived in New Jersey aboard the Swedish diplomatic exchange steamship Gripsholm on Tuesday. got off boat Thurs night

His wife, Mrs. Frieda Southwick, was in New York to meet him.

His mother, who is with Mr. Southwick, Sr., and her two young grandchildren at the Southwick cottage at Swift's beach in Wareham, informed



MELVIN SOUTHWICK

Middleboro Man made prisoner by the Japanese when Hong Kong fell, who returned home on the exchange Steamship Gripsholm.

The Gazette Wednesday night that she expected her son and his wife to arrive at the cottage some time Thursday or Friday, but she had had no word as to precisely when they would reach home.

Less than half the 1,400 who arrived on the Gripsholm were still aboard the ship Wednesday night, awaiting examination by the FBI. It was thought the inspection of the passengers might be concluded by midnight Thursday.

Mrs. Southwick, Sr., said FBI agents had been in touch with the family several times obtaining all possible information about her son, which is an indication of the extreme care the FBI is taking to prevent spies from entering the country with the returning American citizens.

She said her daughter had tried to get in touch with Mr. Southwick on board the Gripsholm by telephone after it docked, but was unable to do so.

Mel Southwick, Middleboro man, six interminable months a prisoner of the Japanese, is home again with his wife and children, his mother and father, and, happily for him, his family and friends, he is not a major exhibit of the results of the inhuman tortures to which the Japs have subjected some of the nationals of this and other nations.

ESCAPES EXTREME ABUSE

He was not given the terrible "water cure" or prodded with bayonets or slapped around or subjected to other extreme cruelties described in the atrocity stories that have circulated in this country, some authentic, others not so authentic. These he managed to avoid; just how, he does not say. Perhaps he practised effective diplomacy.

Not that he escaped unscathed. He sufferred from imprisonment and lack of sufficient and proper food. He had beri-beri—"all of us did", he says—and his teeth and eyes were impaired, although his sight is not so seriously affected as he perhaps feared.

MAKES UP WEIGHT

Some of his teeth were so loose they wiggled, he told me, sitting on the porch of the Southwick cottage by the water's edge off the end of Cove road at Swift's beach in Wareham last Monday evening.

Tuesday he came up to Middleboro and went home minus two of them and more may have to be sacrificed.

And then there is the nervous reaction, now he is safely home, a free man, with adequate food and clothing and care, with no fear of the ever-present danger of abuse—it hits harder than one anticipates.

Tanned a deep brown, Mr. Southwick appears in fine condition. The weight he lost during his months as a prisoner, he has made up since his release, with a little to the good.

COULD "TAKE IT"

Perhaps he came through so well as he did because he could "take it". He did not say so, but he did indicate that some sufferred more because they were unable to endure the privations of imprisonment and the brutality of the jailers.

Of atrocities, he had little to say, except that he knows they did take place, and refers to Ambassador Grew's verification of instances he learned first hand.

Two or three of the men confined with him were slapped around, he says, and he knows well J. B. Powell, editor of the China Weekly Review, particular object of Japanese vindictiveness, who lost his toes through exposure and who was taken to a hospital when he reached this country.

HOME SATURDAY

His principal comment on the atrocity question was: "You cannot believe anything unless you see it yourself. Being locked up so long taught me much about human nature."

Mr. Southwick reached the Southwick cottage in Wareham last Saturday afternoon, four days after the Swedish exchange ship Gripsholm, bringing back some 1451 men, women and children from the far east docked in New Jersey. Mrs. Southwick met him in New York.

57 DAYS ON OCEAN

When is was remarked that it must indeed seem good to him to be back at so quiet a spot by the water to rest and recuperate, he said that, as a matter of fact he'd like to be in the mountains.

"I've seen about all the water I want to see for a while," he said with a smile. "In prison we were so close to the water we could spit into it and we were 57 days on the ocean coming home."

Southwick has been instructed by Standard Oil officials to get thorough rest for a month or two, then to report in New York. What he will be ordered to do then, he does not know, but he has an idea he may be farmed out to the government, possibly for intelligence service work or in some other branch.

HAD LARGE TERRITORY

He is nearing the Standard Oil retirement age. He has more than 23 years of service in the oil business in China behind him. He was manager for West China and his territory included several provinces and Burma. He was in Burma a short time before the Japanese beseiged Honkkong; Southwick lived in the Peninsula hotel in Kowloon on the mainland, across from the island.

The day before the Japanese made their treacherous attack on the Hawaiian Islands, Mr. Southwick played golf. It was Saturday here, but Sunday over there. Most of the naval officers were out on the golf links. When Southwick left the links that day, he did not leave his clubs at the club house there as usual. He brought them back with him to Kowloon. But that was the end of his golf in China.

IN CHINESE BROTHEL

He learned of the attack on Hawaii next day listening to a broadcast from Manilla, then turned on Tokio and got the Japanese version.

He tried to get over to Hongkong as usual by ferry, but the ferry was not running. He returned to his hotel and watched the beginning of the Japanese air attack on Kowloon and Hongkong.

Hongkong fell on Christmas day. On January 5 he was taken prisoner, with others of course, and confined in a Chinese hotel. He explained he did not mean a first, second or third class hotel, but a brothel.

BARE ROOMS

He was put into a six by nine room, five persons to a room—an entirely empty room; just walls, no beds, no bedding, no chairs. he Japs provided them with a little food, uncooked, mostly bad meat and bad fish, no bread.

Chinese friends got such food as they could to them.

For two weeks the prisoners had so little food they nearly starved. During the long period of confinement that followed, everybody lost weight, anywhere from 20 to 80 pounds, all suffered weakened eyes and ruined teeth with rice as the prinical article of diet.

After 16 days in the brothel, Southwick was transferred to Stanley prison on the island of Hongkong and was confined there until June 29.

"I had hoped to get home to celebrate the Fourth of July," he said.

Asked how those who were released for return to their home lands were picked, Mr. Southwick said he had no choice, he had to go.

"They wanted to get us out of there", he said.

A few remained who might have gone, missionaries and men who had married Chinese wives.

Daylight Saving Starts February 9th.

The President signed the daylight saving bill Tuesday morning. Daylight saving will go into effect at 2:00 o'clock Monday morning, the 9th of February. It will remain in effect for the duration of the war, under the provisions of the Congressional act.

Feb. 9th 1942

Tuckernuck Was "Tookanook".

We have been shown a map of Tuckernuck Island which was drawn by Eliza Gardner in 1829, and it affords an interesting study. At that period the island was called "Tookanook" and the shape of the island was far different that it is today, showing how the outlines of the island have changed materially in the century that has passed.

Eleven houses are shown on the map, each perfectly outlined, and the ownership noted. Near the "north pond" were the homes of Daniel Dunham, James Alley, Anthony Chadwick and Ebenezer Dunham.

Over by the east pond were the homes of William Brooks, Abel Coffin and Andrew Brooks, while farther to the east the top of a small building shows and is marked "Uncle Black's Cave."

Nearer the center of the map were the homes of Peter Norton, Robert King and Robert Coffin, and another building marked "Salem School House."

This interesting little map came to light in New Jersey recently. It belongs to a lady who found it in the trunk of her grand-mother after her death. It came to the attention of E. L. Bornemann, through whose interest in Nantucket we have had the privilege of inspecting the map. We venture the opinion that such an interesting exhibit should be placed in the Historical Society's collection for preservation.

Freddy, Peter and Jim.

(Three Boys in an Air Raid)

We were all of us waked
From our sleep in the night
By a crashing sound
And a very bright light.
We were thrown from our beds
To left and to right.

And I never again
Saw the other boys—
I stood all alone
'Mong our broken toys
With my hands to my ears
Because of the noise.

The whole of our house
Was a tangled mass.
I didn't see how
I could ever pass
Through all of the flames
And the broken glass.

But at last I found
A place to perch
Just as the air warden
Came to search,
And he took me away
To a nearby church.

And there I sat
In a crowded pew
With a lot of children
I never knew
And most of them crying
Except for a few.

Then we were all cared for
For days and days
By different people
In different ways
For which the town
I believe now pays.

When next the air warden
Came around
He said my mother's
Body was found
And they'd taken her off
To a burying ground.

It seems that Peter
As he fled
Had been struck by something
On the head
So when they found him
He too was dead.

And as for our baby,
Our baby Jim
It seems that no one
Could recognize him.
He had been so crushed
In our old coal bin.

Then after what seemed
A very long while
A letter was handed me
Out of a pile.
"From your Dad in the Army"
They said with a smile.

And I opened it up
For I wanted to see
Although it was not
Addressed to me
And he sounded as happy
As he could be.

For he wanted us all
To quickly know
That he'd been given
A short furlough.
He could hardly wait
He said to go.

And he said that he'd never
Been feeling more fit
And though he'd been fighting
He'd never been hit
And was only too glad
To be doing "his bit".

What he wrote to our mummy
Was awfully sweet
And how glad he would be
When we all should meet.
And he told her what
He wanted to eat.

I shall meet my daddy
On the run
And ask the air warden
To give me a gun
Then together we'll fight
'Til the war is won.

Freddy.

Mar. 14-1942

(Written by Miss Forbes of Milton)

Julius Souza Related Experiences to The Neighbors.

There was standing room only at the Methodist Church on Tuesday evening when the hour had arrived for Dr. Joseph Cochran, President of the Nantucket Civic League, to call the weekly Neighbors Night to order. Some probably came for the express purpose of seeing the Audubon Society's excellent colored movies; many others, undoubtedly, came to hear Julius Souza tell of his frightful experience last May—thirty-two days on a liferaft, withut food or water for many days, after his vessel had been blasted by Axis submarines. No one was disappointed, for the entire program held the close attention of each and every one of the large audience, during its entirety.

The Audubon pictures were shown by Mrs. Marie V. Beals, who is spending a short vacation, and doing quite a bit of "birding", as the guest of Miss Emily Seifert at Afterglow Cottage on North Liberty street.

Mrs. Beals spoke very briefly before the pictures were shown, extending an invitation for all to visit Audubon House at 1006 Fifth avenue, New York city. Now and then, during the hour of instructive enjoyment that followed, Mrs. Beals made explanatory comments on the pictures. However, the pictures needed no comments—they spoke for themselves.

The first, "At Home with the Birds", gave intimate glimpses into the lives of many of our land and water birds, including the osprey, petrel, guillemot, cormorant, gulls, and many others too numerous to mention. While most of the pictures were of birds, interest was heightened by the insertion, here and there, of unusual nature scenes of great beauty. Many pictures of bird family groups were included and one could appreciate how busy mother birds must be if they are to even partially satisfy the hunger of their offspring. Many of these feeding scenes, as well as other parts of the film, were replete with humor.

The second film was of the Audubon Nature Camp at Muscongus Bay, on the coast of Maine. The work and play of the various Audubon nature classes were depicted. Birds, mammals, insects, various kinds of marine life—each got their full share of attention. The Neighbors are indeed indebted to Mrs. Beals and to the Audubon Society for their contribution to a very successful evening.

* * * * *

Julius Souza, quiet, unassuming hero of the Battle of the Atlantic, was interviewed by Frederick P. Hill, a man who knows both the way of the water and the ways of war. It must have been difficult indeed for Mr. Souza to face the audience that filled the large Methodist Church, for most men of action are not men of words; and it is not exactly pleasant to recall experiences such as his had been. But he had the satisfaction of speaking to a group that followed every word he said with intense interest and profound sympathy, and if he were at all nervous, he was the only one to realize it.

Before interviewing Mr. Souza, Mr. Hill paid tribute to all who brave the dangers of the sea, in any capacity, during peace and war. Mr. Hill then presented Mrs. Souza to the audience, stating that paramount in Mr. Souza's will to live during all his privations and suffering, must have been the desire to get back to Miss Hamblin, now his wife. Mrs. Souza stood and was given hearty applause.

As Mr. Souza himself was introduced, the crowd stood in tribute, thus according him an honor that is unusual in the history of the Neighbors. Mr. Hill did an admirable job as a questioner—his manner was genial and his questions were "salty", yet easily understood by land-lubbers.

The freighter, the audience learned, was in mid-Atlantic when the catastrophe occurred. The vessel was of American registry and it was carrying essential war supplies; it was unarmed and its first warning was the explosion of an incendiary bomb which hit the bridge. Others followed, the radio shack was hit, and soon the rudder was useless. The boat was still running full speed ahead and the starboard raft was damaged as it went overboard—fortunately, as it turned out, since the Germans riddled it with machine-gun bullets. Souza waited for the chief engineer, who went below to reverse the engine. Another raft was launched and Souza had the guide rope shot out from his hands as he slid down. He reached the raft, clinging to it for nearly an hour, as bullets raked it, and submerged as the others lay flat on its surface. Finally the vessel sank, the machine-gunning stopped, and he was pulled aboard.

Things looked better; they were alive and there was food and water enough, if rationed, to last them for two months. But the greatest hazard was to come from within. "There was enough, but the chief engineer went violent just before he died and threw the stuff overboard," said Souza.

"For five days I went without a drink. It had rained before we lost our supplies, but now it rained no more. Finally I couldn't stand it any longer, so I started to drink sea water. The young lad, a Virgin Islander, started to drink sea water before I did. One morning I woke up and he was gone. I was alone, burned up by day, and half-frozen at night; not

Surprise Shower.

A surprise shower was given to Mrs. Jack Powers, formerly Miss Edith Levins, on Wednesday night, February 11, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Tirrell, with Miss Philice Andrews as hostess.

Friends were seated in the dark when the guest-of-honor arrived. Each gift with a verse on it to be read aloud was found upon following a string that took the bride and guests from room to room, upstairs and down.

Refreshments, consisting of chocolate sundae, cookies and coffee, were served around the fire-place, followed by a wedding cake decorated with a small bride and groom.

Invited guests were as follows: the Mesdames Elizabeth McDonald, Ethel Ray, Irene Smith, Arlene Bartlett, Elizabeth Watts, and the Misses Helen Levins, Marjorie Hull, Olive Dutton, Mary McCann, Helen Bartlett and Matilda Barattiero. Feb 14-1942

Jan 31st 1942

Thatcher Baker Writes About Days on Nantucket.

From the Boston Post.

All this foolish talk about hoarding is very sickening or disgusting. Anyone is wise to buy what he can, if he or she knows the prices are going up, or that there is likely to be a shortage of certain things, no matter whether it is sugar, flour, coal, wood or anything else.

You can see in the papers every day advertisements telling the people to buy your coal now, lay in your winter coal, etc. I don't suppose this is hoarding. I say it is not, any more than anyone laying in 300 pounds or sugar, a barrel of flour, etc. It is only looking ahead and there should be more of this looking ahead in everything. You and I and anyone have a perfect right to buy up and lay aside anything we care to when we can and while we can.

Who corners the market, buying up all the coffee so we have to pay 75 cents a pound for it, that generally sells for 30 cents a pound? Who buys up all these necessities of life? Not the poor man, nor the average wage earner, but he has to pay sometimes double and triple because he could not lay in a barrel of sugar or flour.

In the old days, 50 years ago or more, people always laid in a barrel of flour, a barrel of sugar, a cellar full of vegetables, barrel of kerosene, two or more bales of cloth, killed a hog, salted down a barrel of pork, and had enough fresh pork for all winter. This is what my father did, and a thousand others. Nowadays....some would call it extreme hoarding.

Well, let me tell all such people of these wonderful modern times, when we build big cities and blow them to pieces, that there a few old timers left here yet, like myself, whose ancestors trace back to 1600. Tristram Coffin, born in Denvonshire, England, and who died in 1681 at Nantucket, Mass., my native island.

These old timers that I mentioned have it born in their blood to look ahead—prepare to hoard, as this present generation calls it. These old timers didn't spend all their money on cars, good times, and the fast, crazy life we are living these days. They saved, bought a home, bought acres of wood lots (hoarding, I suppose you would call it) but call it what you care to, the wise man will stock up on things he needs, or may need....when he knows prices will go up. Those with blood in their veins as far back as 1600 don't need any advice on this subject.

Thatcher R. Baker.
A Native of Nantucket.

Admiral Coffin Owned a Brig.

"Was Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin ever a ship owner?" was a question we were asked by an off-island subscriber this week.

The doughty Admiral invested in the brig "Clio" in 1829 and owned her out-right. The brig sailed in August of that year for Quebec with twenty-one Nantucket young men in her crew. They were:

Fred A. Hussey, Andrew J. Morton, Charles W. Bunker, Henry C. Clapp, Charles F. Hussey, William M. Bunker, Andrew M. Folger, James Centre, Edward R. Worth, George Coffin, Fred W. Whippey, Benjamin F. Coffin, Alexander M. Myrick (1st), David P. Eldredge, James F. Chase, Rowland Bunker, Calvin Swain, Robert B. Coffin, Shubael F. Wood, W. M. Russell, Franklin Folger (Sr.).

In 1884 Benjamin F. Coffin was the only one making his home on the island.

Gilbert's New Venture.

Gilbert E. Burchell, the chap who has a birthday anniversary once in four years, has found a way to escape the heavy upkeep necessary in order to operate a motor-truck. He built himself a mammoth outfit with high sides and tail-board, and he has a pair of horses to draw it. He thus outlines his venture:

I built the truck myself and then mounted it on the chassis of an old hay-rack.

I painted it myself, too.

I raise my own hay and the horses help me cut it and stow it.

I may have eight hoofs to shoe instead of four wheels, but shoes for horses don't cost much compared with what I'd have to pay for one shoe for a car.

And, furthermore, using a pair of horses instead of a 60-horse motor, I'm not worried by other troubles.

Just think:

No gasoline or oil to pay for.
No charging batteries.
No difficult starting because of cold weather.
No muffler blowing out.
No bother with a carburetor.
No gas tax to pay.
No registration to pay.
No insurance to pay.
No need for a $2.09 sticker.
No tires to puncture.
No changing oil.
No ignition trouble.
Gid-dap!

Jan 31st 1942

year DIED 1941

At New Bedford, June 16, Israel M. Swain, aged 79 years. Interment at Nantucket.

Death of Israel M. Swain.

Israel M. Swain, son of the late Capt. William T. Swain of Nantucket, died in New Bedford on Tuesday of this week, having been in failing health for some time.

He was a veteran of the Spanish-American and first World War, and for a number of years was in the government life-saving service. At the age of sixteen he shipped before the mast and later became a member of the crew of the Muskeget station.

He was the oldest member of the American Legion Post No. 1 of New Bedford. During the World War he was a chief boatswain's mate in charge of sub-chaser 166 on convoy duty. Following the war he took the position of cook on the yacht "Tabor Boy" of Tabor Academy, and in 1926 he entered the employ of the New Bedford Yacht Club.

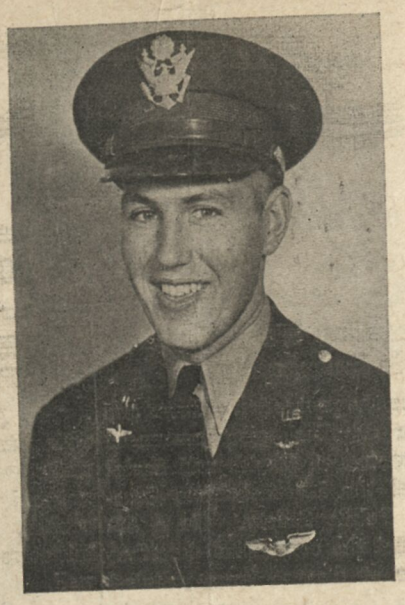
On the 2d of December, 1930, he performed an act for which he was cited for bravery. Although 68 years of age at the time, he jumped into the icy waters of New Bedford harbor and saved a woman from drowning. For this act he received the bronze medal of the Carnegie Hero Fund Foundation and also the silver medal of the Massachusetts Humane Society. He also received a cash award of $1000 from the Carnegie Commission.

On March 10, 1886, he married Mary Jaggar, daughter of the late Charles Jaggar of Nantucket. He is survived by his widow and by three sons and a daughter, namely: Randolph Swain of Nantucket, Alanson Swain of College Point, L. I., Israel M. Swain, Jr., of New Bedford, and Mrs. Lillian Priaulx, also of New Bedford.

The remains were brought to Nantucket on Friday for interment in the family lot in Prospect Hill cemetery.

YOUNG NANTUCKETERS IN THE SERVICE OF THEIR COUNTRY

PRIVATE FREDERICK H. STETSON.



2nd LIEUT. LEO W. KILLEN.

PRIVATE (1st class) WILLIAM F. GIBBS.

Private Stetson Stationed at Pearl Harbor.

Private Frederick H. Stetson is in the 33rd Q. M. C. L. M. Co., stationed at Schofield Barracks, Hawaii, where he has been located over a year. Following the sneak attack by the Japanese on Pearl Harbor, it was rumored that Stetson had died from injuries received in the engagement. The reports were subsequently found to be without foundation and his father, Frederick Stetson, informs us that he has received no word either from his son or the Army since the attack, from which it is assumed that Private Stetson was neither killed nor injured.

The father sent an air mail letter to his son last week and expects to receive a reply shortly. He is confident that "Herbie" is alive, otherwise the department would have notified him. A Christmas greeting card was received by the father a day or two following the Pearl Harbor attack, which had evidently been mailed a couple of weeks previous.

Lieutenant Killen in Army Air Corps Since Last April.

Lieut. Leo W. Killen, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Killen of Nantucket, received his wings and was commissioned as a second lieutenant in the United States Air Corps at the graduation exercises held at Barksdale Field, La., three weeks ago.

Since then he has flown across country to the west coast to Seattle and returned to Massachusets, where he is now stationed at Westover Field, Chicopee.

Killen was born in Nantucket, March 19, 1920, and was appointed to the Army Air Corps last April. His primary flight training was received at the Alabama Institute of Aeronautics, and from there he went to Gunter Field at Salem, Alabama, before going to Barksdale for advanced training.

His parents went up to Boston last week to meet him at Christmas, as his furlough was so short he could not come home for the holiday.

Private William Gibbs Completed Special Course.

The following information was received this week from Headquarters Army Medical Center at Washington, relative to Private 1st Class William F. Gibbs of Nantucket:

Private first-class William F. Gibbs whose home is in Nantucket, is one of the top men of a class of 23 who graduated from the School for Medical Department Technicians Dental Course, Army Medical Center, Washington, D. C., on December 23d.

Selected by his Commanding Officer at the Army Base, Boston, for this specialized training, Private Gibbs is continuing his work in the service along the lines in which he had shown interest in civilian life.

After attending the local schools he was employed in The Inquirer and Mirror office, and also at Congdon's Pharmacy. He enlisted in December, 1940, at Fall River, and requested service with the Medical Department. Expressing satisfaction with his training, Private Gibbs stated: "I like the Army very much and was glad to get the chance to come to school."

Upon graduation he returned for duty to the Medical Detachment, U. S. Army Base, at Boston. His nearest relative is listed on Army records as his father, Adrian Gibbs, of Nantucket.

Approximately 200 men from all components of the Army are sent to the school the first of each month for twelve weeks' training, giving a total of 600 men under instruction at any one time. When graduated these men return to their stations qualified to act as X-ray, Pharmacy, Laboratory, Dental, Medical, Surgical or Veterinary technicians and are in line for promotion or specialist rating with increased pay.

Killed in Action.

Nantucket has lost another of its boys. Robert A. Henderson, younger son of William J. Henderson, of the Nantucket police force, was killed in action in the Solomon Islands. A message bringing the sad news was received by his father from the authorities at Washington, last Friday evening. The message brought no details, simply notifying Officer Henderson of the death of his son.

Robert Henderson graduated from the Nantucket High School in the Class of 1941 and soon after enlisted in the Marines, first being stationed at Parris Island and at the completion of his training there he was sent overseas with the detachment of Marines. It was known he was somewhere in the South Seas, but not until the telegram was received bringing word of his death, was it known that he was with the forces at Solomon Islands.

Robert was a popular young fellow, well-liked by his school-mates and also by his teachers. Wherever he was employed as a boy while finishing his education here he proved himself popular and a faithful employee. Always admiring the Marines, he determined to join that branch of service at the first opportunity and now he has made the supreme sacrifice, fighting for the country he loved.

Year 1942

Five Nantucket Women Classed as Nonogenarians.

There are five women in Nantucket to whom everyone should extend congratulations at this winter season, for all are nonogenarians and have recently observed their natal anniversaries.

Mrs. Mary J. Coleman, who is the oldest resident of Nantucket, was 98 on the 26th of January.

Miss Phebe W. Tracy is next oldest and she observed her 95th anniversary on January 22.

Miss Elizabeth Marshall, who observed her anniversary on February 4th, was 92 on that day.

Mrs. Lydia Hussey observed her 91st anniversary last October, so is now in her 92nd year.

Miss Agnes Coffin, of Broad street, will also observe her ninety-second birthday this year, having celebrated her ninety-first last November.

Feb 14 1942

That Big Bluefish.

This week we received a letter from Seth P. Ewer, of Bernardston, Mass., relative to the item printed in these columns several weeks ago about the biggest bluefish ever caught—weighing 27-pounds, caught at Nantucket in 1903. Mr. Ewer writes:

"My brother, Nelson P. Ewer, was a member of the crew of the Madaket life-saving station in 1903. He caught a bluefish that was said to be the largest ever landed.

"When I was on Nantucket in the summer of 1904 I visited the station and there saw the skeleton of the fish. It was longer than the depth of a barrel and the tail stuck well above the top. It certainly was a large bluefish and, so far as I ever heard, the largest ever caught by anyone."

JUNE 14, 1941.

Serious Fire Averted.

A few minutes after 11:00 o'clock Monday morning the Fire Department was summoned by 'phone and box calls to Main street to subdue a blaze in the basement of Congdon's Pharmacy. The first arrivals found smoke pouring from the store, giving every indication that a serious fire was in progress.

Two pumpers and the ladder truck responded. A booster line was run into the store through the front entrance, while hose lines were run from hydrants on Main street to the front and rear of the building.

True to the department's tradition, the firemen located the origin of the fire and worked to "knock it down" while at the same time ventilating the building to get rid of the thick and acrid smoke.

Deputy Chief Cartwright, donning a smoke mask, took a hose line down into the cellar and quickly located the blaze at the rear. Laddermen ascended to the roof and got windows in adjacent buildings of the block opened, ridding the premises of the smoke in about twenty minutes.

How the fire started is still a mystery. Some empty cartons had been taken down and stored in the cellar rubbish-bin at 8:00 o'clock that morning. Not until 11:00 o'clock was the trap-door again lifted—and then because smoke was beginning to make egress through the trap edges. When young George Haddon discovered the smoke, Manager Harry Rex went down instantly with a can of carbon tetrochloride. He found the smoke dense and the flames shooting from the rubbish bin which was a mass of fire. The "carbon tet" undoubtedly had its effect but the heat was so intense that Rex was singed about the head and forced to retreat. His assistant, Walter Fairbanks, had meanwhile 'phoned the department while young Haddon ran down the street to headquarters. The box alarm was pulled in by "Grit" West.

Despite the head-start obtained by the blaze, most of the damage was due to the thick smoke and from the water that had to be shot into the cellar. The estimate was given at $1100.00.

Town Purchases Airport at Nobadeer.

June 1941

The town of Nantucket now has an airport. After weeks of doubt, in which legal technicalities appeared to have stopped the decree by which the town could secure the land from the Hagner-Walters' estate, due to an offer for the same land by the Mayflower Air Lines, the whole matter was settled at a Probate Court hearing on Thursday morning.

Judge George M. Poland conducted the hearing at the Probate Court room in the Town's building. George M. Cutting, special administrator of the Hagner-Walters' estate, had come up from Warrenton, Va., and was present with his attorney, Gardner W. Russell. Parker W. Gray, President of Mayflower Air Lines, was present as a witness. The Town was represented by its attorney, Roy E. Sanguinetti.

Mr. Cutting took the stand first, and in reply to questions from Mr. Russell declared that in view of the action of the special town meeting he, as the special administrator of the estate, was ready to sell the Nobadeer Airport to the town for $7600. Then there was an offer for $8500.00, made by the Mayflower Airlines, through its President Parker W. Gray.

The report of the guardian *ad litem*, Miss Grace Henry, had stated it was her belief the Mayflower Air Lines' offer was "a dilatory effort to defeat the sale of the land described in the petition to the town of Nantucket." The report further stated that if a certified check for the $8500 was not in the hands of Mr. Cutting or Mr. Russell by June 2, 1941, a decree be entered authorizing the sale of the land to the town for $7600.

Attorney Russell attempted to have a letter from Mayflower Air Lines to Mr. Cutting (delivered through Miss Henry that morning) introduced, as this letter withdrew the Air Lines' offer through Mr. Gray. But Judge Poland would not allow the letter, at this stage because it was a "mere piece of paper" and not identified.

Parker W. Gray, President of the Mayflower Air Lines, was asked to take the stand.

"In absence of counsel," said Mr. Gray, "may I be excused from taking the stand."

Judge Poland ruled that as he had been summoned as a witness, and received compensation for the same, he should take the stand. His exceptions to questions would be noted, however, he was assured.

Mr. Gray acknowledged the letter of May 14 to Mr. Cutting containing the Mayflower Air Lines' offer of $8500. He also offered as evidence the minutes of a meeting of the Air Lines' board of directors which authorized him to make an offer for the airport.

The witness also produced a letter from the clerk of his company—an attested copy of a meeting held April 1, 1941, at which it was voted to authorize Mr. Gray to make arrangements for purchase of land at Nobadeer.

When asked to produce the minutes of the stockholders' meetings, Mr. Gray asked to be excused from so doing.

At last, the letter from the Air

Continued on Last Page.

Town Purchases Airport at Nobadeer.

Continued from First Page.

Lines to Mr. Cutting, withdrawing the offer, was identified by Mr. Gray. It stated that: "Due to circumstances over which we have no control funds which we anticipated...", etc., thus ending the $8500 offer.

Without further ado, Judge Poland allowed a decree to be entered which authorized the purchase of Nobadeer Airport by the Town of Nantucket for $7,600.00. The decree:

Commonwealth of Massachusetts
Nantucket, ss.

At a Probate Court holden at Nantucket, in and for said County of Nantucket, on the twelfth day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and forty-one.

On the petition of George W. Cutting, Spec. Adm. of the Estate of Caroline R. Hagner, sometimes known as Caroline R. Walters, praying that he be licensed to sell certain real estate in said Estate described as in Certificate of Title No. 2377, which land is shown as Lot D-2 on Plan No. 14342-B filed with the Land Court containing about ninety (90) acres more or less at private sale for a sum not less than Seventy-six hundred (7600) dollars either to the Inhabitants of the Town of Nantucket, a municipal corporation, in the event it votes to buy it, or to any other person or corporation. All persons interested in the estate of said deceased having had due notice of said petition, and no objection being made and the Guardian Ad Litem supplementary report assenting thereto and it appearing to the Court that such Sale is to the best interest of all parties concerned in said estate.

It is decreed that George W. Cutting, Spec. Adm. of the estate of Caroline R. Hagner sometimes known as Caroline R. Walters be and hereby is authorized to sell the real estate in said estate described in Certificate of Title No. 2377 which land is shown as Lot D-2 on plan No. 14342-B filed with the Land Court containing about ninety acres more or less at private sale for a sum not less than Seventy-six (7600) hundred dollars.

George M. Poland,
Judge of Probate Court.

A True Copy: Attest
John J. Gardner, 2d
Register.

The legal machinery for consummation of the bargain was rapidly set in motion. The next morning—Friday, the 13th—the "hoodoo" was shattered when the ill luck attending the sale vanished in the air of the Registry of Deeds. Town Counsel Sanguinetti handed the town's check for $7600 to Attorney Russell, who in turn handed over the deed to the Town. The sale was duly recorded by Registrar Josiah Barrett—making the transfer official.

The Town of Nantucket now owns the Nobadeer Airport, and, when the several deeds to the outlying land which owners thereof have offered, are transferred, the business of creating a regulation-size airport will begin.

The Navy's personnel losses at Pearl Harbor were announced as 2,729 officers and men killed and 565 injured.

Two Songs That Have a Tragic Story.

Jack Kofoed in Miami (Fla.) News.

Two songs have a similar connotation in my mind. One is the hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee"; the other the rollicking ballad, "Roll Out the Barrel."

You don't understand that? Let me explain.

Back in 1912 I was in high school. One morning I went to chapel. I hadn't read the paper, having been too busy with scrambling out of bed, getting breakfast, and hurrying on my way to school. I didn't know what a horrible thing had happened in the world.

Then one of the professors arose, and talked about the sinking of the Titanic. The gigantic liner had struck an iceberg, and gone to the bottom of the sea. Men and women huddled on the deck while the black water rose inexorably toward them. They were about to die, and they knew they were about to die.

He spoke of the call: "Women and children first!"—and of wives who chose to stay with gallant husbands, instead of seeking the safety of the lifeboats. While death came closer out of the dark, the orchestra played, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and those husbands and wives held hands, and the brave men of the sea stood with them, while all who could be saved were hustled into the boats.

In later years I was to see men and women die in the hell of war, but nothing has stuck so clearly with me as the mental picture the quiet man on the platform painted: The luxury liner, staggering and broken under the impact with the 'berg—wealthy and aristocratic men and women, steerage passengers, hard-boiled sailors, waiting for the cold arms of the North Atlantic to receive them while the band played "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

That was William McKinley's favorite hymn. It was mine, too—until the Titanic went down. Since then I haven't heard it without a shiver. I went to France on the President Lincoln. As we entered the danger zone, I leaned over the rail, and looked at the hungry waves, and thought of the Titanic, and the men and women who sang, "Nearer, My God, to Thee" and wondered if I could face that fate in the same way. It is nearly 29 years since the liner went down—and 29 years is a long, long time—but I have never forgotten. I still wonder if I could have been as quietly brave as they were.

Then, only a little while ago, "Roll Out the Barrel" moved into the same focus as that hymn of the ages. It was an immensely popular song for awhile—not only here, but in Europe, too. A German military band played it for hours in the streets after Warsaw had been gutted and taken. It was sung in Parisian cafes and London music halls and American parties.

Last month the steamer City of Benares sailed across the Atlantic, carrying refugee children from bomb-shattered homes in London. There were little kids, who were to be cared for in American homes.

Late at night they were asleep, dreaming, maybe, of parents they had left, or of new adventures they were to face. Skimming under the surface of the sea was a German U-boat. There were sharp words of command. A torpedo lanced the dark waters of the Atlantic and struck the City of Benares amidships.

A terrific explosion ripped the guts out of the ship. Children were killed in their sleep. Escort mothers and crewmen escorted the little people, who still lived, to the deck. They struck up a song—because a song often sends fear chasing out into the night. They sang, "Roll Out the Barrel"—sang it while the City of Benares listed, and life-boats stuck in the davits and the hungry waters lapped toward their little feet!

They didn't know what was ahead. They were confident their elders would save them. So, they sang "Roll Out the Barrel" and that's why I bracket it with "Nearer, My God, to Thee" that those who died on the Titanic sang 28 years before. Each, in its way, was a song of courage. There's gaiety in the words and rollicking tune, but they have only tragic implications on the lips of little children who are about to die.

Submarine commanders must be hardened to the things they do, but horror must have come into the mind of the officer who ordered the sinking of the City of Benares when he learned what his torpedo had done to children who didn't know enough to hate the philosophy he stood for.

I wonder if he can ever listen to "Roll Out the Barrel" again without a dreadful numbness in his heart. Maybe he had children of his own who did not realize that England must be destroyed that Hitlerism might live. Mentally he must put them on the deck of the refugee ship as it rolled under the waves with its youthful cargo—standing there in company with English children.

War is terrible and tragic, the worst disease from which civilization has ever suffered. Once it was fought between men. Even the Romans and Huns and Goths sought to spare the very young. But that mercy is unknown in our civilization. Babies are targets now as well as soldiers—just as worthy targets. Nothing seems so terrible as the murder of children, not only in the wreck of the City of Benares, but in the rubble of ruined homes in Warsaw and Rotterdam, Berlin and London.

Whenever I think of them, "Roll Out the Barrel" rings in my ears—and then my memory goes back to the morning the news of the Titanic's sinking came to us, and the men and women and children who drowned while the band played "Nearer, My God, to Thee". Now each song sounds as tragic as the other to me.

Nantucketers Held Get-together Party in Boston.

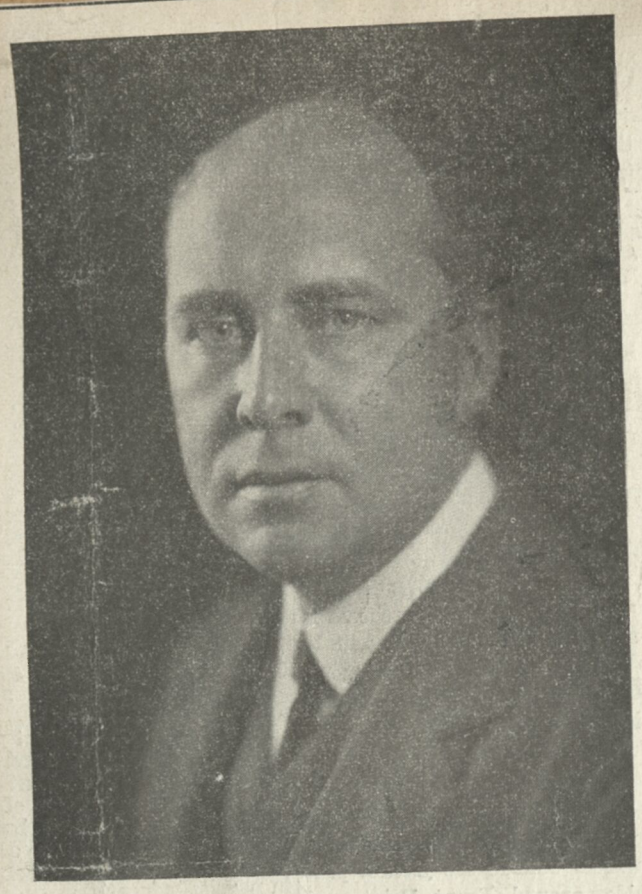
Several Nantucketers now living in and near Boston met for a big get-together party at Union Congregational Church in that city, Sunday afternoon.

Thirty-two of these island "evacuees" attended the party at which Rev. Fred D. Bennett, pastor of the church and former pastor of Nantucket's North Church, and Mrs. Bennett, were host and hostess. Greetings from Rev. Claude Bond, of North Church, were read. A buffet supper was served at 5.30 o'clock.

This re-union of Nantucketers was a big success and it was decided to hold another such party on March 1, at about 5 p. m., and an invitation is extended to all islanders in the vicinity of Boston to attend.

Among those present at Sunday's get-together were: Mrs. Elmer Blanchard, now living in South Boston; her son, PFC Douglas Blanchard; Mr. and Mrs. Seddon W. Legg, of 285 East Squantum st., North Quincy; Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Brady, of 69 St. Germain street, Boston; Mrs. Julia Fisher Ellis, of 64 Queensberry st., Boston; Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Brady, 68 Westland ave., Boston; Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Benoit, 170 North Warren ave., Brockton; William Briard, 86 Mercer st., South Boston; Barbara Andrews, 36 Francis st., Brookline; Ethel B. Gardner, 21 Silk st., Arlington; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Blair, 67 Symphony road, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. Lewis W. Worth, East Natick, Mass.; PFC H. McLeod; Miss Jean Sevrens, 75 Elm st., Woburn; Mr. and Mrs. Harding Smith, Campbell Hall, Division st., E. Greenwich, R. I.; Carlton H. West employed by the Boston Elevated Railway; Richard H. Smith, Rhode Island State College, Kingston, R. I.; Martin Foley, 94 Belvidere st., Boston; Rupert Warren, 17 Bigelow st., Cambridge; Caroline Isaksen, 10 Haskell st., Melrose; Mrs. William Holden Bigelow, of the same address; Hollis Nickerson, 1075 Boylston st., Boston; Mr. and Mrs. Roland Kenyon, 11 Wilson rd., Stoneham; Mrs. Clara Bartlett Collins, 16 Parkway rd., Stoneham; Rev. and Mrs. Fred D. Bennett.

Feb 14-1942



THE LATE KENNETH L. TAYLOR

Death of Kenneth L. Taylor a Distinct Loss to Nantucket.

It is with deep regret that we record the death of Kenneth L. Taylor, which occurred Wednesday morning, after a comparatively brief illness, less than nine months after the passin of his wife, Mrs. Mary McCollum Taylor, last September.

The death of Mr. Taylor is a distinct loss to the community in many ways, and many there are who realize full well that they have lost a sincere friend. He was always helpful, always generous with both advice and means, and his wise counsel was of great value when important decisions were to be reached.

As President of the Nantucket Cottae Hospital, the deceased was held in the highest regard by his associates and during his regime many important improvements have been made at the institution.

In the development of the village of Wauwinet, with the re-construction and enlargement of the hotel there, Mr. Taylor gave financial aid as well as the benefit of his business experience, and Wauwinet as it stands today is virtually a monument to his memory.

* * * * *

The deceased was born in New York city, April 13, 1889, the son of the late George Moody Taylor and Carrie B. Link Taylor. He received his early education at schools in Short Hills, N. J., and Kansas City, Mo., and afterwards attended the Stevens Institute of Technology.

For a number of years he was a member of the New York Stock and Curb exchanges and had a variety of business interests. His outstanding success in the business world, however, was with the brokerage firm of White, Weld & Co., of New York, with which he was associated twenty years, and in July, 1926, was admitted to membership. Besides his connection with this firm, he was also associated with D. W. Ross & Co., tea merchants of Edinburgh, Scotland, and his connections with that firm necessitated occasional trips to Scotland, even after he came to Nantucket to take up his permanent residence.

He was also connected with Dawn Cruisers, Inc., and during his active business career he showed marked ability which was appreciated by all with whom he came in contact.

In November, 1914, Mr. Taylor married Mary McCollum, daughter of William W. and Catherine (Day) McCollum, and for several years after marriage they resided in Short Hills, N. J. They first became interested in Nantucket in the summer of 1918, when they came to the island for a short outing, stopping at the Sea Cliff Hotel. They afterwards resided in East Orange, N. J., and in New York city, and in 1930 came to Nantucket, first maintaining a summer home at Wauwinet and later constructing their attractive home on Union street in town, which they called "The Patch" and where they resided the greater part of each year, extending genial, wholesome hospitality to all.

Kenneth Taylor was a gentleman in every sense—kind, courteous, interested and benevolent. He never let an opportunity pass to help the community and its people, and all found in him a sincere friend and associate. He was especially interested in young people and was always ready to render help where needed.

Mild in manner, generous and public spirited, the deceased never lost an opportunity to help along a community improvement, and his advice and sound judgment could always be relied upon. His interest in the Nantucket Hospital was most helpful to the trustees and in the office of president of the institution he had worked diligently at all times, his business foresight being invaluable in many ways.

Mr. Taylor was a member of many organizations, including the social fraternity Delta Tau Delta, the Nantucket Historical Association, the Nantucket Civic League, the Plant Guild, Police Revolver Club, the Old People's Home Association, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and a number of other organizations.

He was a member of the Masonic fraternity, affiliated with Continental Lodge, of Millburn, N. J., and several branches of the Masonic order, including the Scottish Rite and the Shriners.

He was also an active member of the Protestant Episcopal church and was a vestryman of St. Paul's in Nantucket.

The deceased is survived by a half-brother, Lieutenant-Colonel James Taylor, of Arlington, Va., who was summoned to Nantucket when his critical illness was apparent and was here at the time of his death.

Funeral services were conducted yesterday (Friday) afternoon in the Episcopal Church, the rector, Rev. Daniel A. Bennett, officiating. Interment was in the Prospect Hill Cemetery.

The pall-bearers were Frank E. Congdon, Henry B. Coleman, Warren B. Chase, William Wallace, Everett U. Crosby and Ralph E. Dunham.

Funeral Services. 1941

Funeral services for the late Kenneth L. Taylor were held in the Episcopal church on Fair street, Friday afternoon week, at 3:30 o'clock, conducted by the rector, Rev. Daniel A. Bennett. There was a large attendance of friends and acquaintances, business of the town being suspended during the hour of service, as a mark of respect to the memory of one who had been prominent in the life of the community for a decade or more.

In the assemblage were citizens from various walks in life, including the members of the Episcopal parish, the trustees of the Nantucket Cottage Hospital, and other organizations with which the deceased had been allied since coming to Nantucket to take up his permanent residence.

Interment was in the Prospect Hill cemetery, where Mrs. Taylor was laid at rest last September. The pall-bearers were William Wallace, Everett U. Crosby, Frank E. Congdon, Henry B. Coleman, Warren B. Chase and Ralph E. Dunham.

There was a wealth of floral tributes, attesting the esteem in which the deceased was held by all.

Diplomas Awarded Graduating Class of Twenty-nine.

Continued from First Page.

James F. Egan. The anouncement of the award of the "war diplomas" was received with enthusiasm.

The program was brought to a close with the class song, the words of which were written by Patrick Newport. The graduates then filed out, as the audience remained seated, and lined up outside the church where they received congratulations from relatives and friends.

The graduates were as follows:

Civic Arts Course—Robert Freeman Brownell, Gertrude M. Chase, James Frederick Egan, Marjorie Helen Morris, Patrick James Newport, Jeanette Paradis, Irving Ashton Soverino, Jr., Carol Whelden.

College Course—George Ellenwood Barrett, Elinor M. Gay, Charles Winslow Pearl, Robert Edward Ruley.

Commercial Course—Barbara Frances Allen, June Letitia Collins, Hilda Elizabeth Dias, Mary-Caroline Donnellis, Frances Foster Fisher, Richard Francis Ledwell, Mary Ethel MacMillan, Pauline Elizabeth Priaulx, Shirley Mae Swift, Katherine Virginia Terry, Elizabeth Agnes Toner.

Home Economics—Priscilla Louise Judson, Priscilla Elizabeth Nickerson, Muriel Stafford.

Industrial Arts—Charles Parker Cahoon, Antone Joseph Mello, Gilbert Francis Waine.

Brownell and Egan were awarded "war diplomas" by the school board, both having enlisted in the Army.

The class president was Irving A. Soverino, Jr., vice president, Hilda Dias, secretary, Elinor Gay, and treasurer Mary McMillan.

The class colors were purple and gold; the class flower the rose; the class motto: "Forward Into The Future". June 1942

Swain Cited For Extraordinary Heroism And Bravery. 1942

Sergeant Andrew J. Swain, of Nantucket, who was cited for bravery in bringing down Japanese planes in a fight over New Guinea, was awarded his medal "for extraordinary heroism and bravery in an aerial fight against an armed enemy."

On May 1st, Swain and his fellows were gunners in a bombardment plane in a flight over New Guinea, when they were attacked by five Japanese fighters, two of whom they shot down.

Not once during the 35-minute attack, the citation said, did they permit the Japanese fighters to maneuver into positions where effective fire could be directed against their bomber.

A few days ago we received a letter from Sergeant Swain, which was written in Australia on the 20th of May, nearly three weeks after his air battle with the Japs, but owing to the strict censorship he could make no mention of the fight or divulge any information regarding his experiences. His letter reads as follows:

* * * * *

Editor of *The Inquirer and Mirror*:

A few lines to tell you that I am getting the papers—even though a couple of months behind. Let me tell you that those papers are a very strong link in connection with home. I read everything that is printed in them, and when I get through reading it makes me do a lot of thinking—something that can not be described. I think that every fellow in foreign service, or any one of them away from home, thinks the same as I do.

There isn't, as you know, anything in the line of news that I can tell

SERGEANT SWAIN 1942

you. We are very busy and I am continually "going" all the time. There will be many interesting stories to tell when we all get home. I have many to tell that would prove very interesting right now, and I am sure my old pal, Harry Gorman, who is over here somewhere can quote me—by saying the same thing.

Nantucket is well represented in this war according to your paper, and I am sure it has sent its quota of men for the duration.

George Colby is over here with me. He is in another outfit, but I see him whenever I am free to do so. When we do meet you people back there can't imagine how much the two of us can "gossip".

In closing, I would like to say hello to all the fellows I know in the service—and to you, Mr. Turner, and your staff—thank you very much for sending us the best gift there is. So until I can get back to thank you personally,

I remain your friend,
Sgt. A. J. Swain,
90th Bomb. Sqdr.
Australia, May 20th.

* * * * *

[It is apparent from Sergeant Swain's letter that up to the time he wrote it (May 20) he had not received word that Harry Gorman was reported "missing". Neither had he received information of the passing of his father, Preston Swain. It takes longer for mail to reach the men in service in Australia than it does for mail to be received here. All mail matter to or from the American forces in the Pacific has to be sent care of the postmas-

A SUNDAY SCHOOL PICNIC HELD TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Top row—Richard Corkish, Albert Olcott, Arthur Harris, Leroy Pease, Irvin Chase, Charlie Carle, John Gibbs.

Second row—Benson Chase, Wallace Ross, Evelyn Fisher, Frances Thomas, Florence Worth, Edith Bartlett, Jeanne Sanborn, Isabel Worth.

Third row——Albert Morris, Lloyd Thomas, Raymond Brothers, Maxwell Deacon, Norman Barrett, Roswell Holmes, Earl Ray, Kenneth Maglathlin, Helen Thurston, Marjorie Burgess, May Olcott, Lois McCleave, Marcella Smith.

Fourth row—Mary Defriez, Louise Thomas, Marie Marden, Rev. Mr. Sanborn, Mrs. Sanborn, Mrs. William Bartlett, Mrs. William F. Worth, Louise Chadwick, Florence Fisher.

Fifth row—Jessamine Norcross, Charlotte Gibbs, Mary Weeks, Mrs. Ralph Bartlett, Lesbia Thomas, La Verne Barrett, Elsie Garland, Lucy Garland, Lelia Williams, Bernice Winslow, Mrs. William C. Brock, Mrs. Adelbert R. Baker.

Sixth row (seated)—Mrs. Eunice Brooks, Mrs. Ann W. Chase, Mrs. Lizzie Davis, Miss Lydia B. Gardner, Miss Dell Russell and Dr. Frank E. Lewis. (Standing)—Lillian Worth, Lillian Bartlett, and Harriet Williams.

Seventh row—Margaret Cavanaugh, Allen Worth, Ezra W. Lewis, Charlotte Worth, Doris Lake, Merle Turner, Ida Garland, Collister Corkish, Evelyn Martin.

Front row—Francis Burgess, Harry Bartlett, Joseph Nickerson, Alice Duce, Aubrey Corkish, Alton Martin, Marion Barrett, Myrtle Corkish, Florence Coffin.

AUGUST 29, 1942.

The Late Richard Ray

Richard Irving Ray, who passed away recently at Beryn, Md., was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Bertest H. Ray of Nantucket, born on the 21st of September, 1907. He graduated from Nantucket High School in the Class of 1925.

Soon after he enlisted in the aviation branch of the Army and was stationed at Bolling Field, Washington, for a year, after which he retired from aviation. He then became a salesman for the Cadillac and LaSalle Company for four years; was with the J. & S. Laundry at Hyattsville, Md., for eight years; and at the time he was stricken ill was foreman of the final assembly department of the Engineering & Research Corporation at Riverdale, Md.

Besides his parents, the deceased is survived by a sister, Mrs. Oscar B. Eger, also of Nantucket.

The remains were brought to Nantucket for interment in the family lot in Prospect Hill Cemetery. Funeral services in the Episcopal Church were conducted by the Rev. Daniel Bennett.

"Don't Worry" Soldier Writes To His Mother.

Some of the letters which the soldier boys are sending home convey a lot of information without actually saying a great deal. The boys who are in the thick of things usually write "Don't Worry!" Even if the soldier has been wounded in action, in his letter he usually makes light of it. For instance, here's a copy of a letter which Mrs. William R. Griffin, of North Abington, received from her son, Private Dennis Griffin:

"All is pretty well with me, now. I'm at an Army hospital base and the soldiers are continually bringing us cigarettes and candy. The nurses and doctors can't seem to do enough to make us comfortable.

"When I first arrived here I had no pillow on my bed. The nurse was running about everywhere to get a pillow for me. All is coming well now and the more my face heals the less of a scar it seems to be going to make. I have four and a half teeth in front and two molars on each side; the rest were cut clean off with my jaw. I lost the tip of my tongue but that hasn't amounted to much. I can talk almost perfectly but I can't whistle."

Christmas Weddings.

Among those who were privileged to observe their wedding anniversaries on Christmas Day were the following:

Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Chase—1904.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Corkish—1905.

Mr. and Mrs. William C Brock—1915.

Mr. and Mrs. John Kittila—1917.

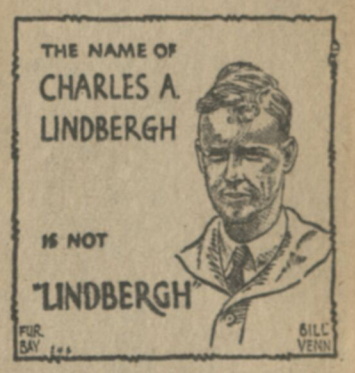
Mr. and Mrs. Richard J. Porter—1921.

Mr. and Mrs. John MacDonald—1933.

Dec-1942

The Truth Is:

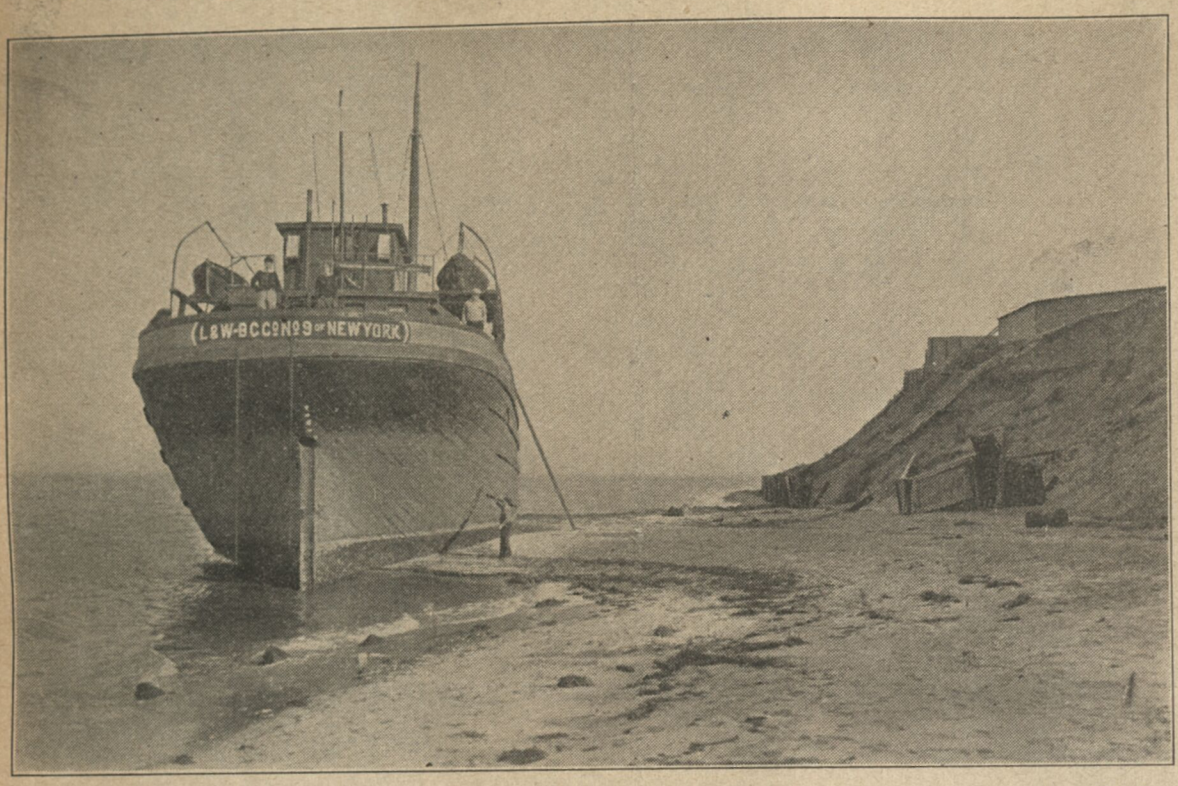
By John Harvey Furbay, Ph.D.



In his absorbing book, "We," Charles A. Lindbergh says that his real family name is not Lindbergh, but Manson. His grandparents, Ola and Louisa Manson, left their home in Sweden about 1861 and came to America, where they settled near Sauk Centre, Minn., and changed their name to Lindbergh. Their son, Charles, was educated at the University of Michigan, and married a girl from the same school (Evangeline Land). To this couple a son, Charles Augustus, was born Feb. 4, 1902. It was this lad who flew to Paris May 21, 1927, unaccompanied.

(Copyright by Public Ledger, Inc.)

WRECKED ON NANTUCKET TEN YEARS AGO



THIS PICTURE was taken just after the coal barge came ashore on the north side of the island ten years ago this week. The barge broke adrift from the "tow" during the night and was carried ashore by the strong northerly wind, to become a total loss. The barge was cut up for firewood and the hulk set on fire. However, some of her "bones" still rest beneath the sand on the shore near the golf links. This was the only vessel that has been wrecked on the shore of the island in the past ten years.

More Pay Per Month For Men in Service.

The signature of President Roosevelt on the service men's pay bill gives the American fighting men the highest base pay of any warriors in the world. Benefiting under the measure are the first eight ranks in Army, Navy, Coast Guard and Marines, with definite provision made for dependents.

Increases are as follows: 1942

Army	Navy	Old Pay	New Pay
Private	Apprentice Seaman	$30	$50
1st cl. Private	2nd Class Seaman	36	54
Corporal	1st Class Seaman	54	66
Sergeant	3rd Class Petty Officer	60	78
Staff Sergeant	2nd Class Petty Officer	72	96
1st or Tech. Sergeant	1st Class Petty Officer	84	114
Master Sergeant	Chief Petty Officer	126	138
2nd Lieutenant	Ensign	125	150

Howes to Have Seven Months Advanced Flight Training.

Frederick W. Howes, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Howes, of 16 Back street, Nantucket, completed successfully a two months' preliminary flight training at the Squantum Naval Air station, and was ordered to an intermediate base in the South for a month's training prior to reporting at Pensacola, Jacksonville or Corpus Christi, for seven months of advanced flight training.

When he graduates from the latter course he will be awarded the gold

Feb. 14-1942

AIR CADET FREDERICK W. HOWES.
Official U. S. Navy Photograph.

wings of a Naval Aviator and will be commissioned either as an Ensign in the Naval Reserve or a Second Lieutenant in the Marine Corps Reserve.

Howes graduated from the Nantucket High School in the class of 1934. He then attended Findlay College, from which he graduated in 1941. While there he was class president during his sophomore year, president of the dramatic club in his senior year, and vice-president of the student council in his senior year.

year MARRIED. 1943

In Jacksonville, Florida, January 4th, by the Rev. Fr. O'Conor, Chaplain of Lee Field, Ensign Frederick W. Howes, U. S. Navy, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Howes of Nantucket, and Miss Dorothy Dunathan, daughter of President Dunathan of Findlay College, Ohio.

Sewer Main Goes Through Fire Cistern.

In extending the sewer main along Centre street southward deep trenches have been necessary, and a lot of planking has been used. The workmen have come across various difficulties in mounting the grade from Lily street, and this week, when they reached a point opposite the Hull residence, at the head of Ash street, they came upon a real problem.

A fire cistern is located there, and as it is about 19 feet in diameter and 10 feet deep it meant quite a hole in the ground, reaching practically from curb to curb and the top about 3 feet below the concrete surface of the street.

The only thing to do was to go through the cistern with the sewer pipe. This meant pumping out the 607 barrels of water the cistern contained and then breaking through the north and south sides for the construction of the line.

This offered opportunity to make a study of a very interesting piece of workmanship from the inside, and for the first time in our lives we went down into one of Nantucket's old fire cisterns that was built a century ago —and built well.

It meant crawling through the hole that had been punched in the sidewall—and a narrow squeeze it was, as the opening was not over 18 inches in diameter—and wallowing through the sand and mud in the trench in order to reach the hole.

Once inside the cistern, however, with the only light coming from the open man-hole above, we saw how the Nantucket men of 100 years ago did their work. Two layers of brick comprised the encircling wall, with the inner side cemented to a smooth surface and, of course, waterproof. In no place was this inner wall chipped.

Two pillars support the street, above, and extending across the top, from wall to wall, with junction at the pillar tops, were large granite slabs, a foot thick and some of them a couple of feet wide and eight to ten feet long, forming the roof of the cistern and the support to the street.

There was no sign of weakness in any of the construction, although it had been standing a century already, for it was in 1831 and 1832 that Nantucket built its series of fire cisterns. Who built them we do not learn, but whoever the man was who tackled the job he did his work well.

This cistern under Centre street is not the largest in town, for there are a number of greater capacity, but from the way it is constructed it is good for another century. The sewer main, which is to run through it about two feet from the bottom, is to be supported by cement blocks and made watertight on both sides, so that the cistern can be re-filled by the fire department, for use in an emergency, just as it has year after year since it was constructed, but, fortunately, seldom needed.

At this time it may be of interest to our readers to know the location and capacity of the fire cisterns located throughout the town for use in emergency.

The largest are located on Main street, opposite Bloom, and on Orange street, opposite Plumb Lane. Each of these has a capacity of 1,297 barrels, or twice that which is located on Centre street.

Here is a list of the cisterns, with their capacities:

Main street, opposite Bloom—1,297 barrels.

Orange street, opposite Plumb Lane —1,297 barrels.

Fair street, opposite Martins Lane —1,290 barrels.

Liberty street, opposite Winter—1,190 barrels.

Main street, opposite Pleasant—1,188 barrels.

Main street, front of Bank—820 barrels.

North Centre street, junction Cliff Road—704 barrels.

New street—650 barrels.

Orange street, opposite Lyon—607 barrels.

Hussey street, opposite Westminster —607 barrels.

Centre street, opposite Ash—607 barrels.

Milk street, junction Mill—600 barrels.

Pine street, opposite Darling—576 barrels.

Pleasant street, opposite York—500 barrels.

Total capacity of the fourteen cisterns—11,913 barrels.

STEAMER *NEW BEDFORD* WHEN SHE TOOK TO THE WATER IN MAY, 1928. SHE MADE HER FIRST TRIP TO NANTUCKET MAY 22, 1928, AND HER LAST TRIP, AUGUST 3, 1942.

Steamer *New Bedford* was built in six months' time at the Fore River plant of the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Company in Quincy. She was launched on the 5th of May, 1928, and made her first trip to Nantucket on the 22nd of the month, in command of the late Capt. Francis J. Marshall.

The *New Bedford* was built on the same lines as the steamers *Nantucket* and *Martha's Vineyard*, but with greater freight capacity. She is 210 feet overall, 50 feet beam and a depth of 14 feet, 3 inches. Her maximum passenger capacity was 2,000 persons and her freight space 5,450 square feet. Owing to this fact the *New Bedford*, although not popular as a passenger boat, has been of great value to the island service as a freight carrier.

Lines on a Clam Bake.

In the Boston Post of Sunday, January 15, the following lines were printed, being accredited to an English gentleman who visited Boston last summer. He was a member of the Honorable Artillery Company of London, which came to this country to visit the Ancient & Honorable Artillery Company of Boston. Part of their entertainment was an old-fashioned clam-bake.

Back in London, the Englishman composed the following, which reached the Post through the medium of Dr. Lindsay of Brookline.

It appears the author didn't care for the molluscs, for here is what he penned:

I regret to say I am
Antipathetic to the clam;
A nasty little mollusc, this!
His little rubber proboscis
(Deprived with care of slimy skin)
Is firmly held when you begin
To masticate the pulpy part
(Containing stomach, lungs and heart),
The taste of which is said to be
Quite redolently of the sea,
Though some adjacent, juicy drain
Would suitably the smell explain.

At clambakes served with proper state,
You will observe beside your plate
A cup containing dirty water,
In which tradition says you oughter
Insert your flaccid mollusc, and
Twiddle it around, to shift the sand;
Now you are ready to begin:
You dip the little fellow in
A sort of buttery emulsion
And (conquering feelings of repulsion)
Brandish the dripping corpse on high,
About the level of your eye.
Just here is where the process
Calls for a certain need of skill.
Judging the time between the drips,
Insert in mouth and close the lips;
Bite off the rubber tube and gulp
Right down in one, the mess of pulp.
Then force a smile, your feelings smother,
And reach the hand out for another.

But clams can make strong men turn pale.
And, should your shrinking stomach quail
Before a repetitive dose,
Become loquacious and verbose.
Exalt the flavour of the clam;
Mention the Philadelphia dam;
Recall with awe the Sacred Cod;
Speak of the Rock where Pilgrims trod;
Discuss the claims of Rye and Scotch;
Extoll the charms of Dixville Notch;
And, under cover of hot air,
Disintegrate your clams with care
And drop the messy little chaps
(Discreetly) in your neighbors' laps,
Or underneath your plate secrete 'em.
In fact, do anything but eat 'em!"

Nantucket's New Year Babies Since 1887.

The mention of the coming arrival of the stork with the first New Year baby of 1942 brought forth several requests for a list of preceding New Year babies. Our records go back only as far as 1887, but that covers a period of fifty-five years, so doubtless that is long enough to satisfy the curiosity of those who are interested. Possibly some of the New Year babies themselves will enjoy perusing the list, so here it is—from 1887 to 1941 inclusive.

It will be seen that in 1892 there was a close race for the honors, Miss Lucy Clark and John Conway both arriving on January 2d, but the young lady led John by about four hours, so the credit of being the first New Year baby of 1892 rightfully belongs to her.

In the years that have passed Conway has realized that although he could share his birthday with the young lady, he could not share the honors which were hers as the first arrival of the year, so he has graciously stepped aside.

It was a close race, anyway, for Pauline Killen arrived shortly after midnight on the 2d, so that her birth was recorded as of the 3rd. The stork was quite busy for a time, however, with three New Year babies to deliver, all within the space of twelve hours.

1887—Boy, Chester Norcross, born on the 6th.
1888—Girl, Lillian Norcross, born on the 4th.
1889—Girl, Mabel B. West, born on the 1st.
1890—Girl, Lillian E. Swain, born on the 15th.
1891—Girl, Ruth A. West, born on the 1st.
1892—Girl, Lucy F. Clark, born on the 2nd.
1893—Girl, Barbara Parker, born on the 3rd.
1894—Boy, Chester F. Dunham, born on the 9th.
1895—Girl, Grace G. Collins, born on the 25th.
1896—Girl, Ida Jeanette Coffin, born on the 3rd.
1897—Girl, Rose Hannah Collins, born on the 2nd.
1898—Girl, Lydia Maria Burdick, born on the 6th.
1899—Girl, Bernice Winslow, born on the 13th.
1900—Boy, Walter Johnson Royal, born on the 9th.
1901—Girl, Rozelle Brayton Coleman, born on February 6th.
1902—Boy, George Robert Grimes, born on the 3rd.
1903—Girl, Marie Philips Bartlett, born on the 10th.
1904—Boy, Oscar Ceeley, born on the 3rd.
1905—Girl, Barbara Channing Cabot, born on the 14th.
1906—Girl, Charlis Hugh Fishback, born on the 12th.
1907—Boy, Gilbert Wilcox Cash, born on the 5th.
1908—Girl, Rosamond Eloise Terry, born on the 26th.
1909—Girl, Jeanette Elizabeth Lewis, born on the 9th.
1910—Boy, Stanley Morey Smith, born on February 4th.
1911—Girl, Josephine Bradford Folger, born on the 1st.
1912—Girl, Jean L. Heighton, born on the 14th.
1913—Boy, Arthur William Dunham, born on the 11th.
1914—Boy, Leroy Francis Ryder, born on the 2nd.
1915—Boy, Leo Francis Dunham, born on the 12th.
1916—Boy, James Cosmo, born on the 7th.
1917—Boy, Freeman Murray King, born on the 4th.
1918—Boy, Irving Thomas Barltett, born on the 12th.
1919—Girl, Catherine Frances Weeks, born on the 3rd.
1920—Girl, Anacete Emilie Cosmos, born on the 20th.
1921—Boy, Arthur Edward Butler, born on the 3rd.
1922—Boy, Theron Tristram Coffin, born on the 13th.
1923—Girl, Mildred Josephine Morris, born on the 3rd.
1924—Boy, Michael Perry, born on the 5th.
1925—Boy, Leon Frank Moynihan, born on the 3rd.
1926—Boy, Clifford Matland, born on the 6th.
1927—Boy, Daniel Murphy, born on the 4th.
1928—Girl, Rosalina Andrade, born on the 2nd.
1929—Boy, Samuel Gamache, Jr., born on the 1st.
1930—Girl, Barbara Sylvia, born on the 3rd.
1931—Boy, William Franklin Burdick, Jr., born on the 6th.
1932—Boy, John Scharf, born on the 2nd.
1933—Girl, Barbara Mikolajczyk, born on the 3rd.
1934—Boy, Cecil Gordon Foote, Jr., born on the 13th.
1935—Boy, Charles Stoddard Glidden, born on the 4th.
1936—Boy, James Raymond Day, born on the 2nd.
1937—Boy, Paul Allen Bennett, born on the 5th.
1938—Girl, Patricia Ann Santos, born on the 13th.
1939—Girl, Eunice Dorothy Roop, born on the 14th.
1940—Girl, Viola Catherine Cabral, born on the 9th.
1941—Girl, Dorothea Burlingame, born on the 14th.
1942— ? ? ?

Not since the arrival of Paul Allen Bennett as the first New Year baby of 1937 has a boy claimed the honor, each year since 1937 bringing a girl. In fact, during the years that have passed since 1887 there have been more girls than boys winning the title of the New Year baby—29 to 26.

Exiled Nantucketers Again Gather in Boston.

Formation of a Nantucket Evacuees Club, composed of islanders and friends of Nantucket who are now living in America, was completed on Sunday, at Union Congregational Church in Boston.

Nearly 50 persons, including ex-Governor Charles F. Hurley, were present at the get-together party when the club was formed.

Heading the "evacuees" are: Rev. Fred D. Bennett, pastor of the church, president; Seddon W. Legg, vice-president; Hollis Nickerson, secretary; Robert Blair, treasurer. Next meeting of the group will be on the second Sunday in April, and all Nantucketers and friends of Nantucket are invited to attend. Formal notice of the next meeting will be cheerfully sent to all those notifying the secretary of their addresses.

Among those who were present on Sunday: Mr. and Mrs. Seddon W. Legg, of 285 East Squantum street, North Quincy; Seddon Legg, Jr., U. S. Army air force; Kenneth Legg, Mass. State College; Elizabeth Brock, of 207 Bay State Road, Boston; Ethel B. Gardner, 21 Silk st., Arlington; Mrs. Ruth Coombs (Princess Redfeather) Pleasant st., New Bedford; Barbara Andrews, 36 Francis street, Brookline; Carrie E. Evans, 150 W. Canton st., Boston; Patsy Johnson, 67 Symphony Road, Boston; Edith M. Sandsbury, 127 Beacon st., Boston; Mrs. Minette Adams Furn, 5 Sumner road, Dorchester; Mr. and Mrs. John Kittila, Hotel Commonwealth, Boston; Mildred H. Brooks, 403 Common st., Belmont; Charles F. Brooks, 403 Common st., Belmont; Julia Ellis, 64 Queensberry st., Boston; Julia L. Jones, 100 Beacon st.; Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Brady, 69 St. Germain st., Boston; Otis Stanworth Nickerson, 1075 Boylston st., Boston; Jeremiah Towhill, U. S. Coast Guard; Carlton H. West, 627 Columbus ave., Boston; Millie E. Starbuck, 22 Clinton st., Cambridge; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Blair, 67 Symphony road; Mr. and Mrs. Lewis S. Ray, 26 Lanchester st., Worcester; Mr. and Mrs. Harry Studley, 426 Park ave., Worcester; Coline Studley, 426 Park ave., Worcester; Mrs. Andrew Librino, 217 Erie st., Cambridge; Albert G. Brock, of Nantucket; Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur H. Bigelow, 10 Haskell st., Melrose; Mrs. Caroline Isaksen, 10 Haskell st., Melrose; Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Brady, of 68 Westland ave., Boston; Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Benoit, 170 No. Warren ave., Brockton; Alcon Chadwick, of Nantucket; Linwood Proctor, of Nantucket; Rev. and Mrs. Fred D. Bennett, Peggy Ann Bennett, Linwood Thomas Bennett, of Brookline; Jean Sevrens, of 75 Elm st., Woburn; Mrs. Lewis Worth, 1 Mass. ave., East Natick, and Hollis Nickerson, of 1075 Boylston st., Boston.

---

year DIED 1942

In New York city, March 7th, Anthony Frederick ("Tony") Sarg, a native of Guatemala, aged 59 years, 10 months, 13 days. Interment at Cincinnati, Ohio.

Death of Tony Sarg.

The passing of Tony Sarg in New York city around midnight Saturday, following an operation, removed a man who, through his drawings, paintings and caricatures, had brought Nantucket much publicity. He had been identified with Nantucket for many years—in fact, his dwelling on North Liberty street was the only home he owned, as when in New York he lived in apartments and studios.

Tony Sarg's shop—first on Centre street and in more recent years in the little building at the head of Steamboat wharf—was a popular place during the summer months. Although his connections in New York prevented him from spending full summers here with Mrs. Sarg, he came down frequently and was always willing to help with his skill and resourcefulness in any community affair in which his aid was sought.

Through his marionettes and his numerous books of special interest to children, Mr. Sarg gained a national reputation and for a number of years he featured Christmas and other holiday parades for Macy's in New York city. As an illustrator for magazines, as a designer of balloons for parades, he was in a class by himself, and he never exhausted his fund of original ideas.

Anthony Frederick Sarg was a native of Guatemala, where he was born April 24, 1882, the son of Francis Charles and Mary Elizabeth (Parker) Sarg. He was educated in Germany, attending the Military School at Lichterfelde, Germany. He served as an officer in the German army until 1905, when he began his career as an illustrator in London, England. He came to the United States in 1915 and became a naturalized citizen in 1921. He took the familiar name of Tony in preference to Anthony Frederick, and as such he was generally known.

The deceased was for a number of years an illustrator of humorous stories for the Saturday Evening Post, Collier's, Red Book, Cosmopolitan and other magazines. He created "Tony Sarg's Marionettes" in 1915 and his marionette shows travelled all over the country every year since. He was most original in window displays and as such his services were in demand by the large department stores.

He was married to Bertha Eleanor McGowan of Cincinnati in 1910, who survives him, together with a daughter Mary. Interment was in Cincinnati on Tuesday.

In this town, July 2, Ella (Young) Spencer, widow of the late Walter J. Spencer, aged 84 years, 1 month.

Let others share your sunny days
And you will find it's true
That others will be glad to share
The rainy days with you.

DIED 1942

In Palo Alto, California, March 11, Samuel W. Eldridge, formerly of Nantucket, aged 70 years.

Death of "Sam" Eldridge.

We regret to learn of the death of Samuel W. Eldridge, which occurred suddenly at his home in Palo Alto, California, on March 11th, of a heart attack. Although he happened to be born in Chatham, "Sam" always considered himself a Nantucketer, for he spent about all of his boyhood here.

He started on a sea-faring life at an early age and in 1899 sailed from New

Gordon Garage and Work Shop Totally Destroyed by Fire.

The most disastrous fire to occur on Nantucket since the Point Breeze conflagration of seventeen years ago took place on Thursday morning when flames, racing unchecked, swept their way through the big garage and workshop of Harry Gordon, on the Polpis road.

Not since the W. H. H. Smith stable fire in 1903, when damage estimated at nearly $4,500 was sustained, has

An effort was made to stave off the flames, which were burning the exposed side of the machine shop, but the tiny hose stream from the "booster" tank of the pumper proved a mockery in comparison to the effectiveness of a regular hose stream. "Butsey" Murray, with a fireman's coat over his head, tried to crawl up to within striking distance of the objective, but the intense heat from the large garage was so fierce that he was forced to retreat.

In view of the rapidity with which he flames spread, it is surprising that ordon and his men were able to save s many cars as they actually did. The rst thought of Gordon and his emloyees was to save their customers' ars, and this they did.

Eight cars, however, were trapped n the big garage and were, of course, educed to twisted metal scrap in the lattened ruins of the place. Among the arious pieces of equipment destroyed e several items recently purchased. stock on hand was perhaps the st complete of any garage on the nd. The lathe, machine tools, and nerus accessories cannot be duplied in these times, which makes their s felt doubly keen.

Sparks, shooting high in the air, re carried for a considerable disce by the wind and, landing on the olls four hundred yards away, imdiately started several brush fires hich were not subdued until they d raced for some distance down the rther slope.

* * * *

Those arriving first at the scene will t soon forget the sight. Smoke rose e a pall over the doomed buildings; e flames licked their way through e sides of the big garage and burst m the doors and windows, while strong wind whipped them across the smaller shop; from time to time losions of oil cans and tires punc- ted the hissing and crackling of steadily devouring flames; sudden rts of black smoke and rising show- of sparks occurred as the fire ate way through the structure.

The question "Can't something be ne?" was on the lips of all. But the emen were as helpless as the spectors. There was no piped water supy; the nearest water being a quarter a mile away, across the road at the lt marsh creeks. Everyone was rced to stand by and watch a man's tire business establishment go up in oke and flame.

* * * *

The total loss to Mr. Gordon was imated at some $13,000. This inded $4,000 for the buildings; eight rs trapped in the flames, $1,075; the uipment, $3,500; accessories and rts, $4,000; miscellaneous supplies, 00; fixtures, $100.

One of Nantucket's most popular siness men, Harry Gordon numbers s friends among those in every walk life, and he has the deepest symthy of his fellow townsmen, as well of his many summer friends, in his eat financial loss.

NANTUCKET POSTMASTERS

Department at Washington Presents Complete List Together With the List of Presidents Who Made the Various Appointments.

The records of the Postoffice Department at Washington show the following facts regarding the postoffice at Nantucket, which will be found of more than passing interest, as the compilation not only gives the names of the successive postmasters, but who was Postmaster-General and who was President at the time the appointments were made.

The first postmaster at Nantucket was William Coffin, who was appointed by President Washington, on the 20th of March, 1793. Since Coffin's appointment, twenty other individuals have received appointments as postmasters at Nantucket. Some have been reappointed for two or more terms, the longest period being held by Andrew Whitney, who held office for eighteen years—from his first appointment by President Lincoln on the 17th of April, 1861, until the appointment of Josiah F. Murphey on the 16th of January, 1879, by President Hayes.

The second longest to hold office was Charles F. Hammond, who was appointed postmaster January 17, 1900, by President McKinley, and held the office until James Y. Deacon was appointed by President Wilson on the 11th of July, 1916.

The Nantucket office was advanced to the Presidential grade, July, 1, 1843.

It was advanced to the second-class grade July 1, 1902.

Letter carrier service was inaugurated June 15, 1909, during the regime of Postmaster Hammond.

The corner-stone of the Federal postoffice building on Federal street was laid by Postmaster Alfred E. Smith on the 31st of July, 1935.

The new building was completed and opened for public inspection under Postmaster Roberts, January 7, 1936, and was opened for business on January 8, 1936.

There is no record of where the first postoffice was located, but it is presumed it was in William Coffin's home, as was the custom in the early days. The government has no record of the early locations which followed, until the postoffice was located on Main street, in what is now the west side of Wing's Store building.

It remained there until the 30th of May, 1900, when it was moved down to Masonic Block on the corner of Main and Union streets. There it remained until the present Federal building was erected and ready for occupancy the first week in January, 1936.

Postmaster	*Date Appointed*	*Postmaster-General*	*President*
William Coffin	March 20, 1793	Timothy Pickering	Washington
Silas Jones	April 1, 1805	Gideon Granger	Jefferson
James Barker	May 18, 1805	Gideon Granger	Jefferson
Thomas Macy	Dec. 4, 1817	Return J. Meigs, Jr.	Monroe
George W. Ewer	May 5, 1829	William T. Barry	Jackson
James Mitchell	July 8, 1839	Amos Kendall	Van Buren
Samuel H. Jenkins	March 26, 1841	Francis Granger	Harrison
George F. Worth	July 5, 1843	Chas. A. Wickcliffe	Tyler
James H. Briggs	May 11, 1849	Jacob Collamer	Taylor
Joseph Mitchell	Sept. 25, 1850	Nathan K. Hall	Fillmore
Charles P. Swain	April 27, 1853	James Campbell	Pierce
Charles P. Swain	March 24, 1858	Aaron V. Brown	Buchanan
Andrew Whitney	April 17, 1861	Montgomery Blair	Lincoln
Andrew Whitney	July 14, 1865	William Dennison	Johnson
Andrew Whitney	July 9, 1870	John A. J. Creswell	Grant
Andrew Whitney	June 24, 1874	John A. J. Creswell	Grant
Josiah F. Murphey	Jan. 16, 1879	David McK. Key	Hayes
Josiah F. Murphey	Feb. 5, 1883	Timothy O. Howe	Arthur
John M. Winslow	April 11, 1887	William F. Vilas	Cleveland
Josiah Freeman	Jan. 6, 1892	John Wanamaker	Harrison
John M. Winslow	Jan. 15, 1896	William L. Wilson	Cleveland
Charles F. Hammond	Jan. 17, 1900	Charles E. Smith	McKinley
Charles F. Hammond	Jan. 26, 1904	Henry C. Payne	Roosevelt
Charles F. Hammond	Jan. 13, 1908	Geo. von L. Meyer	Roosevelt
Charles F. Hammond	Dec. 18, 1911	Frank H. Hitchcock	Taft
James Y. Deacon	July 11, 1916	Albert S. Burleson	Wilson

"wind and weather permitting," exempted any attempt at maintaining a

tions without charge by the steamboat.

This, of course, cornered the market

December Shipwrecks.

The oft-repeated story of the loss of the schooner *Haines* on Dec. 22 and the destruction of the steamer *Newton* on Christmas Day in the year 1865, which cast such a pall of gloom over the island during the Christmas season, has overshadowed two shipwrecks during December which had happier endings.

The ship *Louis Phillipe*, bound to New York from France, with 167 passengers on board, was driven onto shoals off Tom Nevers head during a gale on Dec. 16, 1847. Nantucket men not only saved the lives of the passengers but salvaged the ship and its $50,000 cargo as well—despite a 2-day gale.

On December 18, 1851, the ship *British Queen*, with 226 immigrants on board, struck in the rips of Muskeget channel and Nantucketers managed to save all but 2 of those on board. The ship was a total loss.

One of the most hazardous of December rescues occurred on Christmas Day, 1859, when the schooner *Sarah Woodbridge* struck on Long Shoal, off Muskeget. James C. Dunham and a crew from Tuckernuck went out in the Muskeget life-saving boat, stayed aboard during the severe gale that night, and brought the shipwrecked crew safely ashore the next morning.

February Graduation Exercises Forty-Five Years Ago.

Forty-five years ago this February, the graduation exercises of the Nantucket High School were held in the Methodist church. The instructors in the High School at that time were Stanley Edwards Johnson, principal, and Miss Annie W. Bodfish, assistant. At that period there was no superintendent of schools, and the faculty comprised two persons instead of ten. In fact, there were but seven teachers employed in the Academy Hill building, two in the Orange street school, and one each in Siasconset, Polpis and Tuckernuck. The total roster of pupils in 1894 was 318. Today it is 715, with a total of 27 teachers employed.

In glancing back to the graduation of February, 1894, we find that the graduates comprised the following: Cassine Hartwell Brown, Rupert Folger, Donald Cameron Gray, Charles Staples Collins, Augustus Chase Lake, Florence Mary Warren, Herbert Palmer Smith, Elliot Barney Harris, Whittemore Gardner and Eva Barnard.

Cassine Brown gave the class prophecy, and Rupert Folger had the valedictory with an essay an "America's Inventive Genius".

George H. Tracy, in behalf of the school, gave the farewell address to the graduates.

* * * * *

The teachers in the Nantucket schools forty-five years ago were the following:

High School — Stanley Edwards Johnson, Annie W. Bodfish.

First Grammar—Marianna Hussey.

Second Grammar—Annie Ring.

First Intermediate—Susan R. Barnard.

Second Intermediate—Ellen Cox.

Primary—Marion G. Chase.

Orange Street—Emma F. Wyer, Susan A. Barrett.

Siasconset—Annie K. Pitman.

Polpis—Loren R. Kellogg.

Tuckernuck—Mary B. Paddock.

* * * * *

How much did it cost to run the School Department in 1894? Only $6,812.54.

DIED 1942

In Palo Alto, California, March 11, Samuel W. Eldridge, formerly of Nantucket, aged 70 years.

Death of "Sam" Eldridge.

We regret to learn of the death of Samuel W. Eldridge, which occurred suddenly at his home in Palo Alto, California, on March 11th, of a heart attack. Although he happened to be born in Chatham, "Sam" always considered himself a Nantucketer, for he spent about all of his boyhood here.

He started on a sea-faring life at an early age and in 1899 sailed from New York to Manila. He stayed in the Philippines a number of years, serving as engineer on the steamer "Tremont" on the Oriental run to China and Manila. Then he went to the Pacific Coast Steamship Company on a run up into Alaskan waters, where he became engineer of a steamer called the "Cottage City", which had been built in Maine several years before and had been taken around to the Pacific.

At one time "Sam" decided that he would quit the sea, so he bought some land out near Olympia, Oregon, and started to raise pigs and chickens, but he soon found that it was not a profitable industry for a man born with the love of the sea, so he took the job of engineer on the harbor tug "Tacoma" for a time. He then shipped on the same "Tremont" he had

THE LATE "SAM" ELDRIDGE.

served on before, leaving Seattle in February, 1909, and reaching New York in April by way of the Straights of Magellan.

In 1916 he took a job as machinist at the Bremerton Navy Yard, Seattle, and later went to the Tacoma shipyard. A few months later he shipped as engineer on another steamer and went down the coast to Antofagasta, Chile, where the vessel loaded nitrates and then went to Baltimore through the canal.

Eldredge went back to Seattle overland. In 1920 he made another voyage, that time going to Vladivostok, Japan, China, Manila, and then back to 'Frisco. After another voyage down the Pacific coast to Chile, he actually gave up the sea and decided to spend the rest of his days ashore.

With his son, he engaged in the moving picture industry, serving a chain of theatres transporting films and equipment, and developing quite a business.

He is survived by his widow, Sarah, by a son, Kimball, and by a sister, Mrs. Sadie E. Berry, who resides in Brockton.

Gordon Garage and Work Shop Totally Destroyed by Fire.

The most disastrous fire to occur on Nantucket since the Point Breeze conflagration of seventeen years ago took place on Thursday morning when flames, racing unchecked, swept their way through the big garage and workshop of Harry Gordon, on the Polpis road.

Not since the W. H. H. Smith stable fire in 1903, when damage estimated at nearly $4,500 was sustained, has there been such a business loss here through fire. As far as could be figured the loss to Mr. Gordon is in the vicinity of $13,000—a conservative estimate in view of irreplaceable equipment as well as cars and motor parts.

* * * *

Just when the fire kindled will perhaps never be known. It was discovered in the southwest corner of the large garage building around 8:30 o'clock that morning. Despite efforts by employees, the blaze spread with bewildering swiftness. The Fire Department was summoned but the flames had assumed such proportions that the apparatus, arriving at 9:00 o'clock, was helpless to give its usual effective aid, there being no water available and no time in which to lay hose to the nearest practical source.

Believed to have originated from a spark jumping from a short circuit in an electric pump, the incipent fire must have gained considerable headway before workmen, in the machine shop (or smaller garage) across the parking area first saw the smoke curling out of the big building.

Hollis Burchell, Stanley Smith, and Irving Bartlett, for several years regular employees at the Gordon Garage, immediately rushed into the larger building and attacked the fire with extinguishers.

Gordon, from his home on the hill to the northeast, saw the men rushing about and the mounting smoke at the same time. A call to the Central Fire Station was then put through.

Despite the untiring efforts of the men, the flames, only briefly checked, gained fiercely. Realizing the hopelessness of the situation they immediately confined their efforts to salvaging as many of the cars and as much of the equipment as possible.

With the large garage soon a mass of raging flame, it was impossible to save the machine shop which, within a short time, was overwhelmed by the terrific heat and flame. The smoke belched black from the oil storage, the tires of trapped automobiles and the various supplies on hand. Fanned by a strong northwesterly breeze, the big building soon became an inferno of red flame. Hardly more than an hour after the first smoke was seen the structure was collapsing, the roof, buckling like paper, falling first, and the walls literally disappearing in the thick clouds of smoke and the leaping sheets of flame.

* * * *

It was an awesome and terrible sight to see unstoppable flames devouring the buildings and their contents. What was most difficult for the workmen and firemen was to be forced to stand by, helpless to either check the fire or save any of the equipment.

An effort was made to stave off the flames, which were burning the exposed side of the machine shop, but the tiny hose stream from the "booster" tank of the pumper proved a mockery in comparison to the effectiveness of a regular hose stream. "Butsey" Murray, with a fireman's coat over his head, tried to crawl up to within striking distance of the objective, but the intense heat from the large garage was so fierce that he was forced to retreat.

In view of the rapidity with which the flames spread, it is surprising that Gordon and his men were able to save as many cars as they actually did. The first thought of Gordon and his employees was to save their customers' cars, and this they did.

Eight cars, however, were trapped in the big garage and were, of course, reduced to twisted metal scrap in the flattened ruins of the place. Among the various pieces of equipment destroyed were several items recently purchased. The stock on hand was perhaps the most complete of any garage on the island. The lathe, machine tools, and numerus accessories cannot be duplicated in these times, which makes their loss felt doubly keen.

Sparks, shooting high in the air, were carried for a considerable distance by the wind and, landing on the knolls four hundred yards away, immediately started several brush fires which were not subdued until they had raced for some distance down the further slope.

* * * *

Those arriving first at the scene will not soon forget the sight. Smoke rose like a pall over the doomed buildings; the flames licked their way through the sides of the big garage and burst from the doors and windows, while the strong wind whipped them across to the smaller shop; from time to time explosions of oil cans and tires punctuated the hissing and crackling of the steadily devouring flames; sudden spurts of black smoke and rising showers of sparks occurred as the fire ate its way through the structure.

The question "Can't something be done?" was on the lips of all. But the firemen were as helpless as the spectators. There was no piped water supply; the nearest water being a quarter of a mile away, across the road at the salt marsh creeks. Everyone was forced to stand by and watch a man's entire business establishment go up in smoke and flame.

* * * *

The total loss to Mr. Gordon was estimated at some $13,000. This included $4,000 for the buildings; eight cars trapped in the flames, $1,075; the equipment, $3,500; accessories and parts, $4,000; miscellaneous supplies, $300; fixtures, $100.

One of Nantucket's most popular business men, Harry Gordon numbers his friends among those in every walk of life, and he has the deepest sympathy of his fellow townsmen, as well as of his many summer friends, in his great financial loss.

December Shipwrecks.

The oft-repeated story of the loss of the schooner *Haines* on Dec. 22 and the destruction of the steamer *Newton* on Christmas Day in the year 1865, which cast such a pall of gloom over the island during the Christmas season, has overshadowed two shipwrecks during December which had happier endings.

The ship *Louis Phillipe*, bound to New York from France, with 167 passengers on board, was driven onto shoals off Tom Nevers head during a gale on Dec. 16, 1847. Nantucket men not only saved the lives of the passengers but salvaged the ship and its $50,000 cargo as well—despite a 2-day gale.

On December 18, 1851, the ship *British Queen*, with 226 immigrants on board, struck in the rips of Muskeget channel and Nantucketers managed to save all but 2 of those on board. The ship was a total loss.

One of the most hazardous of December rescues occurred on Christmas Day, 1859, when the schooner *Sarah Woodbridge* struck on Long Shoal, off Muskeget. James C. Dunham and a crew from Tuckernuck went out in the Muskeget life-saving boat, stayed aboard during the severe gale that night, and brought the shipwrecked crew safely ashore the next morning.

February Graduation Exercises Forty-Five Years Ago.

1894

Forty-five years ago this February, the graduation exercises of the Nantucket High School were held in the Methodist church. The instructors in the High School at that time were Stanley Edwards Johnson, principal, and Miss Annie W. Bodfish, assistant. At that period there was no superintendent of schools, and the faculty comprised two persons instead of ten. In fact, there were but seven teachers employed in the Academy Hill building, two in the Orange street school, and one each in Siasconset, Polpis and Tuckernuck. The total roster of pupils in 1894 was 318. Today it is 715, with a total of 27 teachers employed.

In glancing back to the graduation of February, 1894, we find that the graduates comprised the following: Cassine Hartwell Brown, Rupert Folger, Donald Cameron Gray, Charles Staples Collins, Augustus Chase Lake, Florence Mary Warren, Herbert Palmer Smith, Elliot Barney Harris, Whittemore Gardner and Eva Barnard.

Cassine Brown gave the class prophecy, and Rupert Folger had the valedictory with an essay an "America's Inventive Genius".

George H. Tracy, in behalf of the school, gave the farewell address to the graduates.

* * * * *

The teachers in the Nantucket schools forty-five years ago were the following:

High School — Stanley Edwards Johnson, Annie W. Bodfish.

First Grammar—Marianna Hussey.

Second Grammar—Annie Ring.

First Intermediate—Susan R. Barnard.

Second Intermediate—Ellen Cox.

Primary—Marion G. Chase.

Orange Street—Emma F. Wyer, Susan A. Barrett.

Siasconset—Annie K. Pitman.

Polpis—Loren R. Kellogg.

Tuckernuck—Mary B. Paddock.

* * * * *

How much did it cost to run the School Department in 1894? Only $6,812.54.

NANTUCKET POSTMASTERS

Department at Washington Presents Complete List Together With the List of Presidents Who Made the Various Appointments.

The records of the Postoffice Department at Washington show the following facts regarding the postoffice at Nantucket, which will be found of more than passing interest, as the compilation not only gives the names of the successive postmasters, but who was Postmaster-General and who was President at the time the appointments were made.

The first postmaster at Nantucket was William Coffin, who was appointed by President Washington, on the 20th of March, 1793. Since Coffin's appointment, twenty other individuals have received appointments as postmasters at Nantucket. Some have been reappointed for two or more terms, the longest period being held by Andrew Whitney, who held office for eighteen years—from his first appointment by President Lincoln on the 17th of April, 1861, until the appointment of Josiah F. Murphey on the 16th of January, 1879, by President Hayes.

The second longest to hold office was Charles F. Hammond, who was appointed postmaster January 17, 1900, by President McKinley, and held the office until James Y. Deacon was appointed by President Wilson on the 11th of July, 1916.

The Nantucket office was advanced to the Presidential grade, July, 1, 1843.

It was advanced to the second-class grade July 1, 1902.

Letter carrier service was inaugurated June 15, 1909, during the regime of Postmaster Hammond.

The corner-stone of the Federal postoffice building on Federal street was laid by Postmaster Alfred E. Smith on the 31st of July, 1935.

The new building was completed and opened for public inspection under Postmaster Roberts, January 7, 1936, and was opened for business on January 8, 1936.

There is no record of where the first postoffice was located, but it is presumed it was in William Coffin's home, as was the custom in the early days. The government has no record of the early locations which followed, until the postoffice was located on Main street, in what is now the west side of Wing's Store building.

It remained there until the 30th of May, 1900, when it was moved down to Masonic Block on the corner of Main and Union streets. There it remained until the present Federal building was erected and ready for occupancy the first week in January, 1936.

Postmaster	*Date Appointed*	*Postmaster-General*	*President*
William Coffin	March 20, 1793	Timothy Pickering	Washington
Silas Jones	April 1, 1805	Gideon Granger	Jefferson
James Barker	May 18, 1805	Gideon Granger	Jefferson
Thomas Macy	Dec. 4, 1817	Return J. Meigs, Jr.	Monroe
George W. Ewer	May 5, 1829	William T. Barry	Jackson
James Mitchell	July 8, 1839	Amos Kendall	Van Buren
Samuel H. Jenkins	March 26, 1841	Francis Granger	Harrison
George F. Worth	July 5, 1843	Chas. A. Wickcliffe	Tyler
James H. Briggs	May 11, 1849	Jacob Collamer	Taylor
Joseph Mitchell	Sept. 25, 1850	Nathan K. Hall	Fillmore
Charles P. Swain	April 27, 1853	James Campbell	Pierce
Charles P. Swain	March 24, 1858	Aaron V. Brown	Buchanan
Andrew Whitney	April 17, 1861	Montgomery Blair	Lincoln
Andrew Whitney	July 14, 1865	William Dennison	Johnson
Andrew Whitney	July 9, 1870	John A. J. Creswell	Grant
Andrew Whitney	June 24, 1874	John A. J. Creswell	Grant
Josiah F. Murphey	Jan. 16, 1879	David McK. Key	Hayes
Josiah F. Murphey	Feb. 5, 1883	Timothy O. Howe	Arthur
John M. Winslow	April 11, 1887	William F. Vilas	Cleveland
Josiah Freeman	Jan. 6, 1892	John Wanamaker	Harrison
John M. Winslow	Jan. 15, 1896	William L. Wilson	Cleveland
Charles F. Hammond	Jan. 17, 1900	Charles E. Smith	McKinley
Charles F. Hammond	Jan. 26, 1904	Henry C. Payne	Roosevelt
Charles F. Hammond	Jan. 13, 1908	Geo. von L. Meyer	Roosevelt
Charles F. Hammond	Dec. 18, 1911	Frank H. Hitchcock	Taft
James Y. Deacon	July 11, 1916	Albert S. Burleson	Wilson
Addison T. Winslow	Aug. 5, 1921	Will H. Hays	Harding
Addison T. Winslow	Dec. 14, 1925	Harry S. New	Coolidge
Walton H. Adams, Acting	Oct. 11, 1926	Harry S. New	Coolidge
Alfred E. Smith	March 3, 1927	Harry S. New	Coolidge
Alfred E. Smith	Feb. 25, 1931	Walter F. Brown	Hoover
Alice E. Roberts	Aug. 27, 1935	James A. Farley	Roosevelt
Alice E. Roberts	Aug. 27, 1939	James A. Farley	Roosevelt

Just when Nantucket first received mail service by steamboat is difficult to ascertain. From March, 1793, when the post office was first opened here untli some time in the mid 1830's, the mails were entirely carried by sailing packets.

But these packets depended upon wind and weather and the whale-oil merchants, who were competing with New Bedford and other ports, began to cast about for a more satisfactory mail service to the continent. They enlisted the ready aid of the editor of *The Inquirer* and considerable exertion was applied to the political wires in Washington.

The first notation of obvious results appears in the issue of *The Inquirer* for January 5, 1828. It reads as follows:

"By letter from the Hon. John Reed we learn that the Postmaster General has ordered a Daily Mail to Nantucket with the exception of Sundays. We believe the order cannot be complied with, without the aid of steam."

The editor was right. Despite the official ring of the announcement no daily mail service was launched in January of 1828; nor in any of the months that followed. From the various brief mentions made of the *possibility* for a mail service, it was evident that all was not harmonious in the viewpoint about the practicability of steamboats. Very naturally the commanders (who were often the owners) of the packets already carrying the mails, objected strongly to any change to steamboat. Many substantial Quaker merchants and business men were loath to gamble on any experiments with steamboats. The reason for this attitude is explained by the fact that two previous attempts to establish steamboat lines here had met with failure.

On January, 12, 1828, the editor of *The Inquirer* commented thus:

"Since our last brief mention of a possible daily mail service, considerable has been said on the subject and some steps taken to promote the design. That every man on the island would be highly gratified with an arrangement which would give us six mails weekly, we have no reason to doubt; but that the views of the efficient and acting part of the community will be in unison on this subject, with regards to the best mode of transporting the maiils too and from this place, we believe it would be hazarding too much to speak with equal confidence.

"We are aware that the difference of opinion that may be felt and expressed respecting the manner of conveying the mail, may originate in principles by no means censurable, but highly commendable; for the same representation of facts, of course, of deducing consequences from premises, has a different effect upon different minds.

"To promote the public good is undoubtedly the wish of all, but how it is to be promoted in this particular instance, is the first consideration which may elicit a variety of speculation and plans.

"We know there are some among us who would object to a steamboat for the transportation of mail, on account of the expense; and the objection will perhaps appear very plausible. But before a different mode of conveyance be contracted for, it is certainly desirable that the subject receive a candid investigation, and with the expense of steam navigation compare the advantages that would be derived from it.

"Perhaps it may appear like a vague conjecture, but we do honestly

Continued on Last Page.

The Nantucket Postoffice And Its Postmasters.

Continued from First Page.

believe that one steamboat for carrying the mail between the Island and the continent would, to take the year through, bring and carry as many mails as three packets depending wholly on the wind.

"Perhaps many who feel little partiality to steam for propelling vessels, formed their opinions on the abortive attempt to run a steamboat between this place and New Bedford some years ago. But because the boat was a poor one, and the machinery not calculated to raise sufficient power, without too great a consumption of fuel, does not furnish any argument against steamboats that are good and greatly improved."

* * * * *

The packet captains were loath to admit any improvement by the use of steamboats. Capt William Hiller declared that in January, 1818, he made 27 round trips with the mails, and that was an excellent record for any kind of sailing vessel.

* * * * *

For some time thereafter, there was no mention of the proposed daily mail service—and, what was more significant, no mention of any proposed steamboat. That considerable agitation continued is probable, with those of the merchants who believed in the establishment of a steamboat line apparently in the minority.

In the April 19, 1828, edition of *The Inquirer*, the following appeared:

"It gives us satisfaction to inform our distant readers (those on the island being already in possession of the fact) that arrangements are now made for a daily mail to be conveyed alternately from this place to Falmouth and Hyannis and returned in the same way from these places to this town.

"The new regulation is to be as punctually complied with as wind and weather will permit; and will in a great degree obviate the inconvenience so long felt and complained of, not by residents of the island only, but by people on the continent, occasioned by the delay in transmitting letters and newspapers. Some at a distance have never subscribed to the Nantucket paper, generally because there have been frequent delays in transmitting them to the continent."

The packets had apparently won the contest—or it may have been that no company could be found willing to invest in a steamboat. So far as daily mail service was concerned, however, it was definitely established by contract in April, 1828, but the clause "wind and weather permitting," exempted any attempt at maintaining a daily schedule.

* * * * *

The year 1828 found the mail packets operating on an average of three round trips each week. Some semblance of a schedule was maintained during the summer and fall, but the storms of the early winter, the ice embargoes of winter, and the spring gales made "daily mail service" an empty phrase, indeed.

Steamboats were still the logical solution of the problem, and the editor of *The Inquirer* was anxiously awaiting the formation of an island company to prove it.

On October 25, 1828, Capt. R. S. Bunker brought his steamboat *Connecticut* to the island, towing a dredging outfit with which certain island merchants wished to demonstrate the practicability of deepening the channel to the wharves.

The *Connecticut* advertised an excursion to Falmouth, and 300 people boarded her for the trip. Unfortunately a strong northeaster made conditions in the Sound too uncomfortable and the little steamer had to return. She sailed for New York again on the 29th of October. There can be little doubt but that the steamboat enthusiasts here intended to display her to advantage, but weather conditions defeated the plans.

* * * * *

Two months later, December 27, 1828, *The Inquirer* printed:

"We are pleased to see the subject of a steamboat between this port and the continent again in agitation. Captain Williams is now here to ascertain what investments can be obtained on this island, towards accomplishing the proposed enterprise. We understand that gentlemen in Boston and New Bedford are friendly to the undertaking and ready to take a liberal portion of shares, so that it now seems to depend principally upon the citizens of Nantucket to say whether or not a steamboat line shall be established, and we believe every friend to the general prosperity of this town will give his voice in the affirmative."

* * * * *

It was not until the spring of the following year (1829) that another steamboat came to Nantucket. This was the *Marco Bozzaris*, built for the famous New York merchant Jacob Barker. As a former Nantucketer, Mr. Barker realized the possibilities of a steamboat line connecting the island with the world. The steamer was in command of his nephew, Captain Edward Barker, and made her first trip on a run to New Bedford April 29, 1829. But trouble developed with her boilers and she returned to New York for overhauling. It was not until the following June, 1830, that she again resumed service on a weekly basis. In that same summer another steamer, the *Chancellor Livingston*, came here to run one excursion trip to Boston, the first of its kind in island history.

The *Marco Bozzaris* continued to run weekly trips during 1830 and '31. In the spring of 1832 the little steamer made tri-weekly trips. In the fall of that year she was replaced by the *Telegraph*, and her success resulted in the formation of the first Nantucket Steamboat Company on Feb. 4, 1833.

* * * * *

But in the meantime the mails were still being carried by the sailing packets, and the skippers, forced to the limit by the prospective competition, were making some fine trips. The packets ran principally to Hyannis and West Falmouth. The *Republican*, Captain Pease, made some good trips in the winter of 1832-33, as did the *Smack*, Captain Hiller, the *Federal*, *Hero*, *Rapid* and *Comet*. Packets running to Boston were the *George Washington*, *Enterprise* and *Leader;* to Hartford, the *Heroine* and *Sarah;* to Newport, *Mary Nichols*, *Hope & Susan;* to Charleston, S. C., the *Betsy;* the *Reliance*, to Portland, Me.; *Champion*, to New Bedford; *Senator* and *Delight* to New York city and Madison, Conn.

* * * * *

When the *Telegraph* began her tri-weekly trips in March, 1833, the mail was still being carried by packets. But the Steamboat Company decided that it was better to combine the two services, and in April, 1833, a definite schedule was arranged, whereby the packets *Glide*, Capt. Pease, and *Fenwick*, Capt. Hiller, were to sail on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays from Nantucket, and the *Telegraph* on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays—the return trips to take place on the alternating days. In this manner the mail and passengers, as well as the freight service, were handled satisfactorily, but there was a clause in the schedule in which the company stated passengers aboard wind-bound packets would be transferred to their destinations without charge by the steamboat.

This, of course, cornered the market for a considerable part of the trade to the ports of Falmouth, Hyannis and New Bedford, but it did not check the activities of the other packets running to these ports.

The early records of the Nantucket Steamboat Company were destroyed by the great fire of 1846, and thus it is impossible to ascertain what the government paid for its first mail contract with the steamboat company. It was noted in a meeting of 1849 that the sloop *Portugal* be exchanged for a more suitable vessel provided that the company received the contract for carrying the mails.

* * * * *

There are some of our readers who can recall the sloop *Tawtemeo*, which succeeded the *Portugal* and ran as a packet for many years between Nantucket and New Bedford under the command of Capt. John Ray. The *Tawtemeo* was first owned by the Nantucket Steamboat Company, which used her for regular freight and packet service and also as a passenger boat at times when the regular steamer was hauled off for repairs or painting.

In 1855, when the steamer *Island Home* was constructed, the Steamboat boat Company sold the *Tawtemeo* to Captain Ray, and the craft continued in service as a packet until May, 1881, when she was sold and left Nantucket waters. The death of her venerable skipper had occurred a few months prior to her departure.

The *Tawtemeo* was an able craft, built rugged and sea-worthy in every way. Some of our readers will probably recall the poem written by the late William Hussey Macy, which ran thus:

The shades of night were falling fast
As 'round Brant point a good sloop passed
And to the pier her hawsers cast—
Tawtemeo

Then music raised its stirring tone,
Great guns were fired and fog-horns blown,
That her arrival might be known—
Tawtemeo

Once more in his own native place,
The Captain, with his Ray-diant face,
Can tell his stories with a grace—
Tawtemeo

* * * * *

Note—The name "Tawtemeo" was the Indian name for Hummock pond.

NANTUCKET'S HONOR ROLL

List of Nantucketers in Service as Revised to Date. More Changes and Corrections Are Probable.

We are re-printing the list of names which are included in Nantucket's "Honor Roll" of men and women in the Armed Forces who should properly be credited to Nantucket. The following list may vary somewhat from the list of names on the "Memorial" which was unveiled last Monday. It is not possible to check up closely with the government records, at this time, but it is realized that there are some names on the "Memorial" which should not properly be credited to Nantucket. However, corrections to the printed list will be made from time to time, as we receive them and can re-check them. With changes and corrections made up to December 10th, the list is as follows:

Francis J. Abbott
James Allen
Beatrice Anderson
Harold Anderson
Leroy E. Anderson
Kariam G. Arges
Lawrence J. Ayers

Edward Backus
George W. Backus
Robert S. Backus
George E. Barrett
Arthur J. Barrett
Richard Barrett
Walter S. Barrett
John J. Barrows
Franklin Bartlett
Irving T. Bartlett
Edward Batchelder
Edward Bennett
Eugene Benoit
Gerald E. Bernard
xKen. R.Blackshaw
Douglas Blanchard
William V. Blair
Earl C. Blount
Donald W. Brady
John M. Brady
Albert G. Brock
George R. Bromley
Frank Brown
Robert Brownell
Hollis S. Burchell
William Burdick
George Burgess Jr.
Allison E. Burt
Eldred H. Burton
Arthur E. Butler

Clifton Cady
Olney A. Cady
Charles P. Cahoon
Lawrence Cahoon
Clyde H. Cartwright
George J. Cartwright
‡Wilson H. Cash
Elton Cathcart
Roscoe H. Chadwick
H. P. Chamberlin
Charles Chambers
Fred G. Chambers
Melvin Chambers
James E. Chapel
Chauncey Chappell
Howard U. Chase
†Irene E. Chase
John Clarkson
Joseph Cochran, 3d
Henry Coffin, Jr.
James B. Coffin
Norman Coffin
Theron T. Coffin
George F. Colby
Henry B. Coleman
Ernest M. Cook, Jr.

George G. Haddon
George A. Hamblin
John H. Hamblin
Robert Hamblin
Thomas E. Hamblin
Leonard F. Hand
Frank P. Hanlon
James Z. Hanner
Frank L. Hardy
John L. Hardy
George E. Hatch
Nelson W. Hearn
John H. Heath
£Robert Henderson
Isaac Hills, 3d
Allen W. Holdgate
Francis Holdgate
Kenneth Holdgate
Roswell M. Holmes
Frederick Howes
Arnold Huyser
Henry Huyser

David C. Jenney
Horace Jernegan
Robert M. Jewett
Edmund H. Jones
George W. Jones
Samuel M. Jones
William Jones, Jr.
Lawrence A. Jump

T. Nathan Kelley
R. A. Kenyon, Jr.
Leo W. Killen
Sidney H. Killen
John H. Kittila Jr.
John Kittila, Sr.
Calvin Knowles

Joseph W. Lamb
Martin L. Lamens
John Larkin
William J. Larkin
Steve Ledwell, Jr.
xKenneth A. Legg
Seddon Legg, Jr.
Andrew O. Lewis
Frank E. Lewis
Kenneth R. Lewis
°Morey Lewis
Joseph J. Lobo
John M. Lopes
George H. Lusk

Manuel Machado
Clinton T. Macy
Richard Maloney
Albert L. Manning
Robert Marks
Frank S. Marques
Francis J. Martin
Paul Matheson, Jr.
Harold Mayo
Arthur McCleave

Francis Psaradelis
James Psaradelis
Harold L. Pugh

Edward Quigley
Francis G. Quigley
John Quigley

David Raub
George Ratcliffe
Anthony S. Ray
Earl S. Ray
Gilbert W. Reed
Theodore G. Reed
Victor Reed
Joseph Rego
Manuel Reis
George A. Reith
William F. Reith
Allen C. Renaud
Clement Reynolds
Eugene Rezendes
Joseph Richard Jr.
Benj'n Richmond
Peter Richmond
Byron F. Richrod
David Roberts
Wallace Robinson
George I. Rogers
Napoleon Roderick
Adolph A. Rohdin
Cyril C. Ross
Truman W. Ross
Wallace H. Ross
Horace Rowley
Edward S. Roy
Walter J. Royal
Robert E. Ruley
Leroy F. Ryder
Maxwell Ryder
‡Stephen Ryder

Edgar F. Sanborn
Roy E. Sanguinetti
Frank Santucci
Elwood Saunders
Warren Sawyer
William Sawyer
Charles Schauffler
Fredr'k Schauffler
David Scott
Theodore Scott
Antone Senna
Robert Sevrens
Theodore Sharp
John F. Shaw, Jr.
Lester Simmons
Eugene J. Souza
William C. Souza
Walter Stafford
Forrest Stetson
Fred H. Stetson
Howard Stetson
§W. Mason Stevens
Wallace Strout

Honor Roll To Be Unveiled On Afternoon of December 7th.

This nation is engaged in the greatest war-time job in its history. Our armed forces are being recruited so rapidly it is impossible to keep local records up-to-date.

That is the "head-ache" now being suffered by the Committee of the Civic League engaged in enrolling the men and women of Nantucket in the armed forces. Every day changes in the "Honor Roll" are being reported.

Groups are leaving the island for examination or induction. Some have passed the tests but their confirmation in Washington may not come through for several weeks.

Nevertheless, the public "Honor Roll"—as complete as circumstances permit—will be dedicated on December 7th at three o'clock in the afternoon. Space is being reserved on the large 6 by 10 feet plaque for additional names. It is to be placed on the south side of the Sanford House Grounds.

Program of Exercises.

Music by the High School Band
Invocation — Rev. Claude Bond
Presentation of Memorial — William B. Mather
Acceptance for the Town — Irving A. Soverino
Massing of the Colors — Military and Patriotic Groups
Remarks — Rev. Fr. John Carroll
Unveiling of Honor Roll — In charge of Legion Auxiliary
The National Anthem

25 Years Ago—1917.

Rumor had it that a naval base was to be established at Nantucket.

* * * * *

One of the largest four-masters ever built, the Horace A. Stone, was in trouble off Great Point and was boarded by the Coskata crew.

* * * * *

A reception was held at Red Men's Hall for the Nantucket boys in service who were home on a Thanksgiving furlough. William J. Blair was the chairman of activities and J. Butler Folger acted as master-of-ceremonies. The army boys entertained were: Edward H. Whelden, Jr., J. B. Ashley, 3rd, Franklin Webster, John C. Ring, Jr., Byron Mooney, William Main, Joseph M. Swain, and George Furber.

* * * * *

Among the Nantucketers in service in the war zones were: Howard U. Chase (a survivor of the destroyer *Jacob Jones*, sunk by a submarine); Francis Macy, U. S. S. *Wyoming;* Everett Folger, U. S. S. *Virginia;* Sherburne Sandsbury, U. S. S. *North Carolina;* Earl S. Ray, aviation; Fred Sylvia, submarine duty; Albert Nickerson, engineer's division.

year 1942

DIED

In Florence, Mass., Lillian Worth Giles, wife of Herbert N. Giles, and daughter of the late Charles W. and Elizabeth (Myrick) Worth, of Nantucket, aged 70 years, 3 months, 12 days.

In this town, December 27, John V. Marcelino, aged 41 years, 10 months, 9 days.

In this town, December 30, Helen M. Sylvaro, widow of Charles R. Sylvaro, aged 84 years, 10 months, 28 days.

Death of William Holland.

William Holland, for many years one of Nantucket's most active business men, passed away late last (Friday) evening, after a lingering illness. He had been identified with Nantucket from boyhood, first in the grocery business with the late Frank J. Crosby and then succeeeding him and conducting the grocery on Main street, where he was so well known both to residents and summer visitors.

At one time he conducted a livery stable with his brother, under the name of Holland Brothers, and he was active in business in other ways as long as his health would permit. For a number of years he served on the Board of Directors of the Pacific National Bank, from which he retired several years ago. He was also a member of the Pacific Club.

A life-long Democrat, he served a number of years on the Board of Registrars of Voters, and was many times appointed on town committees. He was proprietor of the Central Trucking Company, but for the past ten years had been unable to continue active in any branch.

The deceased was born in Nantucket, September 23, 1866, the son of Owen and Bridget Holland. He is survived by two sisters—Mrs. Mary Small, of 129 Main street, and Mrs. Margaret Defriez, of 30 Fair street. He also leaves three neices—Mrs. Gertrude Ellis and Mrs. Catherine Sheehan, both of Nantucket, and Sister M. Ursulita, of St. Mary's Convent, Holy Cross, Indiana. A nephew, Mulford Small, of Nantucket, also survives.

In this town, December 18, Phebe H. (Coffin) Small, widow of the late Reuben C. Small, and daughter of the late George F. and Mary Eliza (Pitman) Coffin, in her 70th year.

Funeral services will be held at the late residence of the deceased, 84 Main street, Sunday afternoon, at 2:00 o'clock.

year 1942

Death of Phebe C. Small.

Mrs. Phebe C. Small, widow of the late Reuben C. Small, died at the Nantucket Hospital early yesterday (Friday) morning, having been in failing health for several years. She was born on Nantucket in 1873, the daughter of George Frederick and Mary Eliza (Pitman) Coffin, and was educated in the island schools. She was married to Reuben C. Small, April 29, 1896.

The deceased was the owner of Congdon's Pharmacy—the oldest drug store on Nantucket. She is survived by a daughter Dorothy, the wife of Dr. Oliver Wescott, and by a granddaughter Jane.

Mrs. Small was connected with a number of the island organizations and for many years was especially active in the work of the Nantucket Relief Association. She was a trustee and member of the Old People's Home Association; the Nantucket Relief Association; the Coffin School Association; the Nantucket Civic League; the Nantucket Historical Association; and the Hospital Auxiliary.

Went to Camp.

Fourteen Nantucketers who had been sworn into the Army and were home on furloughs, went to Fort Devens on Thursday, in charge of Walter J. Royal, acting Corporal. They were: Edward A. Olderich, Antone F. Sylvia, Jr., George E. Hatch, John W. Cook, John V. Thomas, Francis J. Martin, Walter J. Royal, Gilbert S. Nickerson, William C. Souza, Clinton T. Macy, Antone Furtado, Sylvia, Clement H. Reynolds, Joseph

First Cold Wave of Season.

The cold wave which swept across New England, Sunday night, sent the mercury down to 15 degrees here on Nantucket. A thick blizzard struck on early Sunday evening, continuing for some time, and covering the island with its first white mantle of this winter season. The lowering temperature froze the snow and slush and made it difficult for traffic, either afoot or by car.

Shortly after 7:00 o'clock the electric lights went out, due to a break in the main transformer at the electric station, and the trouble was not remedied for a couple of hours. In the meantime the entire town was plunged into darkness and householders were obliged to resort to the use of candles or the old-time kerosene lamps that had been stowed away in the closet or attic.

The electric company made repairs as soon as possible, but in the meantime lights, radios and electric clocks were out of commission.

The street department had a gang of men at work early Monday morning, sanding the sidewalks and treacherous places on the roadways—something which the general public always appreciates.

Another snowstorm broke in the early hours of Wednesday, and the snow fell steadily all through the morning. It moderated somewhat during the afternoon, but another cold wave followed Wednesday night and sent the mercury down to the zero point.

Dec. 19-1942

Cold Wave Closed Schools.

The School Board on Monday morning ordered the local schools closed until the 4th of January. The decision was reached following four successive days of zero temperature and inability to keep the school buildings at a temperature comfortable for the teachers and pupils.

In ordering the schools closed for the extended period. the School Board thought it wise to conserve fuel, rather than have the janitors rush the furnaces day and night. The schools were to close for the holidays later in the week, anyway, so the action gave teachers and pupils a little longer holiday vacation, as well as contributing to the "save fuel" effort.

Teachers planning to return to their mainland homes for Christmas took the next boat out.

Dec 26 1942

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Brady are the parents of twin daughters, born to them early this week. Before her marriage Mrs. Brady was Miss Hazel Fisher, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oliver C. Fisher, of 125 Main street. Mrs. Brady has twin aunts—Mrs. William R. Morris and Mrs. James Holmes.

Oct 10-1942

Dec. 26-1942

Christmas Weather.

On the 22nd of December, 1924, the temperature dropped to 9:4 degrees above zero, and there was a white Christmas. It had rained during the night, but turned to snow in the early morning.

The next year (1925) there was another white Christmas, but after that ten years elapsed before another white Christmas came to Nantucket. In 1935 there were three heavy snowfalls within a week—on the 23rd, 26th and 30th of December. The temperature did not rise above the freezing point at any time between the 22d and 31st inclusive, establishing a record up to that time.

By way of settling arguments regarding Christmas weather here on Nantucket, here is the record for recent years.

1924—Rain during the night, turning to snow Christmas morning.
1925—Snow during the night, turning to rain, and rained all day.
1926—mild.
1927—mild.
1928—mild.
1929—mild.
1930—mild.
1931—mild. Fog.
1932—mild. Fog.
1933—mild.
1934—mild.
1935—snow on the ground.
1936—mild.
1937—mild. Fog. Rain.
1938—mild.
1939—Light snowfall in the morning. Temperature below freezing all day.
1940—Warm and unseasonable.
1941—Very mild.

* * * * *

It could hardly be called a white Christmas this year, although there was still a lot of snow lying around—remains of the storms of the previous week. Such a transformation from frigid winter into mild spring weather no one anticipated. Whereas the week previous the mercury had twice gone below the zero point, Christmas day was like April or May in comparison, with the temperature well up into the 40's all day long, a mild balmy air and nice warm sun-light. Christmas Day of 1942 was mild indeed.

Gilbert Wyer, of Nantucket, enlisted in the American Field Service as an ambulance driver and was sent to Egypt, where he is unquestionably seeing plenty of activity and going through some thrilling experiences. We received an air mail from him early this week, dated "somewhere" October 16th. He writes a very interesting letter, which came through to us without deletion by the censor. He writes:

"Just a few lines to say I am over here and hard at work on the job I came over to do. It was a very exciting trip across from the U. S. and sorry I can not write to my friends about it. I have seen a great deal so far and the most exciting thing I did was climb the pyramid and then ride a camel over to see the sphinx.

I sure wish there was mail coming to me, as so far I have only had a few letters from my sister, brother and a couple of friends in New Jersey. Our mail has cost so much, I know, but now we can have mail sent on with this new address for 6 cents air mail stamp, while before it was 70 cents or more.

It is very hot here during the day, but it gets real cold at night, so you need plenty warm blankets. I drive a Dodge Ambulance, which has a front wheel drive, for this desert work, and I can carry four stretcher patients or seven sitting.

"We live in the ambulance as it is our only home out here in the blue. I have my bed roll that I lay out on the floor at night and then roll it up during the day and tie it on the front fender.

"We find mail is the best thing to keep up the moral and spirits out here in the sand storms, heat and what not. If you just put my address in the paper saying I am well and safe over here, I am sure I shall hear from home after they know my address and the cost is 6 cents air mail a half ounce.

"Hope the island had a fair season and that this war is over soon. Best regards to you all in America."

Gilbert sends us three interesting pictures taken over there in Egypt. One shows Wyer himself seated on a camel with the pyramid in the background; another shows him standing beside his ambulance; and in the third twenty-five or thirty ambulances are lined up, with Gilbert and other drivers posing in front. These pictures, coming direct from Egypt, are especially interesting at this time. They may be seen at this office.

The exact location of Wyer cannot be given. Any of his friends desiring to write to him should use the following address and send it with a 6 cent air-mail stamp:

year 1942

Gilbert C. Wyer
American Field Service,
A. P. O. 606

When Did the Temperature Reach Zero Before?

The cold wave which sent the mercury down to the zero point Thursday morning, brought forth many arguments as to when the temperature last touched the zero point on Nantucket. Some were of the opinion that not since the cold wave of February 1918, when the mercury went to 6.2 below zero, has Nantucket recorded a zero temperature.

The memory of man is always fickle, which is what brings interest to the arguments. In looking through our records, however, we find that in December, 1933—only nine years ago. Nantucket experienced a severe cold wave, with below-zero temperature.

On Tuesday, the 26th, it commenced to snow and turned to rain from the southwest. That night the wind whipped back into the northwest and Wednesday morning the conditions in the sound were very severe. The boat started out at 7.10, but got only a short distance beyond the bar, when she was forced back. There was no boat either way that day. The temperature ranged from 16 to 22 all day.

Thursday continued cold, with a light snowfall and a temperature at 14 above zero. The boat service was resumed.

The cold increased during the night and Friday morning, December 29th, dawned with the temperature 3 degrees below zero. Heavy vapor was rising over the harbor, which was covered with ice for the first time since 1923. Steamer Nantucket had a hard time in making her way out through the ice and did not reach Oak Bluffs until 12.45. There was no return boat.

On Saturday, the 30th, the temperature stood at 5 degrees above zero at 8 a. m., and during the day it started to moderate. Both boats were on the other side of the sound in the morning, but both came over with heavy loads of freight during the day.

The next day (Sunday, Dec. 31) the ice opened up and steamer Marthas Vineyard made the regular trip.

That was in December, 1933.

Two "Below Zero" Temperatures In Less Than a Week.

As far as we can ascertain, from a perusal of files of The Inquirer and Mirror, this is the first time that a "below zero" temperature has been recorded twice on Nantucket within the span of four days. Prior to this season, the coldest recorded on Nantucket was 6.2 below zero on the 5th of February, 1918, which record still stands for "low."

Although the recent cold wave did not break the record, it did establish a new record in that the temperature went below the zero point twice within four days. For a protracted cold spell, with low temperature, the period from December 15 to December 22, should be noted in every diary.

A temperature of 4 degrees below zero was recorded on Thursday, the 17th, and another drop to 3 below was recorded Sunday morning, the 20th. To be sure, thermometers in various parts of the town recorded even lower on both mornings, but the figures above mentioned would seem to be a fair average.

It will be interesting to note, when the Weather Bureau makes its report, how many days in succession the temperature remained below the freezing point.

A sudden change in the weather conditions came early Tuesday morning, with a rapid rise in the temperature. The mercury started up so suddenly that it seemed like jumping right into spring. Whereas at daybreak it was still hovering around 12 or 15 degrees above zero, by mid-forenoon it was close to the 40's and everything had "softened."

The snow commenced to disappear rapidly and Superintendent Tice soon had his force of men at work clearing the gutters to allow the water to run off freely. Although one or two sleighs were still out in the morning, by afternoon the snow had eaten away so rapidly that bare spots were showing themselves in the streets. It was a genuine thaw which continued all night, with a heavy rainfall which washed bare out-of-town sections. The next day brought slippery walking and slush and a decided change in the appearance of the landscape.

THE NANTUCKET BAND WHICH DISPENSED SWEET MUSIC A HALF CENTURY AGO

THE NANTUCKET BAND OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.
(left to right)

Front—*William T. Swain, John W. Brady, William A. Smith, Hugh Lumbert (drum major), Henry Whitman, *Edgar F. Whitman (leader).

Second Row—*Howard D. Hodge, Aaron Barrett, Oliver C. Fisher, *Joseph Francis, Justin Perkins, *Chester Chase, Warren B. Chase (kettle drum), *Elliot B. Harris, (bass drum), Lester Hull (cymbals).

Third Row—William H. Barrett, *Herbert W. Bennett, *William R. Macy, John Phelan, Orison V. Hull (trombone).

Rear—Ferdinand Sylvaro, George W. Rogers, Charles Warren Austin, Merlin H. Crocker.

*Deceased.